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Arthur Stringer—Samuel G. Blythe—Sewell Ford—Thomas McMorrow
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CIRCUS DAY

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ONE ARABIAN NIGHT

In the reign of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid there lived at Bagdad a poor porter called Sinbad. And one day, when he was employed to carry a heavy burden from one end of the city to the other, and with still a great distance to go, he came into a street where a refreshing breeze blew on his face, and ——

Sinbad the Sailor.

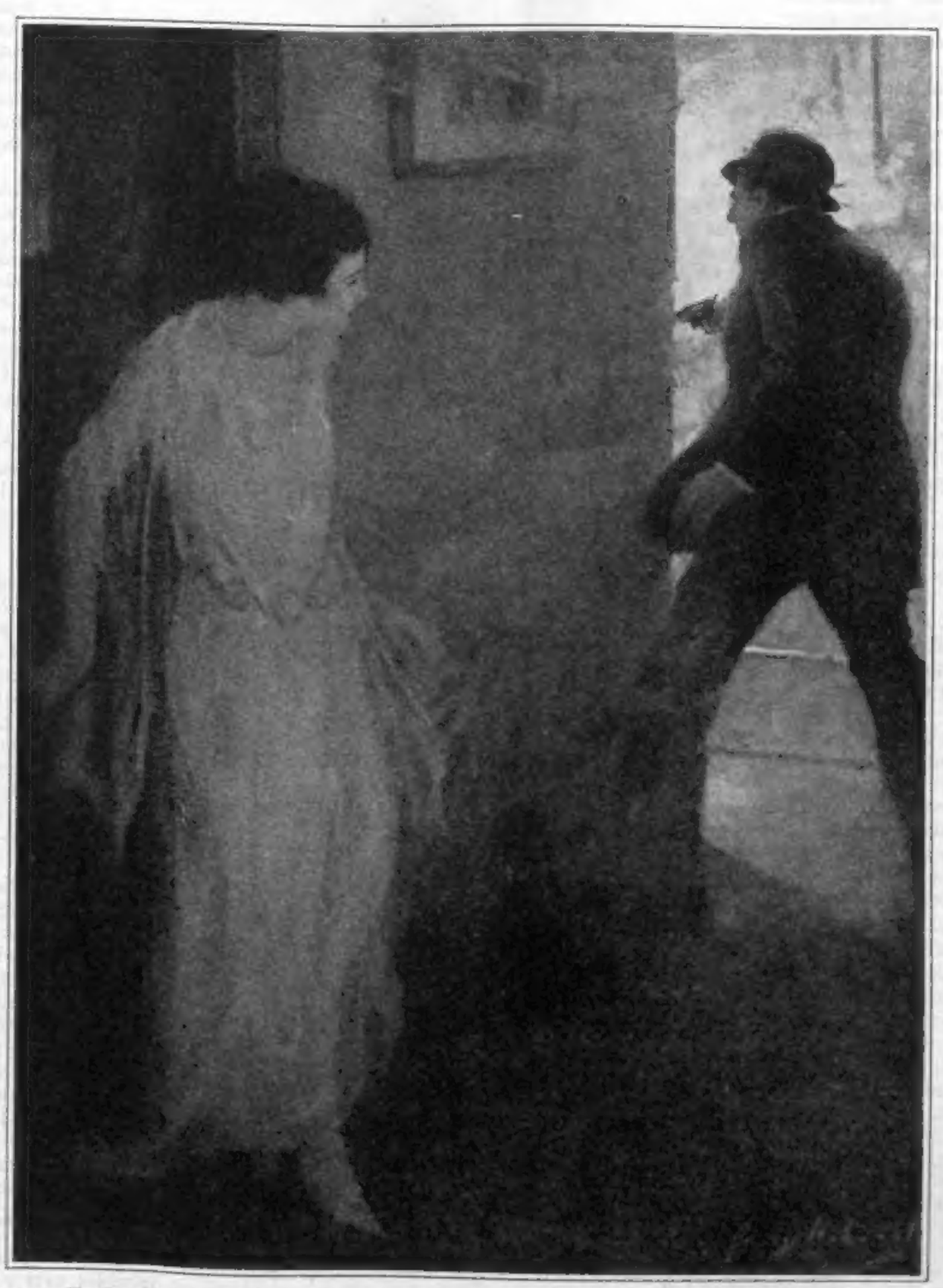
By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

LABAN yawned. His train was stopping again. He heard the hiss of air and the shudder of brake shoes hugging their wheel rims, followed by the whispering silence of the sleeper as all movement ceased.

He leaned back in his seat, drowsily ruffled. The accumulated impatience of four days of boredom now left him resentful of each and every delay. It was the last lap of his trip and he wanted it over with. He was tired of dust and dullness and being cooped up in a sleeping car like a pullet in a market crate. All his thoughts were now centered on the end of that long journey from the coast. He was counting the hours until he could get aboard the Aleutiana.

Before nightfall, he knew, he would be in New York. He would have to stay overnight, of course, in that strange city; and nothing, Laban had long since learned, could be duller than a strange city. But by daybreak he would be headed for the Brooklyn water front and the Aleutiana. By sunup he would be installed in his little wireless room still smelling of white-lead paint, and life would begin for him again. Long before noon he would be heading out from Sandy Hook with his snapshots of home thumb-tacked up on the wooden walls, and his three new radio uniforms of white duck duly unpacked. He would be needing that white duck, for his ship would be swinging southward towards Colon and the Canal, and once again he'd be getting a glimpse of flying fish circling off over a lazy ground swell of turquoise, and once again he'd be sniffing the warm trades and watching the Southern Cross from the bridge. And that meant romance to Laban Lindhagen, the only kind of romance with which life had ever confronted him. It almost made up for the long trip overland. The mere thought of it took the sting out of a sense of homelessness which had of late been depressing him. He felt less abysmally exiled from this preoccupied Eastern world into which he had been carried. For he remembered that he was, after all, a member of the National United Radio Telegraphers' Association in good standing, commissioned by the Puget and Kyukuot Company to go aboard their crack new freighter and give her a voice on her maiden trip up into the North Pacific.



He Heard a Short Scream From the Hall Without. It Was Followed by a Faint Sound of Running Feet and Then the Repeated Muffled Bark of a Revolver

But his train had stopped and he resented that arrest in advance. It seemed to sharpen into a spearhead of annoyance, a disappointment, both large and vague, which had hung over him for the last day or two. From coast to coast, for the first time, he had seen and known and traversed his continent. Everything about it had combined to impress him as dull—dull mountains, and duller prairies and woods and lakes, and still duller towns and cities. And now he was being confronted by the supreme dullness of waiting interminably on a sidetrack. "What's holding us up this time?" he asked of the silent man who had come into his sleeper that morning.

"Frontier," was the other's single-worded reply.

Laban frowned over the word, slightly puzzled. The man meant, he finally surmised, that they were about to cross the line, to pass over the border from Canada into the United States. And that exotic use of the word "frontier" took his glance back to the stranger again.

This stranger, who was middle-aged and quiet-mannered and altogether inoffensive to the eye, had been about the only person to address Laban in anything approaching a friendly spirit since he had left the Pacific Coast. This stranger, Laban also remembered, had come aboard at Montreal. He had seemed so unfamiliar with the small conventions of American train travel that the younger man, even before he noticed the slightly foreign intonation of his voice, accepted him as a Polish Jew, or possibly a Silesian coerced into meekness amid the residuary hostilities of his one-time enemies. His mild air of loneliness in fact so impressed the lonely youth that the latter felt drawn towards a fellow traveler with whom he seemed to stand bracketed in a confraternity of homelessness.

Laban could see him sitting silent and impassive in the section next to his own while the customs inspectors went through the hand baggage of the half-empty car. He listened with equal impassivity while Laban, not without a touch of annoyance, reiterated his name and his destination and the mission carrying him into a country which seemed ready to welcome him with none too gracious a gesture. Then the stranger came and stood in the aisle, a moment later, and fraternally smiled down at Laban as that youth stoically repacked the six Okanagan Valley apples which the inspector had so impatiently tumbled out of his suitcase. His praise of those apples in fact so touched Laban that he passed one of them over to the quiet-mannered stranger.

He did so with the youthfully confident challenge that he'd like to see any apple grown in the East that could equal it.

"Where are you from?" asked the stranger as he took the apple and inspected it with an approving nod.

"From God's country!" asserted Laban.

The stranger seemed in no way perplexed by that vaguely denominated origin, for still again he nodded approvingly. He had just been through that country, he explained, for he himself had landed from the Orient only the week before. He had come over on the Empress of China, as fine a boat as there was in the world.

Laban, as he pushed his big worn pocket camera back under the seat beside his suitcase, looked up at the stranger, still so intently and so pleasurably polishing the Burgundy-red apple on his coat sleeve. The man with the apple in his hand started to speak again; but instead of speaking, an odd thing happened. The expression on his

slightly pitted face changed, changed as miraculously as a stubbled field changes when a drifting cloud shadow darkens it. Slowly his eyes became unfocused and fixed. On his bulbous and receding forehead appeared a fine dewing of moisture. He stood there, without speaking and without moving, bathed in a disquieting cold sweat of agony.

"What's wrong?" asked the younger man, persuaded, as he noticed the other steady himself with a hand on the seat back, that his eyes were resting on a victim of angina pectoris. What most impressed Laban was the mute and oxlike protest in that unfocused stare, the revolt of a startled spirit against some undeciphered but ominous verdict.

Instead of answering Laban's question, however, the stranger whisperingly asked one of his own.

"Will you help me out? For the love of God, will you help me out?" he said with sudden and intense earnestness. Yet he spoke in a voice so low that Laban had difficulty in catching the words. And the stranger's eyes all the while seemed directed, without any movement of the Asiatic-looking head, towards some action or individual on the platform outside the still waiting train.

"Of course," acknowledged the younger man, vaguely resenting the unnatural key into which an everyday episode threatened to pitch itself.

"But can you do what I ask—on your oath?" insisted the opaque-eyed stranger.

"Of course," repeated Laban, laughing a trifle foolishly.

"Then take this camera of mine, quick!" panted the other as he let a worn oblong of leather drop from under his coat to the burlaped seat end. It dropped impersonally, like a leaf from a tree.

"What for?" asked Laban, reaching for the oblong of leather as the other man backed guardedly away.

"It holds pictures—pictures which must be protected."

"But what am I to do with it?" demanded the youth in the car seat.

"It must be delivered in New York, to Wu Fang Low, at 997 Pell Street. To Wu Fang Low, the curio dealer there. He will be easy to find. See that he gets it. If you do that you will be ——"

But that was as far as he got, for at that moment the door at either end of the car opened with movements that must have been simultaneous. Laban could not see those movements, but he could hear them, as the stranger himself must have done. For that harassed-looking stranger dropped suddenly into his seat, where he sank low in one padded corner, like a hurt teal huddling close to its swamp rushes. He was apparently making a pretense of being busy tying a shoe lace, with his face down between his slightly tremulous knees.

Laban, as he dropped the camera to the car floor and pushed it back under the seat with his boot heel, was so preoccupied in watching this enigmatic movement on the part of the stranger that he did not at first observe the two uniformed officials with eagles on their caps as they stepped guardedly down the car aisle at the same time that two other men in uniform approached from the rear.

But what most impressed the watching youth, once he became actively conscious of them, was the grim and guarded manner in which they moved. They seemed to converge, with a niceness that was more than accidental, at the section directly in front of Laban's. Then, with a common accord, they exploded into action.

They had the man on his feet and with his elbows pinned back before he could even offer a show of resistance. Any show of resistance in fact seemed remote from his intentions. And the remarkable part of it all was the voicelessness of the encounter. Not a word during that first minute of singularly quick movement came from either the man or his captors. He eventually found his tongue, it is true, as they thrust him ahead of them down the car aisle. Laban could catch the rumble of protests and commands, the conflict of charges and denials, as they approached the door. He even felt a valedictory small shock of the nerves as he saw the last of the quartet thrust a heavy revolver back into its holster. He could not be sure as he saw them dragging their captive away whether or not they had put handcuffs on him. But he had been such a quiet-mannered little man that all their display of force eventually impressed Laban as foolish. It was like setting a bear trap to catch a red ant; it was about as ridiculous as trying to cannonade a canary. He even began to feel perversely sorry for that prisoner, so outnumbered and so meek-mannered and so helpless in the grim arm of the law.

One of the men came back with the Pullman porter a few minutes later and diligently searched the vanished prisoner's section. He even insisted on having the upper-berth shelf lowered and the bedding gone over. Yet he seemed to find nothing of moment, although he carried away with him the two hand bags that stood on the forward seat, and gave Laban an odd feeling in the region of the solar plexus as he hesitated for a second or two, opposite him, as though on the point of cross-questioning a witness so contiguous to those recent activities. But he found nothing in Laban's blank eye to feed that impulse. So he moved on, and the train a moment later got under way.

Laban, with a touch of alarm coloring his perplexity, pushed the camera still farther back under his seat. When the Pullman porter came to restore order to his messed-up berth bedding Laban ventured on a discreetly impersonal effort to extract information from him.

She Made Her Appearance With Her Back Towards Laban, Intently Watching the Hallway From Which She Was Retreating

"What in the world did they arrest that man for?" he innocently inquired.

"Ah raikon dey's got another o' dem rum runners," equivocated that functionary with a shrug of his white-clad shoulder.

"But that man didn't seem to be carrying liquor," argued Laban.

"Ah raikon he was carryin' worse'n liquor," intimated the black.

"But what?"

"Doan't as' me, cap'n! All Ah knows is Uncle Sam was af'er him—an' Uncle Sam done got 'im!"

That was the most that Laban was able to find out. But his thoughts were active enough; and as his imagination went adventuring along the frontier of possibilities his first conclusion was that the camera might be full of illicit photographs. The man could easily be a spy, with a case full of coast-fortification snapshots which he dare not be found in possession of.

Yet the more Laban thought over that theory the more untenable it became. For the war was done with, and the secret agent and his work were things of the past. Then it dawned on the young Westerner that the man might have been an opium smuggler. He knew from his seagoing experiences on the Pacific that the underground traffic in all such drugs was an extensive one, and the Celestial was rather heavily involved in that contraband trade. And it was to a Chinaman, he reminded himself, that he had promised to deliver the camera under his seat.

He waited for a full hour, however, before taking the camera from its hiding place and venturing to look it over. The first thing that impressed him as he examined it was the fact that it stood practically a replica of his own camera, his own camera lying beside his own suitcase under the same seat. It was the largest pocket size of a standard make, some nine inches long and five inches wide. The only difference he could detect was that the second camera stood slightly more worn and abraded about the corners than was his own. It looked innocent enough to the eye, yet a distinct distaste for it grew up in him as he continued to study it. He'd have troubles enough of his own without peddling other people's dubious leather cases about the back streets of a strange city. He wanted to get some picture post cards to mail home to his Aunt Agatha, he wanted a night's sleep, and then he wanted to get aboard his boat. He even took out his folder map of New York and for the twentieth time scanned that triangulated city of tiny parallelograms overscored by its oblique red line of Broadway. But that map meant little to him. It showed a city across which he would pass as aloof as a wild duck winging northward to New Brunswick. He'd have his one night there, and bright and early he'd get aboard the Aleutiana, and then life, real life, would begin for him.

And as for this fool camera that had been tossed into his keeping, he'd get rid of it at the first crack out of the box. He'd made a promise, of course, and he intended to keep that promise. He had no intention, however, of getting cluttered up in other folks' affairs. That Pell Street Chink would get his parcel, but he'd get it without the stranger from the West parading up and down Chinatown with it under his arm. For Laban finally decided that the simplest way out of it all would be to go to the parcel room as soon as he landed at the Grand Central Station, and there check the unpalatable leather case. Then he could mail the claim check down to its rightful owner; and with that done, he could wash his hands of the whole affair. He could find a hotel then and enjoy a sleep in a real bed again, and get aboard his ship by sunup.

II

LABAN was less tranquil minded than he pretended to be. A small thrill of trepidation had spidered up and down his spine with the knowledge that he was at last in New York, and now he was more worried than he would have been willing to admit. He was worried by the sense of detachment which five days of train travel had coopered together in his cramped-up body. He was worried by the newness of an undecipherable new world. He was worried by the wall arrows and the route signs and the red-capped porters who seemed so unnecessarily eager to relieve him of the bulging suitcase that hung from his right hand and the two leather-covered cameras that dangled from his left hand.

He was worried by the incredible dimensions of subterranean passageways, where he had seen a pillar of concrete open like a mouth, swallow up a self-propelled truck piled high with baggage, and close again like a maw well satisfied with its meal. He was worried by the long exile from sunlight and open air, by the feeling of being entombed somewhere deep in the bowels of the earth, by the quicker-moving tideway of human units that elbowed him aside as he emerged into a high-vaulted rotunda humming like a beehive with its multitudinous noises and voices. The lofty roof, he noticed, magnified and mellowed these sounds until they took on a cathedral-like resonance, not unmusical to the listening ear. But he veered and tacked and circled deliberately on, intent on reaching the parcel room and easing both his arm and his mind of that second camera, which was becoming a bit of a worry to him.

Even when he reached the check room, he found, his troubles were not at an end. For fellow travelers were already lined up two deep in front of the metal-covered counter across which hand bags and parcels and corded bales were being passed in, and neatly lettered little claim checks of pasteboard were being handed out. Laban was even persuaded as he shouldered and wormed his way closer in towards the counter that some hand unseen in the crowd had tugged viciously at one of the cameras in his arm. But he had warned himself to be on the lookout for all such things, and the tug ended in nothing just as the hand vanished undetected. The hand vanished, but it left in the young man's body a momentary needling of nerve ends, not unlike the thrill that follows a pull on a fisherman's hook.

Laban finally found himself face to face with the swarthy young Greek across the metal counter, and placed his camera and his dime on the sheet-iron counter, burnished by its never-ending flow of bag bottoms. Once the camera was safely stowed away in one of the serried pigeonholes overhead and the coin was dropped into the open drawer of a cash register, the busy attendant tossed in front of Laban a numbered claim check on which he had penciled a further pair of numerals. These figures had been called down to him by his colleague, working like a stoker overhead.

Laban reached out for the check. He had it in his fingers in fact when a thin-faced stranger beside him interposed.

"That's my check, captain," he quietly but confidently explained, reaching for it even as he spoke.

But Laban knew better, and he also knew one had to keep one's wits about one in a strange city. So he betrayed no intention of surrendering that essential square of pasteboard.

"This is your check," explained the stranger, still affably enough, as he pushed a comrade square of pasteboard closer to Laban's hand.

"Not on your life," announced Laban, with his cool Swedish eye on the kindling eye of the stranger.

"You've got my check there," now angrily proclaimed that stranger.

"I have not!" contended Laban.

"But I say you have!" declared the other, his impatience plainly getting the better of him.

"Then let's see what the boss says," suggested Laban, sure of his ground. He stopped the Greek, confronting him with the numeraled pasteboard. "Whose check is this?" he demanded.

"Yours," announced the busy attendant as he swung a black patent-leather suitcase up over his shoulder to the iron shelf above.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Laban, slightly embarrassed by the attention he was now attracting from the deepening half circle about him.

"Sorry," conceded the other man, forcing a grin. "My mistake." And he vanished in the crowd.

Laban thereupon stowed his claim check deep in his pocket, made sure his filled-gold watch was still on his person, carefully buttoned his coat, and looked about for the familiar blue globe that would signal the presence of a Postal Telegraph office.

He could see no signs of one and was compelled to seek the advice of a colored porter, who directed him to the farther side of the humming and high-roofed rotunda. It seemed a long way to have to double back with his suitcase and his remaining camera still in his hand; but Laban had decided on his plan, and he intended that nothing should interfere with it.

Yet instead of sending a telegram, when he came to the booth which was maintained for that purpose, he tore off a blank and wrote thereon: "This claim check will redeem parcel awaiting you at Grand Central Terminal check room." In this he carefully wrapped the square of pasteboard that he took from his pocket and inserted it in one of three Vancouver Hotel envelopes to which he had already affixed two-cent American stamps—for the original purpose, he recalled, of advising the boys at the Esquimalt and Friday Harbor and Port Townsend radio stations of his safe arrival in New York. He took pains to see that this envelope was securely sealed. Then he turned it over and on its face inscribed:

MR. WU FANG LOW
Curio Merchant
997 Pell Street
Chinatown
New York City

He studied this inscription for some time. The "Chinatown," he concluded, would be a designation not officially recognized by the Post Office Department, so he slowly and carefully scratched it out. He was still contemplating the sealed and stamped addressed envelope, not without a sense of satisfaction, when his ear, so acutely sensitive to the nuances of telegraphese and so habitually alert to the Morse cluttered out by a key, became subconsciously aware of something arresting in the run of dots and dashes from the little brass instrument not twenty feet away from him. For the name "Vancouver" had come to him like a familiar word overheard in a crowd. And then attention became conscious and focused, for he heard, oddly enough, the brass key spell out the words "Pell Street."

He intended to hear more, but a redcap, asking for a second time if he wished his hand bag carried, and overzealously attempting to possess himself of that piece of baggage, momentarily distracted his mind and caused him to lose the rest of the message.

It was a coincidence, he tried to tell himself, and nothing more. But there was the essence of something disturbing in it, of something that phantasmally perplexed and depressed him. He felt a vague ache to get out of that subterranean maze of tangled byways and intriguing possibilities, and he wanted to see his sealed and addressed envelope safely deposited in a letter box.

He was relieved to find, on inquiry at the circular information desk, that there was a letter box against the very wall confronting him. So he turned south again, towards the ascending floor of the main entrance, deposited his letter in the welcoming iron gullet of its official receptacle, and experienced a wave of relief at the thought that his message was finally and irrevocably consigned to its predestined channel of delivery. Whatever might happen, his hands were at least clean of that matter, and now he could face the city with a lighter heart.

He moved westward along the huge rotunda again, remembering that the crowds from the train platforms had moved in that direction in quest of their taxicabs. But he missed the doorways that opened on the cab tunnel and found himself wandering along a marble-paved passageway, with what seemed like little shops on either side of him. The array of fruits and bonbons and bright-jacketed books and cosmetics and haberdashery, behind the expository plate glass with its brilliant light, reminded him of scenes of Eastern markets, of something dimly recalled out of boyhood books of the Orient. He thought of bazaars and turbaned merchants, of mosques and caliphs and dusty camel routes, of worlds strangely remote from his own. He was teased by a sense of unreality in the things about him. But he was a youth by no means given to imaginative digressions. So he trudged stoically on, still jostled and elbowed by the quicker-moving stream of life about him.

(Continued on Page 44)

"Where's That Stuff?" Coldly Repeated the Man With the Automatic

HOT-WEATHER HOKUM

By Samuel G. Blythe

WE AMERICANS certainly are gluttons for punishment. After being submerged, suffocated, gassed and shell-shocked for two straight years by, under and with the endless, raucous, verbigerous yammer of Congress, and the accompanying yapping of the vastly vocal and stupefyingly numerous herd of theorists, uplifters, reformers, regulators, special-interest wind-jammers, self-appointed messiahs, friends of the people, problem solvers, God-sakers, amateur economists, panacea proposers and saviors of the republic who revolve verbosely about Congress and infest Washington, the public prints and every medium for publicity, we are now, with Congress adjourned and a chance at hand for enforcing a grateful silence, meekly submitting to even more of the ballyhoo than we took lying down during the two years aforesaid.

Two years? Fourteen years is more like it, because Congress has been in session most of the time since the days of President Taft, and the clamor of the statesmen and the loud cries of the regulators of everything, from morals to mumble-the-peg, have been incessant in our ears. Plutarch reports Cicero as saying away back yonder that orators are driven by their weakness to noise as a lame man takes to horse, and that is what has been going on in this country for many years, judging by results; and the English premise that democracies are led by orators seems fair enough until you puncture it with the inquiry, Where to? Then it blows up, because the premise of leading predicates a destination; and none of our word merchants, whether on the Federal pay roll and thus labeled as statesmen, or trying to get on the Federal pay roll and thus but politicians, or seeking to impress their own particular and precious theories on both statesmen and politicians and thus conferring great benefit on the people, have any terminal facilities, although liberally equipped with derailing switches.

Orators may lead democracies, but any democrat who has watched the process for any length of time is in a position to rise up and tell the world that the only place orators are leading democracies is round and round in a circle; especially the greatest democracy the sun ever shone upon, the same being, in the fiction of the times, the U. S. A.

Here we were, on March fourth last, at noon, with the welcome prospect of about nine months of Congressional shutdown, reasonably expectant that the statesmen, politicians and thick surrounding layers of regulators would lay off for a spell and give us a chance to enjoy life and liberty—if any—and pursue such meager happiness as might be hovering about; and what happened? Before three o'clock that afternoon the entire outfit and a lot of new recruits were in full cry again. The regulars of both old parties were telling us what they are going to do. The irregulars of both old parties were telling us what they are going to do and what they are not going to let the regulars do, and the regulators were howling down both sets of shouters with statements of what they must do to keep the republic off the rocks; and they all have been shouting ever since.

A Carnival of Clamor

AFTER a citizen has been a statesman for a while, or a politician for a while, and especially after a citizen has been bitten by the pro-bono-publicity bug, which is what is ailing the large majority of the ladies and gentlemen who are foraying and orating around in various regulatory, reclamatory and declamatory enterprises for the good of the people, as alleged, each and every one of them becomes obsessed of the idea that the people are intensely interested in their plans and propaganda, and that the salvation of the race depends on the incessant direction of the public mind to the particular statesmanship, politics or reform they advocate, to say nothing of the required sustenance and the resultant publicity, which are the glorious goal. They might, on a pinch, go without eating; but they would die if they couldn't get their names in the papers.

Wherefore they harry the average American, day in and day out, with boastings of what they have done, glamorous promises of what they intend to do, and with admonition, warning, entreaty, censure, pleadings and prayer to rally round and support them, which is what it comes to—support—in every sense of the word. It will make for brevity to class them all as politicians, which they are, down to the little propagandists; and they all work alike, and all think their own schemes and contrivings are vitally interesting to the people—or, at least, may be made so.

Hence, all this hullabaloo that is going on now has been going on since Congress adjourned and will continue to go on indefinitely; hence, Borah and his slack-wire performances; hence, La Follette and his Progressive bloc; hence, Johnson and Moses and their hard dying; hence, Lodge and his Old Guard protestings; hence, Lord Robert Cecil and his League of Nations proselyting; hence, Wilson and his sheaves of letters; hence, Frear and his tax program; hence, Mellon and his neatly figured surplus; hence, the commutations and communications of George Harvey; hence, Harry Daugherty's renomination of his chief, President Harding, when Daugherty and the chief were separated by the incredible distance between St. Augustine, Florida, and Daytona, Florida, and entirely out of touch with each other, so that Daugherty's act must have been naught but the spontaneous tribute of a loyal soul; hence, the great buckets of scalding and sympathetic tears dripping constantly from every political eye because of the sad, sad case of the farmers; hence, Governor Al Smith and his acute attack of antiprohibitionism; hence, McAdoo and Underwood and Nicholas Murray Butler and Henry Ford and Joe Robinson of Arkansas and Jimmy Cox; hence, Norman Mack and his wet plank; hence, numerous statesmen hopping across the Atlantic, hopping around Europe and hopping back with world-condition remedies in each hand and expositions by the yard; hence, Hearst and Hylan; hence, swings around the circle; hence, trailers after the swingers; hence, more bludgeoning of the railroads; and hence, especially, talk, talk, talk.

Excelsior-Stuffed Effigies

NOW all this sort of stuff is predicated on the fact that next year we shall have a presidential election, and on the assumption that the American people are already vitally interested not only in the identities of the candidates for President who shall emerge from the conventions but in the issues that will be used in the campaign. But are they? They are not! Nor are the American people interested in politics or in politicians, for the very simple reason that political parties in this country, which should, and once did, typify and signify politics, have lost all their authority and all their significance. Thus politics has become a vague, negligible thing to the great mass of the people; and those who are entitled to vote either do not vote or take part in politics, or are as inconsequential and casual about it as they are about any other minor interest in their lives.

The trade of a politician is politics, and the tools with which he works are political parties; but the politician differs from every other sort of worker because he never changes his tools, while the plumber, for example, utilizes all the newest improvements and inventions. The politician is invested of the idea that he must have an issue, or a set of them, with which to work, through the medium of his party, on the patriotisms, sentiments, interests and sympathies of the voters; and is obsessed of the fallacy that he can make issues instead of being conscious of the truth that issues make themselves. Thus, a year before the conventions that will nominate candidates for the election in 1924, we find them busily engaged in stuffing old suits of political clothes and parading the resultant effigies as vital with life, when they are, in fact, filled with excelsior and straw—and not particularly fresh excelsior and straw at that.

No one can blame the politicians for endeavor, because if they do not succeed in putting something over on the people they will have to go back to work, a dolorous fate for any politician and all of them, of whatever degree. The point that surprises is not the endeavor, but the execution of it, and the lack of understanding of the present political temper of the people. The fact is that the politicians have overplayed their hands. Instead of intelligently cultivating and conserving the political tendencies of the people, the politicians—and this goes for all of them—have attempted to force issues where issues did not exist, and have given the people no respite from their mouthings and maneuverings, with the result that the people distrust the politicians and have lost interest in their presentations.

On the other hand, the political reformers have not been much more successful in their efforts, and the ordinary course of nonpartisan movements has disclosed an equal lack of interest among the voters—an apathy to the whole business that is the chief and outstanding feature of all politics in the United States at present. An illuminating instance of this is the result of the recent election in Los Angeles. That city, after a surfeit of partisan politics, and through the efforts of various promisers of a millennium to ensue, made its local politics nonpartisan. It may be the plan is state-wide in California. A digest of the complicated election laws of California is not at hand. In any event, no candidate for mayor, say, in Los Angeles, runs as a Republican or a Democrat. They all run as people's choices—as nonpartisans. In this election, which was the primary election to determine the candidates for mayor, councilmen, and so on, who shall make the contest in November, there was also a congressional election to fill a vacancy in the tenth congressional district of California caused by the death of the man elected last fall.

This district comprises the best residential section of Los Angeles, and, by the census of 1920, contained over five hundred thousand people. It probably had increased fifty or a hundred thousand residents by the time of the election in May, and had two hundred and fifty-six thousand, nine hundred and fifty-five qualified voters, men and women. In addition to the several candidates for the city offices there were at least five candidates for Congress, one of them a most competent woman, running in a city where the women have had the vote by state law for a considerable period previous to the advent of national suffrage for women. Of course the politicians took hold, especially of the congressional campaign; and that was designated as a contest between the men running as Republicans and the woman running as a Democrat.

There were several weeks of a campaign, with speeches and all the usual campaign manipulations and ballyhoo. There were literature and posters and meetings in great number, and much newspaper publicity; and, in addition, a bus-line fight against the street-car company to incite interest, with great advertising broadsides in the papers in a city where street traffic is more acute as a problem than it is in New York—and with what result? After all the appeals to support this candidate because he would stand for President Harding's international-court idea, just then newly put forth, and all the pleadings to vote for the woman because she favored President Wilson's League of Nations stand, with the mayoralty and the bus fight to add interest, only 30 per cent of the total qualified vote of the district was cast on this paramount question of international court, or League of Nations, or nothing—only 30 per cent. And it isn't probable there would have been that great a percentage if there had been no bus-line fight to get the voters to the polls.

Split, Riven and Shivered

THE politicians say it is an off year, and plead that for the apathy shown; but that gets them nowhere, because even if the year is an off year, the issue isn't an off issue, if we are to believe all we hear from headquarters at Washington and the echoes from elsewhere. The minute the President stepped out and said he favored the participation of this country in the International Court, the great, palpitating, paramount issue for the campaign of 1924 was said to be joined, and the excitement was intense—in the newspapers. Every politician, from President down, was agog; and there are a lot of pretty fair agoggers among them. The League of Nations agoggers said that this meant the President has shifted front and is now willing to put his country into the league. The die-hards said only over their inanimate and prostrate forms should this outrage be perpetrated, and the middle-of-the-road boys saw a split in the party that would rive it asunder from center to circumference, oblivious of the obvious fact that the party was long ago rent asunder not only from center to circumference but along every chord, from every secant, and up and down and across and through the radii.

Did you hear any shouts about this abandoning of our traditional policy of isolation, about having only one representative in the court when Great Britain has six, about any other feature of it when the President put the policy forth? Shouts from back in the country, from the Mississippi Valley, from the Southwest, from the Northwest, from the Pacific Coast, from New England, from the Central States—hear any of those? Not a shout! The tumult came from the professional shouters, the politicians in Washington and elsewhere, but principally from Washington, where a lot of statesmen were sticking around after Congress adjourned instead of going back home to mingle with their constituents, for reasons best known to themselves, and a lot of the fringe of regulators and uplifters and revisers and republic savers remained. These shouts were ably aided and abetted by the newspaper correspondents, who know a good thing when they see it, and can work up a sensation in a dull time with expertness and dispatch. A newspaper correspondent has one high and sacred obligation. Being a correspondent, he just naturally must correspond. So, as Congress had adjourned, and dullness replaced the exciting last hours of the Congress, the boys hopped to this international-court idea and they did it proud.

They split the party. They had Henry Cabot Lodge and James E. Watson marching in a hollow square to the

White House ominously to tell the President beware lest he ruin the G. O. P. They had the President laughing a laugh of scorn at these solemn warnings. They had Hughes and Hoover and Root conspiring to shove our country right into the maw of the British lion. They had Borah and Johnson and La Follette ready to spring a new party. They had the league proponents holding jamborees over this indorsement of their contention. They had the Democrats claiming it meant one of them for President in 1924, sure. They had Nicholas Murray Butler writing letters of indorsement to the New York Times and these letters printed approvingly by the Times, which combination comes as near to finality, it is held in some quarters, as anything mundane may be. They were busy little cups of tea. It was a dull time, you understand.

Meantime, how about it? Suppose we quote Representative George M. Young, of North Dakota, on the subject. Representative Young is a member of the agricultural bloc in Congress, and that doesn't mean he is any hidebound, thick-and-thin supporter of the President. Says Young:

"To say that the fate of the Republican Party hangs in the balance because of President Harding's proposal for a world court is pure bunk. Those who think it will be a paramount issue in the next campaign are chiefly found among those who remained at the capital and have not been home. If they had gone to their constituents they would have found that half of them know little about the world-court proposal, and care less, and of the balance practically all are for it."

Short-Lived Political Issues

BROTHER YOUNG speaks with wisdom. In the first place a thing that is already slivered cannot be split any further; and, in the second place, in these times, conditions and circumstances—political, economic, sociological, national and international—the man doesn't live, even if he is President, who can make an issue in March, 1923, that will hold to November, 1924; or, for that matter, until June, 1924, or January, 1924. Things are moving too fast for that. An issue that may seem paramount on Monday most often is piffle by Friday. Crises are fresh every hour, especially political crises. What would sunder a political party in May could easily solder it in August. Particularly, the man, politically expert or otherwise, politically exalted or not, who can make an academic question like joining the International Court a live and active issue a year from now is not functioning in this country today, nor is any similar body of men.

We'll fight out the 1924 presidential campaign on what has happened to Americans during the Harding term in the way of high prices for living and low prices for products, wages, taxes, the doings and the nondoings of Congress—in fine, the Administration's record; and the heaviest fighting will be over what the Administration has not done rather than what it has done. These purely domestic matters will be the gages of that battle, and not any international court whatsoever, however much they may try to make it the issue. I mean the real issues, not platform buncombe, and speak with the proviso, of course, that we are not dragged into another war or too flagrantly insulted by any of the nations that owe us money.

However, the politicians hang tenaciously to the old order. The chief weakness of the professional politician is that he is too political. He plays politics when he would be doing more for his country if he was playing mah jongg. It is written in the code that the way to keep the interest of the people and arouse their support is to feed them an expert line of hokum from time to time, and they pass the hokum out from all quarters—the high, the middle and the low. They are as skillful at it as they used to be, but somehow the people do not bite as avidly as they used to. Too many pictures, too many radio sets, too many telephones, too many mediums of communication. Every time we develop a new medium of communication we drive a nail in the coffin of the old political order.

Take the pictures, for example: It isn't so long ago that a sight of the President of the United States was an event in the life of almost every American who lived outside of Washington. When Cleveland and Harrison and McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft went traveling the people crowded to see them—just to see them. Now there is scarcely a weekly news reel in a movie house that doesn't have President Harding shaking hands with somebody or laying a corner stone or reviewing a procession or standing with a delegation or making a speech or playing golf or doing something of the sort; and instead of being a pinnacled personality, as were the other Presidents, he is, so far as his looks go, merely one of the many who get a few feet of film in the news reels. There is no thrill for the American in seeing his President, because he has seen a hundred movies of him.

That is one of the penalties of progress and of presidential good nature, albeit it may explain a few political things also. Although the movies have familiarized the high and mighty of the earth to the point of boredom when they bow and smile on the screen, and the rotogravures spread them out Sunday after Sunday in the newspaper supplements, and the radios carry their voices across the land, there is no better place to get the mass reaction on a public man than in the movie houses. All classes of people go to the movies. It is quite possible that these reactions may be taken too seriously, for reasons set forth above. Also, it is quite possible that there have been of late some unobtrusive but none the less official visits to movie houses here and there.

The First Law of Nature

WE ALL know that every President does his level best to be President of the whole people rather than President of only so many of the people as vote with his party; but it is difficult at times because of his fellow politicians. None may question the loyalty of these lads to their chief; nor, on the personal other hand, can there be more than a vague doubt of their loyalty to themselves. Self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and it is the entire code, with notes, glossary and index, of politics. Thus, things happen a President would not do but discovers are done for him.

It is easy to imagine a President, earnestly and conscientiously striving to do the best

(Continued on Page 58)

Remember, He Has a Family to Support

STUMBLING SAM

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

HONEST, I wouldn't mind if it was anybody but Sam Blatt. Haven't I stood by and heard hundreds of 'em tell how they did it? You know—presidents, vice presidents, general managers, and so on. Not that I'm any hero hound or have gone around with my ear stretched for words of wisdom that the great and good might let fall after the toastmaster has rapped on the table and I've shooed the waiters through the swing doors. No. It's part of my job as second-head to stay with the banquet until the last postprandial sky rocket has fizzed and gone out. And in twelve years I've heard a-plenty. I'll say I have.

Used to fall for some of it too. Natural enough. I'd see him sitting there, just at the break of the horseshoe or at the center of the H, whichever way we'd planned the tables. I'd bring him in bunches of telegrams, bank the floral emblems behind him, and plan how the flashlight man could get the best shot at him. The honor guest, you understand; the big noise that the party was being given for. Different one every night, of course, but always the same set of motions to go through—getting him placed between the toastmaster and the Honorable Whosit, who was to spill the heavy oratory; tipping off the orchestra leader when to strike up Hail to the Chief, and easing him into his chair when he finally came padding in from the cocktail room.

Then I'd watch him pull the modesty stuff as first one and then another would get up and smear on the sirupy praise—eyes down, flickery little smile in the mouth corners, and now and then a nervous fumbling with his napkin as he took a peek at his notes. Until at last he'd hoist himself up, still the riotous applause with a fat manicured hand, begin throatily to say how humble all this made him feel, thank everybody in sight for his loyalty and coöperation, and then proceed to give 'em the real inside dope on how, by steady plugging and hard work, he'd climbed from the bottom of the ladder to the top rung. And at the end, when he got well warmed up, he'd generally look down towards the foot of the tables where the junior heads were getting ready to blister their palms, and he'd assure them that they, too, had the same chance if they wanted to grab it off.

Yeauh! I admit a lot of it sounded kind of convincing, and though I didn't go hoarse cheering these poddy old boys who'd turned the trick, or join in the napkin waving, I did sop up more or less of that bunk. I'd be thinking it over as I checked up the silver and figured out how to split the tips without making anybody sore. Anyway, I let 'em get away with it without curling the lip of scorn. That is, until it came to be Sam Blatt's turn.

She Was as Shifty a Little Vamp as Ever Worked Behind a News and Candy Counter in a Lobby

II

SAY, I gotta tell you about Sam. He's had his innings—thirty-minute speech garnished liberal with applause, picture in the morning papers, and soapy stories of his life in the trade journals. I'm not saying it didn't register well, either. From printer's devil to topnotcher in the advertising world. Yes, it all listened good and read smooth. And he didn't gloss over much that happened in the early days—about using his spare shirt to wipe the rollers when the rags ran low, or sleeping in the stock room to save room rent, or cooking breakfast over the linotype metal pot; or how he won an oversized suit of red flannel underwear as commission for rustling his first ad from the New York department store, and cashed in the order on the third of July. He got some big laughs with that.

But there were certain items Sam didn't touch on at all.

Now I don't kid myself I'm batting for Boswell or Mr. Pepys or any of those boys; or that I'm up to the job of producing a Mirrors of Millville. But maybe I can fill in a few chinks relating to the life and career of S. Armstrong Blatt. I'll take a crack at it anyway.

They weren't sending him engraved invitations to come and eat eight-course dinners when I first began to notice him as part of the rabble at the pressroom door. For a while I thought he was merely the human pest who stirred up this young riot that broke loose regularly about 3:30 every afternoon in the alley back of the Millville Star's building. In time, however, I discovered that he was only the center and not the cause of the disturbance; for one of Sam's many duties was to supply the newsies with their bundles of first editions, and as each little rat wanted to be served first, and wasn't content until he had shrieked his demands while he pushed and gouged and kicked his way to the front, the result was a mob scene that wasn't at all helpful while I was trying to write heads for late wire news that the make-up man was yammering for. So it wasn't a case of love at first sight between Sam and me, and I wished he could get himself mobbed somewhere else, or that I might have a desk not so near that particular window.

Somehow this Blatt person seemed to have a faculty for being a storm center. Wherever turmoil and haste and hectic periods came during the process of getting to press, there was Sam in the middle of things—howled at by the newsboys, yapped at by the city editor and the composing-room foreman, and either being cursed or kidded by anyone else who happened to have the breath to waste on him. The lino operators began it at 8:30 by blaming him for not filling the pots, and at six P.M. the boss stereotyper was nagging him to get those plates off the cylinders.

The trouble was that his work was so scattered and that he had no definite place in any particular force. He was as much a part of the business office as he was of the pressroom gang, or the editorial bunch, and had no standing in any of them. But he didn't lack for bosses. He had as many as there were men on the pay roll, and he was about as popular with one as with another. When things went wrong, which was at least three times a day, they took it out on Sam Blatt.

Don't get the idea, though, that there was anything meek and lowly about Sam. Hardly. To every growl and yap and curse he had a quick come-back, and it made no difference to him who the faultfinder was, press feeder or managing editor, Sam gave him as good as he got or a bit better. He had about as rough a line, too, as you'd hear anywhere outside a circustent gang or the night dishwashers' shift in the basement of a Broadway lobster palace. I used to listen to him razzing the newsies.

"Hey, lay off that shovin', you runty little muckers!" he'd yell at 'em. "Get in line there or I'll push in your ugly mugs so you'll be cryin' down the back of your necks. All of you now, if you want your mommers to know you when you get out of the hospital. You cruddy young hyenas!"

But I didn't know he'd dare spring that upstairs until once I gave him a call for being late hanging out the bulletin board that I'd lettered.

"Hang it yourself then, you poor fish," he snaps, "or go down Main Street wearin' it on your back."

"Say, who do you think you are?" I asks him.

"Well, I ain't no chair-warmin', third-rate cub reporter, that's sure," says he.

"I'll have you fired," I threatens.

"Go to it, prune face," says he. "I wish you luck."

I did, too, but it didn't get me anywhere. I discovered that Sam held the office record for futile discharges. He'd been fired three times in one day, by as many different members of the staff who thought they had the authority to give him the fresh air, but every time he'd turned out to be a human dud. He just wouldn't go off. The secret of that was that the chief owner, who was also business manager, would reinstate Sam as fast as he was fired. He had ten good reasons for keeping Sam on the job. He could buy Sam's services for fifteen a week, and he couldn't have filled his place under twenty-five.

That didn't account, however, for the cocky arrogance of Sam's manner. He didn't need anybody's backing, and never hesitated to say so. It was all one to him whether you were for him or against him.

"Say, I ain't married to this job, you know," was his favorite answer to any critic. "It ain't such-a-much, to start with, and if you can find somebody else who can do it better—why, get 'em right in. I'll wish 'em luck."

"You don't hate yourself, do you, Sam?" I said one day.

"I ain't got so much cause to as some I could name," he growls back. "I'm doin' my best, and there's mighty few around this shop that does."

I expect there was more or less in that too. But it struck me that Sam's best wasn't anything to be chesty over. He was a plugger. Yes. But he was a clumsy one. He could

pull more thumb-fingered stunts than anyone I ever knew. He'd drop things, take copy off the wrong hook to the wrong place, get in the way, fall over chairs, and bug things generally. Send him over to the lunch wagon for chicken sandwiches and coffee and he'd like as not bring back frankfurters and ginger ale. Start him towards the composing room with the rush lead to a first-page story and he'd be liable to leave it in the job room. He'd upset the ink bottle, sit in the paste pot or get his fingers caught in the folding machine. He could be standing still and trip over his own feet.

That's where he got the name of Stumbling Sam. It was a fit, all right. I don't know how many times he fell part way down the basement stairs, generally with something that smashed when he dropped it. Once I remember it was a new mirror for the printers' washroom.

"That means seven years' hard luck," I reminded him.

"Aw, that don't worry me," says Sam. "I make my own luck as I go along."

"Do you?" says I. "Well, it isn't a brand I'd care to patent."

"I know," says Sam. "You'd crumple up under half of it. But it's gonna be different some day. Just you wait."

How he could work up so much confidence in himself was a mystery to me. I couldn't even figure how he could get a start at it. Surely not by gazing at himself in the glass, for Sam looked as little like the young men in the collar ads as he possibly could and still belong to the same branch of the human race. Barring a tail and handy feet he was built a good deal like a gorilla. Anyway, he had about the same arm and chest development. As for his head—well, Briggs, the managing editor, got off a good line about that, although I didn't quite get it until I'd looked it up. A pure Piltdown cranium, he called it, and said Sam must be a throwback to the Neolithic. At least, his head was pointed on top, like a nut; and the bristly, mud-colored hair started in a V just above his eyes and grew stiff and stubbly to the back of his neck. Even when it was fairly long, you could see the dead-white scalp underneath, although some insisted it sprouted right out of the bone.

I can't say now, as long as I've known Sam, what particular shade his eyes were; or are, for that matter. He still has 'em. Always reminded me of a pig's eyes; maybe because they were so little and narrow set, or else on account of the eyebrows being so faint. Aside from that, and the loose thick-lipped mouth and the Lima-bean ears, his features were all right. But you'd never mistake him for any he-movie star.

And yet, for all his humble position, his lack of grace and manly beauty, he went clumping and bumping about his little sphere of existence with all the assurance of a traffic cop on post, or a tugboat captain on the deck of his own craft. He might shuffle along with his shoulders slumped and his head down, but always with that jutty chin of his well out and a steady look in the little eyes.

Now I'll admit that in those days, before I'd been handed so many poor breaks, I rather fancied myself. I hadn't quite decided whether or not I should stick to the newspaper game until they sent for me to come and manage one of the big Boston dailies, or if I should crash at once into finance and get to be a wizard operator, like Tom Lawson. I knew it was in me. I'd backed a few hunches through the local bucket shop, and once I had cleaned up near seventy-five on American Zinc. Course I dropped it on another deal later on, but that was because I didn't have the capital to stay with the deal until it came right again. Anyway, I was too good for a mere reporter's job. Also I was a snappy dresser, even then, and I had the looks. So when it was a case of girls—well, you know how it is. Easy. And that was no secret from me.

But say, I hadn't a thing on Sam Blatt when it came to passing myself a vote of confidence. You could tell that just by watching the swing of his shoulders. In a greasy blue sweater and ragged overalls, with ink-smeared face and hands, he'd slouch into the front business office and size up the home-going crowds through the plate glass with a cold eye.

"Giving the populace a treat?" I asked him once.

"What, them sheep!" he would sneer.

Then, as like as not, he'd stroll back into the city room, camp down at a desk, and spend an hour checking up how much more local advertising we were carrying than the opposition sheet could show; or clipping anything of the kind we had missed out on. I understand he did that regular, on his own time, and left it where the boss would find it every morning.

But he was a nut that way. Sam didn't work for the Star—he lived for it. Maybe twice a day he'd dash out for a few minutes to the lunch wagon, but the rest of the twenty-four hours he was somewhere about the shop, Sundays and holidays included. Might as well have been chained to the Hoe. I can't figure what he did to pass away the time, after he'd swept up and emptied the waste-baskets and stacked away the returns. Course he read a lot. I'd find him there at all hours, when I drifted in from city-council meetings or board-of-trade banquets, sitting with a green shade over his eyes pawing through the exchanges and the trade papers or even studying the type book. Sometimes I'd ask him why he didn't chase over to Tony's and get into a game of pool, or try the box alleys, but he was one of those poor simps who just didn't seem to know how to enjoy himself. Or else he knew he was too much of a crab to mix with the gang. At the same time, though, he'd manage to make you feel that he was too good for that sort of thing. Think of that! Stumbling Sam Blatt putting on side!

III

AND then came this big shift which stirred us all up. I came back from my police court and city hall round-up one forenoon to hear that the Star had been sold. Briggs, who'd had a quarter interest, told me so himself.

"But don't you boys worry," says he. "Probably you'll stick. He can't do it all, reporting and everything. You'll have a real editor over you from now on, though. Uh-huh! A gold-key Harvard man who's taken a postgraduate course in journalism—Journalism with an upper-case J. He's a Mr. Poultney Dean, from Beacon Street, whose idea, I understand, is to uplift the profession, no matter what it costs. I'm putting you wise, Chester, so you'll know about what to expect. It will be a case either of going up with the elevator or getting dropped through the coal hole."

"Huh!" says I. "It's all one to me, whether I go or stay. I've been thinking of making a change anyway. You're quitting, are you, Briggs?"

"Oh, yes," says he. "I suppose he'll want me to stay long enough to show him where I keep the shears and the blue pencil. Then I'll get out. I need a rest anyhow. Not a vacation in six years. Besides, we got our price—and then some. I guess a little trip over to London and Paris is about due me before I start to look around and ask what metropolitan daily needs a livewire, self-made managing ed. Good luck, Chester."

Well, you know how it is when a thing of that sort is sprung on you. Gets you in the knees and the pit of the stomach, something the way folks say they feel during an earthquake. For, after all, a job is a job; and though there wasn't a man on the force that didn't talk brash, and let on he'd just as soon get the chuck as not, most of us were merely cheerful liars. I was sorry for Chub Banks, my side kick on the city staff, for the young sport had been married not two months before and was trying to furnish a little flat on the installment plan. Honest, his fingers were so trembly he could hardly hit the typewriter keys for the rest of the day.

"Think there'll be a shake-up?" he asks me.

"Oh, not right away," says I. "Not a house cleaning. Course he may have some old Hasty Pudding chums he'll want to work in after a while, but he can't get out the sheet with a lot of greenies right at the start. And by that time you'll have made good."

"You bet I'll do my durndest," says Chub.

"Have to brush up our high English, I expect," says I. "No more newspaperese; and a split infinitive will get you shot at daybreak. I wonder should we blow ourselves to frock coats and pearl spats and fill our fountain pens with violet ink? If I were you, though, Chub, I'd go light on the fancy vests and tone down the neckwear."

For the rumor was that this young Beacon Street plute, who had bought The Millville Evening Star with such an offhand gesture,

He Was So Nervous and Fussed He Could Hardly Give His Order

was simply dripping with culture. I don't know who started the tale, but somebody said he wore black satin knickers and frilled shirts with his dinner coat, and never could start breakfast until he'd had his nails manicured.

"Then I can guess what'll happen the first time he gets a look at Sam Blatt," I told Chub. "He'll make us remove Sam with a pair of ice tongs and then spray the office with disinfectant. Sam will give him the jolt of his life."

"Poor Sam!" says Chub. "It would break his heart to be fired from the Star."

"Oh, he might as well get it first as last," says I. "It's coming to him sooner or later, and it isn't as if he had any future in the newspaper business. Can you feature Stumbling Sam in any white-collar job? He'd make a perfect stoker, though, wouldn't he? And say, Chub, I hope I can be around when Poultney Dean has his first view of him."

Sure enough, I was right on the spot. But somehow I didn't get the kick out of it I had expected. In fact, I was still a bit jarred myself on account of finding that Poultney Dean wasn't at all like the specifications called for. He was there at Briggs' desk when I strolled in about nine A.M. and started to write up the monthly meeting of the school board. First off, I could hardly believe it was him at all, this loose-jointed husk with the tousled hair who sat thumping a typewriter so vigorous. He had the sleeves of his soft sport shirt rolled back and was smoking a brier pipe. Didn't even wear bone-rimmed glasses or show any other highbrow tags, and he looked about as much like easy money as a delivery truck looks like a limousine.

Acted right at home, though. Never even glanced at me until he got to the bottom of a page, and then he simply turned to give me a casual nod. When he finished his editorial, or whatever it was he was grinding out, he did stop and beckon me over. Asked me if I was one of the city staff and told me he was the new boss. Also asked what I was working on. I told him.

"Let's see," says he, pulling out his watch; "that board meeting was over by ten o'clock last night, wasn't it?"

"Sure," says I. "But it was my turn to take the late trick at police headquarters and I stuck around there until after midnight in case anything big should break."

"I see," says he. "How do you pass the time?"

"Oh, swapping yarns with the chief," says I, "and shooting a few games of pool over at Mike's, across the way."

"Fairly good at pool, are you?" he asks.

"Oh, I'm no cue wizard," says I, "but there aren't many of the bunch can spot me anything."

"That's helpful," says he. "But it would be more so, Mr. er——"

"Keedle," says I. "Chester Keedle."

"Ah, yes," says he. "As I was about to say, Mr. Keedle, it would be more helpful if you could manage to have a column or so of local stuff on the hook before the linotype operators start in. I've had to feed 'em clipped miscellany to keep them busy. Perhaps you can arrange it after this."

"I might——" says I, careless.

I suppose some would have said it different, but I wasn't going to start in kotowing right off. I believe in showing my independence and letting 'em know they needn't look for any bootlicking from me.

Anyway, that was as far as we'd got when Sam Blatt comes clumping in and breezes right up to the roll-top. It being a warm morning he had shed the old sweater and was attired simply if not becomingly in overalls and undershirt, with more ink smears than ever showing on his long arms and wide face.

"Say," he blurts out, shoving a proof under Poultney Dean's nose, "the make-up man wants to know if you got an O.K. on this yet?"

Dean looks him over curious and smiles flickery. "Is an O.K. important?" he asks.

"I'll say it is," says Sam. "Take a look. Page ad for Bowles & Biggers' anniversary sale. Ought to be right too."

"Well," says Dean, glancing at the sheet, "it looks all right to me."

"Does, eh?" says Sam. "Well, it don't to me, and I told 'em so out there."

"Indeed!" says Dean. "And who, may I ask, are you?"

"Me?" says Sam. "I'm the G. U. That's shorthand for General Utility—copy runner, office boy, press cleaner, and a lot more I ain't got time to tell about. But I'll bet old man Biggers'll be good and sore if this gets run like it's set here; and his is the biggest contract we got on the books."

"It does sound important," says Dean. "Suppose you tell me what you think is wrong with this ad."

"Why," says Sam, leaning over and pointing with a smudgy finger, "all that top display is too light—a lot too light. We got plenty of boldface fonts they could have used instead. And this solid stuff underneath needs to be leaded. Ought to be a couple of ornamental boxes for them special bargain features too."

"Hum-m-m!" says Dean. "Sounds reasonable. Suppose you ask the foreman to step in here."

And say, blessed if he don't take Sam Blatt's word for it and order a reset of that whole ad, in spite of what the foreman told him about the extra cost and how it might hold up the first edition. Maybe you can guess, too, how popular that made Sam in the composing room. Course they laid for him, and it wasn't forty-eight hours later that they had something all framed against him. It was the assistant foreman they picked to make the holler about Sam, and he sure put it over strong.

"Either that bonehead gets out or I do," he tells Poultney Dean.

"Very well," says Dean. "We will not debate the case. Just make out your time slip and see the cashier. Sam stays with me."

And if that wasn't a lucky break I don't know one. For from then on Sam seems to be solid with the new management. Dean don't go so far as to try to give him a place in the composing room, on account of the chapel rules, but after that no ad goes in until it has Sam's initials on the proof, and a new boy is hired to carry copy and clean up. Also I have a hunch Sam got his first raise since he'd been with the paper. When I tried to kid it out of him, though, he wouldn't tell.

"Don't you worry about what I'm gettin'," says he. "I always aim to be worth more."

"Oh!" says I. "One of these wall-motto cuckoos, eh? Keep it up, Sam, and maybe when you get to be sixty-odd you'll be among the faithful old employes that are eased off the pay roll with a pension big enough to keep you in 'baccy and matches."

IV

AND then, as a movie title would put it, came Isabelle Dean into our lives. Poultney Dean's sister, you understand. Not that she handed me any knockout. I'd seen a lot of classy young queens even that early in my career, and if I ever had been at all skirt shy I'd been cured of it. Two years as a reporter ought to rid almost anybody of the habit of going pink in the ears when he gets a close-up of an easy looker, and only the week before I'd been rung

(Continued on Page 109)

Whatever It Was He'd Come In to Say, He Forgot It After One Look at Isabelle Dean

GUN METAL

By JOHN RUSSELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

He Went Reeling Back. A Tree Kept Him From Falling; and Bracing There, Before Mac Could Swing Up His Weapon Again, He Threw

THERE were only the two of them on McFhee's great fortune hunt to Nbendi in the Santa Cruz—just the two of them, unless you count the monkey man they brought along to be roustabout and deck hand. But McFhee himself and his partner, Lem Hedrick, they made an able pair, and they figured exactly what they must do when they found the treasure. They settled it between them with the foresight of two wary old hands.

"This here is goin' to be a business of brains," declared McFhee.

He spoke like a pundit and he looked like a scarecrow—an ugly big rack of a scarecrow in his muddy rags and his grizzled beard. But Lem Hedrick did not smile. Nobody would ever have expected a smile on that ravaged face under the thatch of red hair; the face of a bitter loser at the game of life. He leaned on his spade to let his haunted eye run down the green-walled anchorage, over the sun-spangled lagoon and the sun-hazed Pacific, before he cut in with his sharp, precise manner:

"And dibs."

"And dibs," accepted Mac. "Brains and dibs. They go together, Lem. That's where lads like you and me mostly miss out. Brains we got, by times, and gold we've had one time or another But when we had it we never knew enough to keep it. Ain't that true? And why?"

Hedrick shrugged impatiently, but Mac took another bite of tobacco and spat abroad with expansive intention as he continued:

"Why? Because we never could quit and clear with our own right share. It's the ruin of many an outfit, Lem. What happened to Whitey Edwards and his pals after they made their big strike on the Mambare fields? Started down for Port Moresby and begun cuttin' each other's throats on the road. Then the niggers got the last two; and there they lay, the poor fools, till somebody found 'em after the rains without no heads to 'em—stuck full of arrers like a couple o' hedgehogs—and enough dust in their packs to 'a' made 'em both Sydney-side millionaires! And how about the Jackson gang, that bailed up the Walhalla bank? Might 'a' done a clean get-away, but they went to fightin' over the swag and got theirselves copped in half a tick. There's the gentleman adventurer for you!"

"What are you telling me for?" snapped Lem.

McFhee made a deprecating gesture.

"Wait till I'm through. I'm showin' you how things go wrong. Did I tell you how it was with the Chinyman who give me this tip we're on—the Chinyman who died at Woodlark whilst you was in hospital?

"He was cook to this outfit of Spanishers when they came pokin' around here with their map two year ago. They'd found it in Manila, d'y' see? A map made by Mendaña himself, I figure. Way back in 1500 nothin'! The old-time navigator bloke that first landed in the Solomon Islands and named 'em so. Mendaña's cruise went bung—you'll find about it in all the history books—and he had to light out with a single ship and plant his gold. And he planted it by beachin' and burnin' his other craft—the one he called a pinnas—the one we got right under our feet this minute, Lem."

It was the measure of their success with what luxury Mac turned the tale on his tongue, and how Lem refrained from snarling overmuch at his long-winded way. The ease of achievement and impending reward was upon these men. They stood in the limpid, shallow water of the cove, beneath shady mangroves. Now and then a storm of many-colored lories or kingfishers drove past them in the drowsy heat. Now and then a flight of sea birds, far-flung white crescents, went whistling against the murmur of the reef, or a cockatoo screamed in the jungle, or a leaping fish splashed circles from the reeds. For the rest, the place was deserted, empty—one of the forgotten islets that stud the tropic seas like jewels on a brazen corselet. Unmindful of its beauty, they were aware of its quiet and its isolation. And resting there from a morning's work, either could verify for himself—under his very feet, as Mac had said the bits of old oaken knees and planking, iron-hard fragments in the iron sand, which confirmed their wonderful discovery

"Well?" prompted Lem.

"Well, the Chinyman was the only one to get away alive All them Spanishers—gentlemen adventurers, d'y' see?—just as soon as they located this wreck, just as soon as they made certain-sure of their layout, what must they do but start knifin'. They killed each other off like countin' out at tag. Likely you'd find 'em all buried on the cliff yonder if you looked. They said there was a curse on the treasure."

"There's a curse on every treasure," observed Lem darkly. "I know that."

"Ah, and now you got my point We're goin' to shift that curse, m' son."

"What way?"

"Just brains. Maybe it didn't take some smartness to puzzle out that Chinyman's yarn and the island he meant, hey? Maybe it wasn't a slick job to get our outfit together and scrape up credit for the cutter and sneak us away here amongst the Santa Cruz without anybody else gettin' a smell. Maybe you think I yanked you outa hell there at Woodlark and brought you along for your good looks!" added Mac with formidable pleasantry.

Hedrick only sniffed.

"I could eat you, Lem," said Mac slowly.

Hedrick made a snakelike movement toward his belt, but when he turned the big man was grinning at him with his snags of yellow teeth.

"Yes, and you could sting me to death on that fang o' yours. I know it, you little red devil. It's too easy, and it's too damn thick-headed. I picked you because you got 'em too—brains, Lem. There ain't goin' to be no Whitey Edwards play with us."

Continued on Page 76

A FRIEND OF NAPOLEON

"You Will Go to Hell for This, Monsieur Lion. You May Depend Upon It. Monsieur Satan Will Poach You Like an Egg, I Promise You"

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ALL Paris held no happier man than Papa Chibou. He loved his work—that was why. Other men might say—did say, in fact—that for no amount of money would they take his job; no, not for ten thousand francs for a single night. It would turn their hair white and give them permanent goose flesh, they averred. On such men Papa Chibou smiled with pity. What stomach had such zestless ones for adventure? What did they know of romance? Every night of his life Papa Chibou walked with adventure and held the hand of romance.

Every night he conversed intimately with Napoleon; with Marat and his fellow revolutionists; with Carpentier and Cæsar; with Victor Hugo and Lloyd George; with Foch and with Bigarre, the Apache murderer whose unfortunate penchant for making ladies into curry led him to the guillotine; with Louis XVI and with Madame Lablanche, who poisoned eleven husbands and was working to make it an even dozen when the police deterred her; with Marie Antoinette and with sundry early Christian martyrs who lived in sweet resignation in electric-lighted catacombs under the sidewalk of the Boulevard des Capucines in the very heart of Paris. They were all his friends and he had a word and a joke for each of them as, on his nightly rounds, he washed their faces and dusted out their ears, for Papa Chibou was night watchman at the Museum Pratoucy—"The World in Wax. Admission, one franc. Children and soldiers, half price. Nervous ladies enter the Chamber of Horrors at their own risk. One is prayed not to touch the wax figures or to permit dogs to circulate in the establishment."

He had been at the Museum Pratoucy so long that he looked like a wax figure himself. Visitors not infrequently mistook him for one and poked him with inquisitive fingers or canes. He did not undeceive them; he did not budge; Spartanlike he stood stiff under the pokes; he was rather proud of being taken for a citizen of the world of wax, which was, indeed, a much more real world to him than the world of flesh and blood. He had cheeks like the small red wax pippins used in table decorations, round eyes, slightly poppy, and smooth white hair, like a wig. He was a diminutive man and, with his horseshoe mustache of surprising luxuriance, looked like a gnome going to a fancy-dress ball as a small walrus. Children who saw him flitting about the dim passages that led to the catacombs were sure he was a brownie.

His title "Papa" was a purely honorary one, given him because he had worked some twenty-five years at the museum. He was unwed, and slept at the museum in a niche of a room just off the Roman arena where papier-mâché lions and tigers breakfasted on assorted martyrs. At night, as he dusted off the lions and tigers, he rebuked them sternly for their lack of delicacy.

"Ah," he would say, cuffing the ear of the largest lion, which was earnestly trying to devour a grandfather and an infant simultaneously, "sort of a pig that you are! I am ashamed of you, eater of babies. You will go to hell for this, Monsieur Lion, you may depend upon it. Monsieur Satan will poach you like an egg, I promise you. Ah, you bad one, you species of a camel, you Apache, you profiteer ——"

Then Papa Chibou would bend over and very tenderly address the elderly martyr who was lying beneath the lion's paws and exhibiting signs of distress, and say, "Patience, my brave one. It does not take long to be eaten, and then, consider: The good Lord will take you up to heaven, and there, if you wish, you yourself can eat a lion every day. You are a man of holiness, Phillibert. You will be Saint Phillibert, beyond doubt, and then won't you laugh at lions!"

Phillibert was the name Papa Chibou had given to the venerable martyr; he had bestowed names on all of them. Having consoled Phillibert, he would softly dust the fat wax infant whom the lion was in the act of bolting.

"Courage, my poor little Jacob," Papa Chibou would say. "It is not every baby that can be eaten by a lion; and in such a good cause too. Don't cry, little Jacob. And remember: When you get inside Monsieur Lion, kick and kick and kick! That will give him a great sickness of the stomach. Won't that be fun, little Jacob?"

So he went about his work, chatting with them all, for he was fond of them all, even of Bigarre the Apache and the other grisly inmates of the Chamber of Horrors. He did chide the criminals for their regrettable proclivities in the past and warn them that he would tolerate no such conduct in his museum. It was not his museum of course. Its owner was Monsieur Pratoucy, a long-necked, melancholy marabou of a man who sat at the ticket window and took in the francs. But, though the legal title to the place might be vested in Monsieur Pratoucy, at night Papa Chibou was the undisputed monarch of his little wax kingdom. When the last patron had left and the doors were closed Papa Chibou began to pay calls on his subjects; across the silent halls he called greetings to them:

"Ah, Bigarre, you old rascal, how goes the world? And you, Madame Marie Antoinette, did you enjoy a good day? Good evening, Monsieur Cæsar; aren't you chilly in that costume of yours? Ah, Monsieur Charlemagne, I trust your health continues to be of the best."

His closest friend of them all was Napoleon. The others he liked; to Napoleon he was devoted. It was a friendship cemented by the years, for Napoleon had been in the museum as long as Papa Chibou. Other figures might come and go at the behest of a fickle public, but Napoleon held his place, albeit he had been relegated to a dim corner.

He was not much of a Napoleon. He was smaller even than the original Napoleon, and one of his ears had come in contact with a steam radiator and as a result it was gnarled into a lump the size of a hickory nut; it was a perfect example of that phenomenon of the prize ring, the cauliflower ear. He was supposed to be at St. Helena and he stood on a papier-mâché rock, gazing out wistfully over a nonexistent sea. One hand was thrust into the bosom of his long-tailed coat, the other hung at his side. Skin-tight breeches, once white but white no longer, fitted snugly over his plump bump of waxen abdomen. A Napoleonic hat, frayed by years of conscientious brushing by Papa Chibou, was perched above a pensive waxen brow.

Papa Chibou had been attracted to Napoleon from the first. There was something so forlorn about him. Papa Chibou had been forlorn, too, in his first days at the museum. He had come from Bouloire, in the south of France, to seek his fortune as a grower of asparagus in Paris. He was a simple man of scant schooling and he had fancied that there were asparagus beds along the Paris boulevards. There were none. So necessity and chance brought him to the Museum Pratoucy to earn his bread and wine, and romance and his friendship for Napoleon kept him there.

The first day Papa Chibou worked at the museum Monsieur Pratoucy took him round to tell him about the figures

"This," said the proprietor, "is Toulon, the strangler. This is Mademoiselle Merle, who shot the Russian duke. This is Charlotte Corday, who stabbed Marat in the bathtub; that gory gentleman is Marat." Then they had come to Napoleon. Monsieur Pratoucy was passing him by.

"And who is this sad-looking gentleman?" asked Papa Chibou.

"Name of a name! Do you not know?"

"But no, monsieur."

"But that is Napoleon himself."

That night, his first in the museum, Papa Chibou went round and said to Napoleon, "Monsieur, I do not know with what crimes you are charged, but I, for one, refuse to think you are guilty of them."

So began their friendship. Thereafter he dusted Napoleon with especial care and made him his confidant. One night in his twenty-fifth year at the museum Papa Chibou

"'Poor Boy!' She Kept Saying. 'Poor Boy! Oh, What Shall I Do?'"

said to Napoleon, "You observed those two lovers who were in here tonight, did you not, my good Napoleon? They thought it was too dark in this corner for us to see, didn't they? But we saw him take her hand and whisper to her. Did she blush? You were near enough to see. She is pretty, isn't she, with her bright dark eyes? She is not a French girl; she is an American; one can tell that by the way she doesn't roll her r's. The young man, he is French; and a fine young fellow he is, or I'm no judge. He is so slender and erect, and he has courage, for he wears the war cross; you noticed that, didn't you? He is very much in love, that is sure. This is not the first time I have seen them. They have met here before, and they are wise, for is this not a spot most romantic for the meetings of lovers?"

Papa Chibou flicked a speck of dust from Napoleon's good ear.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "it must be a thing most delicious to be young and in love! Were you ever in love, Napoleon? No? Ah, what a pity! I know, for I, too, have had no luck in love. Ladies prefer the big, strong men, don't they? Well, we must help these two young people, Napoleon. We must see that they have the joy we missed. So do not let them know you are watching them if they come here tomorrow night. I will pretend I do not see."

Each night after the museum had closed, Papa Chibou gossiped with Napoleon about the progress of the love affair between the American girl with the bright dark eyes and the slender, erect young Frenchman.

"All is not going well," Papa Chibou reported one night, shaking his head. "There are obstacles to their happiness. He has little money, for he is just beginning his career. I heard him tell her so tonight. And she has an aunt who has other plans for her. What a pity if fate should part them! But you know how unfair fate can be, don't you, Napoleon? If we only had some money we might be able to help him, but I, myself, have no money, and I suppose you, too, were poor, since you look so sad. But attend; tomorrow is a day most important for them. He has asked her if she will marry him, and she has said that she will tell him tomorrow night at nine in this very place. I heard them arrange it all. If she does not come it will mean no. I think we shall see two very happy ones here tomorrow night, eh, Napoleon?"

The next night when the last patron had gone and Papa Chibou had locked the outer door, he came to Napoleon, and tears were in his eyes.

"You saw, my friend?" broke out Papa Chibou. "You observed? You saw his face and how pale it grew? You saw his eyes and how they held a thousand agonies? He waited until I had to tell him three times that the museum was closing. I felt like an executioner, I assure you; and he looked up at me as only a man condemned can look. He went out with heavy feet; he was no longer erect. For she did not come, Napoleon; that girl with the bright dark eyes did not come. Our little comedy of love has become a tragedy, monsieur. She has refused him, that poor, that unhappy young man."

On the following night at closing time Papa Chibou came hurrying to Napoleon; he was a-quiver with excitement.

"She was here!" he cried. "Did you see her? She was here and she kept watching and watching; but, of course, he did not come. I could tell from his stricken face last night that he had no hope. At last I dared to speak to her. I said to her, 'Mademoiselle, a thousand pardons for the very great liberty I am taking, but it is my duty to tell you—he was here last night and he waited till closing time. He was all of a paleness, mademoiselle, and he chewed his fingers in his despair. He loves you, mademoiselle; a cow could see that. He is devoted to you; and he is a fine young fellow, you can take an old man's word for it. Do not break his heart, mademoiselle.' She grasped my sleeve. 'You know him, then?' she asked. 'You know where I can find him?' 'Alas, no,' I said. 'I have only seen him here with you.' 'Poor boy!' she kept saying. 'Poor boy! Oh, what shall I do? I am in dire trouble. I love him, monsieur.' 'But you did not come,' I said. 'I could not,' she replied, and she was weeping. 'I live with an aunt; a rich tiger she is, monsieur, and she wants me to marry a count, a fat leering fellow who smells of attar of roses and garlic. My aunt locked me in my room. And now I have lost the one I love, for he will think I have refused him, and he is so proud he will never ask me again.' 'But surely you could let him know?' I suggested. 'But I do not know where he lives,' she said. 'And in a few days my aunt is taking me off to Rome, where the count is, and oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear ——' And she wept on my shoulder, Napoleon, that poor little American girl with the bright dark eyes."

Papa Chibou began to brush the Napoleonic hat.

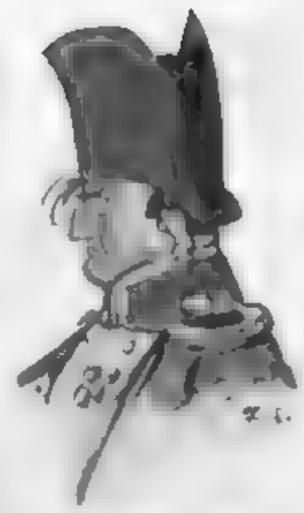
"I tried to comfort her," he said. "I told her that the young man would surely find her, that he would come back and haunt the spot where they had been happy, but I was telling her what I did not believe. 'He may come tonight,' I said, 'or tomorrow.' She waited until it was time to close the museum. You saw her face as she left; did it not touch you in the heart?"

Papa Chibou was downcast when he approached Napoleon the next night.

"She waited again till closing time," he said, "but he did not come. It made me suffer to see her as the hours went by and her hope ebbed away. At last she had to leave, and at the door she said to me, 'If you see him here again, please give him this.' She handed me this card, Napoleon. See, it says, 'I am at the Villa Rosina, Rome. I love you. Nina.' Ah, the poor, poor young man. We must keep a sharp watch for him, you and I."

Papa Chibou and Napoleon did watch at the Museum Pratoucy night after night. One, two, three, four, five nights they watched for him. A week, a month, more months passed, and he did not come. There came instead one day news of so terrible a nature that it left Papa Chibou ill and trembling. The Museum Pratoucy was going to have to close its doors.

"It is no use," said Monsieur Pratoucy, when he dealt this blow to Papa Chibou. "I cannot go on. Already I owe much, and my creditors are clamoring. People will no longer pay a franc to see a few old dummies when they can see an army of red Indians, Arabs, brigands and dukes in the moving pictures. Monday the Museum Pratoucy closes its doors forever."



One of His Ears Had Come in Contact With a Steam Radiator and as a Result It Was Gnarled Into a Lump

"But, Monsieur Pratoucy," exclaimed Papa Chibou, aghast, "what about the people here? What will become of Marie Antoinette, and the martyrs and Napoleon?"

"Oh," said the proprietor, "I'll be able to realize a little on them perhaps. On Tuesday they will be sold at auction. Someone may buy them to melt up."

"To melt up, monsieur?" Papa Chibou faltered.

"But certainly. What else are they good for?"

"But surely monsieur will want to keep them; a few of them anyhow?"

"Keep them? Aunt of the devil, but that is a droll idea! Why should anyone want to keep shabby old wax dummies?"

"I thought," murmured Papa Chibou, "that you might keep just one—Napoleon, for example—as a remembrance ——"

"Uncle of Satan, but you have odd notions! To keep a souvenir of one's bankruptcy!"

Papa Chibou went away to his little hole in the wall. He sat on his cot and fingered his mustache for an hour; the news had left him dizzy, had made a cold vacuum under his belt buckle. From under his cot, at last, he took a wooden box, unlocked three separate locks and extracted a sock. From the sock he took his fortune, his hoard of big copper ten-centime pieces, tips he had saved for years. He counted them over five times most carefully; but no matter how he counted them he could not make the total come to more than two hundred and twenty-one francs.

That night he did not tell Napoleon the news. He did not tell any of them. Indeed he acted even more cheerful than usual as he went from one figure to another. He complimented Madame Lablanche, the lady of the poisoned spouses, on how well she was looking. He even had a kindly word to say to the lion that was eating the two martyrs.

"After all, Monsieur Lion," he said, "I suppose it is as proper for you to eat martyrs as it is for me to eat bananas. Probably bananas do not enjoy being eaten any more than martyrs do. In the past I have said harsh things to you, Monsieur Lion; I am sorry I said them, now. After all, it is hardly your fault that you eat people. You were born with an appetite for martyrs, just as I was born poor." And he gently tweaked the lion's papier-mâché ear.

When he came to Napoleon, Papa Chibou brushed him with unusual care and thoroughness. With a moistened cloth he polished the imperial nose, and he took pains to be gentle with the cauliflower ear. He told Napoleon the latest joke he had heard at the cabmen's café where he ate his breakfast of onion soup, and, as the joke was mildly improper, nudged Napoleon in the ribs, and winked at him.

"We are men of the world, eh, old friend?" said Papa Chibou. "We are philosophers, is that not so?" Then he added, "We take what life sends us, and sometimes it sends hardnesses."

He wanted to talk more with Napoleon, but somehow he couldn't; abruptly, in the midst of a joke, Papa Chibou broke off and hurried down into the depths of the Chamber of Horrors and stood there for a very long time staring at an unfortunate native of Siam being trodden on by an elephant.

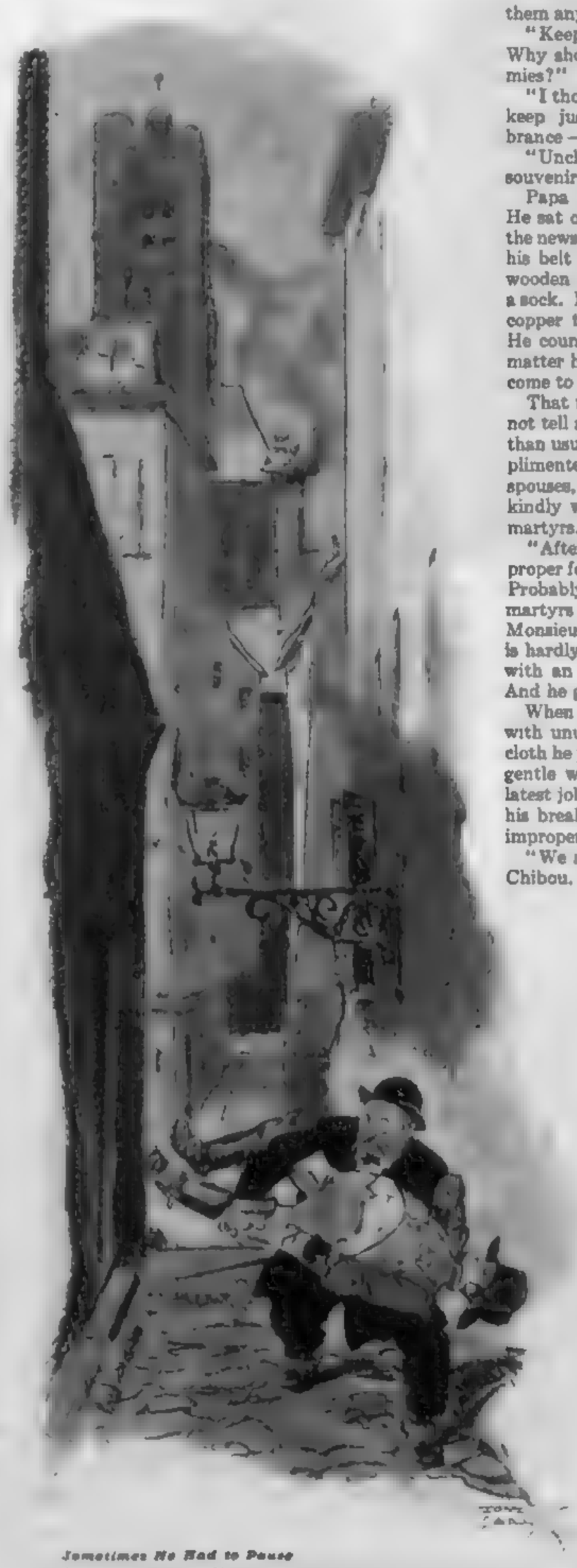
It was not until the morning of the auction sale that Papa Chibou told Napoleon. Then, while the crowd was gathering, he slipped up to Napoleon in his corner and laid his hand on Napoleon's arm.

"One of the hardnesses of life has come to us, old friend," he said. "They are going to try to take you away. But, courage! Papa Chibou does not desert his friends. Listen!" And Papa Chibou patted his pocket, which gave forth a jingling sound.

The bidding began. Close to the auctioneer's desk stood a man, a wizened, rodent-eyed man with a diamond ring and dirty fingers. Papa Chibou's heart went down like an express elevator when he saw him, for he knew that the rodent-eyed man was Mogen, the junk king of Paris. The auctioneer, in a voice slightly encumbered by adenoids, began to sell the various items in a hurried, perfunctory manner.

"Item 3 is Julius Cæsar, toga and sandals thrown in. How much am I offered? One hundred and fifty francs? Dirt cheap for a Roman emperor, that is. Who'll make it two hundred?

(Continued on Page 105)



Sometimes He Had to Pause for Breath, for in His Arms He Was Carrying Napoleon

PRO BONO PUBLICO

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

BAH!" I ejaculated disgustedly, slapping the magazine page. My wife looked up from her toast and marmalade. "One of those inspirational articles," I said. "A captain of American industry tells how he made a big success through cooperation and public service and sterling honesty. Buncombe! Look at that picture of him! He has the eye of a pirate and the jaw of a prize fighter. I dare say he'd be in stripes if he got his deserts, instead of writing smug articles to hoodwink the American public."

I cast the magazine aside and picked up the Clarion, our local sheet, and lighted immediately on an article telling how Ivan Lefkowitz had been seized by the Department of Justice and rushed to Ellis Island for deportation. I heaved a melancholy sigh. Alas, poor Ivan! I had known him well. Generous to a fault, he was ever impecunious and dependent on his friends. How his eyes had glowed as he told me that my possession of money was a sacred trust! It was the same old story: "Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne." And now this great-hearted altruist, who had rather starve than do a day's work for capitalism, was being deported, while this great buccaneer of business was being exalted. Was there ever such a stupid and gullible people as ours?

I Was Visited by Allan Goldblatt, a Radical Writer and a Valiant Champion of the Oppressed

"I do wish you'd have something else for breakfast besides toast and jam, dear," I said gently. "Can't we have eggs and bacon once in a while?"

"Eggs are ninety cents a dozen," she said. "We can't afford that."

"And why can't we afford a decent breakfast?" I cried indignantly. "I'll tell you why! It's on account of the California egg trust, and on account of the packers' combine! They say they use every bit of the pig but the squeal—huh, they leave that for the American public! The Government ought to do something to those gougers. But people don't seem to be awake to what's going on. I think I shall write a stiff letter to the Clarion and see if I can arouse public opinion."

"The prices are terrible," agreed my wife. "But I wouldn't mind them so much if we had the money to pay them. Couldn't you find a nice position somewhere, Elmer? A smart man like you ought to be able to make a lot of money and charge high prices, and then it would be all right. . . . Oh, look! There is Mrs. Atwood in her new fur coat! I wonder how she got the money."

"I wonder how they have any money at all," I said, "considering how Harry Atwood carries on. I saw him stumbling into his house yesterday morning in a deplorable state of intoxication. He had been to a prize fight the evening before. I did not mean to speak of it, my dear, and nothing is further from my mind than to institute comparisons; but really I must say that he leads that poor woman a deplorable life."

"Ah, that's where she got the money!" said my wife. "That's how she got the fur coat! Well, I do not hold with prize fighting, and I do not know what pleasure men can take in it; but men will be men, I suppose. I suppose all men like to go to prize fights once in a while, don't they, Elmer?"

"They do not," I said. "I do not."

"No, you do not," she said with a slight sigh. . . . "But it's a love of a coat, and she got it because Harry Atwood went to the prize fight and came home in a state."

I left the table, shrugging my shoulders. Mrs. Travers—my wife—is an intelligent woman, but women never do understand economic processes. It would be idle to attempt to explain to her that the fur coat was the fruit of abstinence and not of debauchery. It would be equally vain to explain to her that the way to deal with high prices is to refuse to pay them. I am persuaded that the moral sense of women is not so fine as that of men. Perhaps it would be better to say that they have a peculiar power of disassociating their wants from their principles. If a man's actions conflict with his principles he can have no rest until he changes one or the other; but contradictions dwell amicably in a woman's mind.

I admit that our circumstances at this time were straitened. I had a principal sum of thirty thousand dollars—left me by my father—and the bank interest had maintained us in modest comfort before the war, and had enabled me to give my time to affairs more worth while than the sordid moneygrubbing which is American business. Since the war I had been impressed with the necessity for the building of more homes and had drawn my funds from the bank and lent them to Harry Atwood, a builder in our town of Sunnydale. This, incidentally, solved our living problem for a time; he paid me 6 per cent against the bank's 4. I had a world of things to do. I was president of the Sunnydale Liberal Alliance, a patron of the Friends of Russian Freedom, a founder of the Warriors of Pacifism, a fellow of the League Against Political Imprisonment and a benefactor of the International Forum. I wrote many articles for the radical press; if you read those organs of opinion you have probably encountered the Travers Plan for a Capital Levy, a carefully thought-out scheme to dispose of the national debt by levying pro rata on all fortunes of over thirty thousand dollars.

I was contented in my chosen way of plain living and high thinking, but Mrs. Travers was chronically restive.

"Why can't we have an automobile like everybody else?" she complained.

"Would you be happy, dear," I said, "if you had a fine car and a fine house with servants and beautiful clothing and all else that money can buy?"

"I would!" she asserted.

"Then I shall make you happy," I said, handing her Babu Tookerjee's imperishable little book entitled Satisfactions. "Read and be happy! When one is afflicted by a wish for an automobile, there are two ways to meet it. One way—the gross and material way—is to buy the automobile; the finer way, the way of the philosopher, is to convince oneself that one does not really wish for that automobile. Consider the happy Hindu, walking barefoot over burning sands; consider the contented Chinaman in his single shirt of drill, subsisting joyfully on his bowl of rice per day. These Eastern peoples have discovered happiness through the conquest of desire, and the secret is all in that little book."

"Elmer Travers," she exclaimed. "I do hope that you are not thinking now of living like a Chinaman! I have put up with a lot, but I warn you right now that if you take to eating rice and going around half naked I am going to have you examined!"

There you have it. A woman, I have always maintained, is incapable of philosophy. Her mind is full of conventional inhibitions.

After breakfast I went upstairs to my study to work on my article for The Commonwealth, an organ of enlightened opinion. My article demonstrated irrefutably the equity of communism; I admit that I got several hints from Proudhon's great work, What is Property? I may say that my article improved on Proudhon, who held, as you know, that all property was theft. I bowed to Proudhon in theory, but demonstrated that for practical purposes each individual should be allowed to own a reasonable amount for administrative purposes. The amount, as it seemed to me, should be between twenty-five and thirty-five thousand dollars. The fact that I then owned such an amount did not sway me, except as it enabled me to check up theory by experience. I have always been practical.

I heard my name being shouted under my window. I recognized the voice and knew that it would be quite useless to disregard it; the obtuse fellow would continue bawling. I thrust up the window and looked down and saw my neighbor Atwood.

"Hello, Travers!" he bawled with coarse joviality. "How's all the Russians today?"

"Maligned as usual, Mr. Atwood," I said stiffly.

"What are you doing, Travers?"

"Thinking."

"Well, if you're doing nothing, come on over to my house. I want to talk business."

He wore that half smile of amused tolerance which always secretly enraged me. He was a big-bellied and thick-necked fellow, with big and bulging features, upon which there sat always an expression of foolish self-satisfaction. He knew nothing worth while; nothing of art or literature or sociology or economics; nothing but business. He was that hollow fraud which passes in our benighted country for a practical man. And it was this poor apology for an intelligent being who pretended to patronize me. To borrow a term from theology, he was in a state of invincible ignorance.

"I cannot give you any time today, Mr. Atwood," I said.

"But listen, Travers," he shouted; "you didn't understand me! I said I wanted to talk business! Business! All right, stay there and I'll come up."

He waddled away. I arose frowningly. He would come up. There was no preventing him. He wanted to talk business, and that was more important to him than life and death. I went downstairs.

Mrs. Travers had intercepted him and had seated him on the sofa in the parlor. He lolled there with a cigar

gripped between his teeth and with one highly polished shoe upon his knee. He had at once an air of unfamiliarity and of proprietorship; he looked like the sheriff's man in possession.

"Hello, Travers," he grunted, with an indulgent nod and without arising. "How do you find business? Have a cigar?"

That was his stereotyped greeting. I cannot imagine a contingency wherein he would not have inquired as to the state of business and proffered a cigar.

Mrs. Travers left us, with a smile for Atwood. I never could understand the respect which she seemed to entertain for the pitiful fellow. I was loath to believe that she respected him merely for his money-making.

"Nice little place you have here, Travers," he said, looking around him with that irritating half smile. "What's that piece there—a spinet desk?"

"That's a spinet, and nothing more, Mr. Atwood."

"You don't say! Well, well! A regular old relic, isn't it? What did you give for it, Travers?"

"I didn't buy it."

"Is it a self-player, Travers?"

"Of course not!"

"Then you won't lose much by scrapping it," he said genially. "I had a self-player that cost me a thousand dollars, and the missus made me sell it and put in a radio. Say, you want to get a radio, Travers! You're not living until you got a radio, take it from me. I don't suppose you can afford to put in the brand I got, but a cheap one will do you well enough. Say, let me give you the card of a fellow I know that's in the business, and he'll give you an inside price. Just tell him you're a friend of mine, see? Just tell him you're an intimate friend of Harry Atwood's and he'll knock fifty, ten and five off of the list."

He was going through his pockets for the card.

"But I don't want a radio, Mr. Atwood," I said.

"Sure, you do," he insisted, pressing the card on me. "A radio will give you something to occupy your mind, Travers. Educate you. Teach you something. You're the very man that ought to have a radio, Travers. It will put you in touch with the whole world and give you the pick. Why, I got Los Angeles last night, Travers! Yes, sir! Sat right there and listened to a lecture in Los Angeles, a fellow telling all about how to prevent runs in silk stockings. Just imagine that! It's perfectly wonderful! It's beyond our comprehension! And then the bedtime stories! And the lectures on Abraham Lincoln! Why, two nights ago I listened in for two solid hours on the speeches at the installation of the new high-pressure in the town of Mauch Chunk, and I didn't miss a word. Not a word! I tell you Travers, it's something wonderful!"

"You wished to see me on a matter of business, Mr. Atwood?" I inquired.

These so-called men of business make me very weary; they sport a pretense of incessant activity, and have unlimited time to waste in silly gabbing.

"Oh, yes," he said, rolling his cigar in his mouth. "Won't smoke, will you, Travers? No? Well, that's true, too; it's an expense. Say, I wanted to see you about that little loan. Thirty thousand dollars, wasn't it? You don't want your money, do you? If you do just say so!"

"I believe the twelve residences which you built are completed now, Mr. Atwood," I demurred. "You said I should receive my principal again when the operation was completed."

"Well, Travers," he said, looking up at the ceiling, "I will do whatever you say; but it will not be for the good of everybody if you call that loan now. You know I am only building to help out the housing shortage and to provide people with homes and all that sort of thing, and there is nothing in it for me. You remember, you called on me six months ago and asked me to do my duty and build more houses, and I said I would if you would make me a little loan.

"Now, if you call that loan, somebody has got to pay it. Am I right? Well, the people who buy the houses to live in will have to pay it; but that is twenty-five hundred cash on each house, and they cannot pay it because they will have to pay me seven thousand dollars more for the cash I put in of my own. You should not ask me to take a loss, seeing that you argued me into this. So, the way it is, if you insist on getting your money, why, the houses can't be sold; and what good does that do anybody?"

"I Shall Have to Ask You to Pay Off the Principal"

"What do you want me to do, Mr. Atwood?" I asked rather impatiently, for my mind was on my uncompleted article.

"And Why Can't We Afford a Decent Breakfast?" I Cried Indignantly

"Take second mortgages," he said. "I'll give you a nice second mortgage for twenty-five hundred on each house, and that will make up your thirty thousand dollars. You understand, you can have your money if you insist on it—that is, you can have it just as soon as I can explain things to Mrs. Atwood. My property is all in her name, but she is very fair-minded, even if she is a little slow in understanding explanations. But we do not need to think of that, because I know you will see you ought to take the second mortgages and show public spirit."

His reference to Mrs. Atwood confused my mental processes somewhat and I made no immediate reply.

"To be perfectly fair to the people who are buying these houses," he mumbled, chewing on his cigar butt, "you should make very nice terms on those second mortgages. I would suggest to you that you make them for a term of ten years at 6 per cent. Then you will have nothing more to worry about for ten years except to receipt every six months for your interest. I call that a very nice proposition."

"But would that be quite fair to the buyers of the houses?" I said doubtingly. "It seems harsh to tie them up to paying such heavy interest for the next ten years. I confess that I have entertained genuine doubt of the justice of taking any interest at all for the use of capital. It would seem to be an indorsement of the capitalistic system, to which I am utterly opposed. Perhaps your practical experience of the working of the system may serve to throw light upon the moral issue. Do you adhere to the abstinence theory as justifying interest, or are you rather a partisan of the productiveness and prospectiveness theory which is treated of by Böhm-Bawerk in his epochal Geschichte und Kritik der Capitalzins-Theorien?"

He stared at me suspiciously.

"Did you ever try Bull-Blood Tonic, Travers?" he asked.

"Of course not! What ——"

"It is the greatest stuff out for toning up the nerves," he said earnestly. "You ought to get a bottle, Travers. I do not want to frighten you, but maybe you don't know that you get to wandering in your speech and talking gibberish. You get some light employment to occupy your mind and take Bull-Blood before and after meals. My, but you were running with all lights out there for a while! Now, don't tax your mind by thinking about this any more, but just leave it to me to do the right thing by everybody. Here's your mortgages. Let me have that note back and our business is done."

"You have them ready!" I said surprisedly.

(Continued on Page 97)

BIG SAM

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

A COLD gale blew around the Cape of Good Hope. Seas ran viciously. Ships almost seemed to sigh relievedly when their anchors plunged into the mud of Table Bay. Their skippers were relieved in truth. Big steamers sailed out with storm dodgers stoutly lashed to bridge wings and boats made well fast. Incoming ships reported snow squalls off Agulhas, and the bay was a-squeal with Cape pigeons, mallemucks and albatross. From Robben Island across to Green Point the seas curled crisply and green

Into the bay from seaward a broad-beamed, clumsy, paintless sloop staggered, cold sea sluicing from her shattered bulwarks, her spitfire jib bunched in a drenched lump on the bowsprit, her double-reefed mainsail split from clew to earing. One man was visible on her deck, and one only. Even as the sloop neared the small-craft anchorage, and an anchor should be got ready, no other man appeared. Only that one gaunt, gigantic figure, with oakumlike hair streaming from his bare head, yellow oilskins whipped in streamers about his frame. At precisely the right spot the man left the wheel, ran crouchingly forward, and slashed the anchor lashings with a sheath knife, while the sloop, with helm released, came into the wind and shivered. As she halted he picked up the two-hundred-pound anchor bodily and heaved it overboard, checking the outrushing chain with the toe of his seaboot. Then he leisurely lowered and stowed his torn mainsail, unlashed and launched his flat-bottomed boat, and rowed ashore with an apparent effortless ease which nevertheless kept the foam hissing at the bow.

That was how Big Sam came to Table Bay.

"Where you from?" they asked him on the wharf.

"Ay come from Noo Yersey," he informed them, as casually as if a single-handed voyage of more than six thousand miles were merely a detail of everyday seafaring life.

Men looked at him curiously, and not alone because of his indifference. He was by way of being a curiosity himself. Over six and a half feet tall, rugged as an oak, powerful and lithe, this lone mariner spoke in the voice of a little child. He had small blue eyes, and he squeaked. Such a squeak coming from such a figure gave a man a sharp shock.

"You come all alone from the States?"

"Sure. Ay come to try ta sealing."

"In that bit of a sloop? Alone?" they demanded, doubtful at last of his simplicity.

They looked him up and down; at his tattered oilskins, his inadequate clothes, his bare head, his small blue eyes.

"Sure. Vy not? Ay make goot money vit' ta ol' Villiam Yay clamming ant oystering, all alone too."

"Haw-haw! Th' big Russian thinks seals is caught with a rake!"

"Ay am no Russian; Ay am Finn," Big Sam replied to that, his squeaky voice and small blue eyes sounding and looking so tantalizing that his questioners wanted to cuff him.

His size, to say nothing of his quite certain he-manhood as exemplified in his seamanship, stayed them. Still, they felt that a man with such a voice ought to be slapped, if only on general principles.

The next time he appeared on the water front he brought with him a man from Johannesburg who had been run out of a shady loan business up there and settled in Capetown as a sailor-town shark. Together they rowed out to Sam's battered sloop. They could be seen passing and repassing about the deck, entering hold and cabin, reappearing, the Johannesburger gesticulating frantically, Big Sam leaning over him, stolid and dumb. Sam apparently did speak once, for the other man stamped his feet, wigwagged with both hands, and shook his hoary old head until his greasy hat fell off. They rowed ashore again soon after, Sam bringing along a tarred-canvas sea bag. The Johannesburger seemed quieter. On landing, Sam strode off uptown with his bag on his shoulder, blank of expression, slouching of gait. The other man looked around until he found a dilapidated loafer, hired him, and sent him off to the sloop as watchman. Then he stood awhile staring out at the new purchase, his wolflike face growing more and more sour until the rowboat arrived alongside, when something appeared to awake within him. He tore his hair, glared around at the grinning, wondering longshoremen, and tore through them townwards, spitting like a cat.

"Damned if th' big Swede ain't jewed th' loan shark!" roared one who had heard a word or two.

"Ye're a liar! It can't be done," growled another, who had had dealings with the fellow.

"He ain't a Swede neither; he's one of them Finns," ventured another dazedly. "Maybe that 'counts for it."

At a long dock, lying ahead of a stately green-hulled, buff-funneled steamer Australia-bound, a sturdy, beamy little topsail schooner was taking in sea stores for a long sealing voyage to Kerguelen Land and the Crozets. It was aboard the sealer that Big Sam next appeared.

Some of the men who had seen him land from his sloop were among the gang loading stores. They knew him by his shape and gait long before his face was visible, and got ready to enjoy his visit. Then they saw how he was attired, and their enjoyment started right away. Sam Tuomi of Finland, Big Sam the clammer of Noo Yersey, was truly as the lilies of the field for splendor. He wore a long overcoat, fur-collared and frogged, yellow shoes with fancy stamping on the toecaps, a bright blue Alpine hat with a tremendous bow to the ribbon, and a necktie that would have secured his instantaneous election to the presidency of the reddest of red republics.

"What have you done with your sloop?" they shouted.

"How's sealing, old sailor?"

"Got a gal, ain't you?"

That got a louder laugh. But Big Sam pushed through the gang, his little blue eyes troubled, as if he imperfectly understood them.

"Sure, Ay got a girl, a little young vun," he muttered as he stepped aboard the schooner and turned aft.

The skipper of the sealer emerged, hearing the hilarious voices, saw Sam, and took him back to the cabin. In half an hour Sam came out, shorn of his sartorial glories, dressed in an ancient suit of dungarees obviously built for a man of far different proportions. The fact that his trousers failed to make contact with the tops of his yellow shoes by a full two inches, and his sleeves left three inches of bony, hairy forearm bare gave him no concern. He went to the gangway and announced that he came to work.

"Ay am pretty strong," he said modestly. "Ay t'ink Ay go on ta dock, hey?"

The leader of the gang glowered, his tobacco-stained mouth open to assert his mastership. But the gang grinned. Sam stepped ashore, where four men lazily and with much appearance of hard toil were rolling a cask of beef onto a sling. Big Sam gave one glance at the tackle dangling near by, waiting for the load, and one at the job, then pushed the men aside with an impatient sweep and got behind the cask. As easily as he had seemed to row his boat ashore from the sloop, or heave his anchor overboard, he swung the heavy cask around, trundled it to the schooner's rail, and balanced it while he strode his long legs aboard. Then he eased it to the deck unhurriedly, and rolled it along to the hatch.

"Roll up 'not'er vun," he squeaked, striding ashore again.

His long frame twitched with eagerness to work, now he had started. His blue eyes sparkled. The gang crowded around him, growling. The gang leader grinned, looking for sport. It bodes ill to the over-eager one who dares to hurry or show up a docker's gang.

"Hey, y' big Rooshian stiff, back up!" snarled an oozy fat loafer who had assumed for himself the arduous job of laying down the rope sling for each load. "Want t' spoil th' job f'r us?"

The fat one hustled Sam aside, picking up his sling. But Big Sam already had placed his hands on a sack of sugar, and was not to be thrust aside so simply. He took one hand from the sack and hauled Fatty away by his dirty shirt. The shirt ripped, part of it came out of his belt, and the gang roared delightedly. They knew the fat man. He had not been permitted to usurp his lazy job without reason. Fatty was a fighter. He had said so.

Big Sam was stooping, gathering the sack in his great arms, and the fat one waddled nearer and fell upon his bowed back, whacking viciously at Sam's ears from behind.

"Ay t'ink ta man is drunk vit' Cape smoke," said Sam simply.

He rose up, spilling Fatty off his back, turned unhurriedly, ignoring many a punch about the head, and gathered his assailant in as he had gathered in the sack of sugar. He carried him to the edge of the wharf under the dangling tackle. Fatty kicked, cursed and sweat. Big Sam was as

Big Sam, His Childlike Simplicity Beginning to Return, Leaned Far Over the Edge; Then He Knelt, His Lame Leg Stiff Behind Him

simple and cold in appearance as ever; but there was a queer air of irresistible purpose in the way he let go one hand to reach up for the hook block of the tackle, holding his man as effectively in one arm as with two. He hooked the block in Fatty's waistband, then reached out and grasped the hauling rope of the tackle and took the weight, leaving Fatty swinging over the four-foot gap between dock and schooner. Men who had glowered at him when he made their work look too easy sang out suggestions to him, none of which showed any overpowering love for the victim. But Big Sam took no notice. He reached up with his tremendously long arms, made the rope fast above the sling, out of Fatty's frantic reach, and left him to swing, oozing foul obscenities which grew in personal directness every minute he hung there

"Ay t'ink ve go abet now," said Sam, and gathered up his sugar sack again.

"Bully for you, Rooshian!" the gang howled in delight. "It was coming to him!"

"Ay am no Russian. Ay am Finn," returned Sam simply, and went ahead with his work.

The rest followed his lead, and the stores began to go over the rail in a stream instead of in driblets as before. Fatty screamed in frenzy, frightened at last, for his waist belt, at its extreme load capacity even when normally used, cracked under the terrific strain now placed on it. The men halted at the second ominous ripping sound, staring upwards, wanting to jeer, but a bit afraid to when they saw Fatty's face.

"Let me down! Let me down! Want t' kill a feller?"

Sam turned away with something near a grin on his face. "Ay t'ink yu vas nefer born to hang upside down."

Suddenly Fatty's waistband gave up the struggle. It ripped under the hook, clear down to the bottom, and spilled Fatty out of his own breeches into the water. Sam lay on his stomach, reached one long arm down, and hauled the half-suffocated, dripping Fatty back to safety. Then he went to work again, while Fatty, after a murderous glance at him, and a spasmodic movement forward which was checked on second thoughts, squelched soggily up the dock, followed by the jeers of the gang he had bossed not long before.

"Ay t'ink yu pe arrested vit'out pants. Vait!" squeaked Sam, and, reaching up, snatched the split trousers from the hook, balled them, and hurled them after Fatty.

"Say, Rooshian, you're a reg'lar bully!" shouted one of the gang, whacking Sam heartily on the back.

And the work went on like a pleasant game. The stores, which the gang had decided would be a two days' job, were all shipped and stowed before the skipper came up to knock the men off for the day. Stealing a smoke in the vacant forecastle, the gang spoke of Sam.

"Wouldn't come down for a few draws, he wouldn't. He must be one o' them owner's men I've heard about."

"That ain't nothin'," growled an aggrieved-looking young fellow whose ruddy face and merry eyes seemed formed for fun. "I asked th' big squarehead to come along wi' us at knockin'-off time and have a couple o' ticky beers, and what ya think he said? Hully sailor! He sez in that squeaky pipe o' his, like this here"—the speaker cleverly imitated Big Sam's amazing voice—"'Ay vill not trink vit' anyboty. Vy shall Ay spent goot money trinkin' bat beer t'at Ay ton't vant? Ay ton't care for trinkin', my frient.'

"I sez to him, 'Why?' He sez, silly as you like, as he liked better to have good clothes, and that he had a girl, a young girl, who took all the money he had left to spare. I started to larf at that, and th' big Swede turned away huffy and went aft. I hope the skipper runs him out on deck."

At five o'clock, when the men began to drift ashore, Big Sam followed the skipper of the schooner on deck. He was again attired in radiant raiment, and now he carried himself as if he were somebody indeed. The last of the men to leave carried the tale up to the barroom where he met his mates over pint glasses of beer. He told how the skipper took Sam all over the ship, from forecastle to cabin, showed him long sheets of paper which they both examined closely, and how at last they had come ashore, the skipper carrying his sea bag and suitcase, handing the cabin keys over to Big Sam at the gangway

While the tale was still very fresh the skipper himself walked into the bar, inviting the gang to drink with him. He entered, grinning. He had little to say; with the second drink his grin gave place to a less comfortable look; with the third glass he looked really troubled, for one of the gang, hoping perhaps to start him talking—all wanted to hear details of the story they had just heard—casually made mention of Big Sam's recent transaction with the Johannesburger, whom nobody had a good word for.

"They say as the big Finn got well to windward o' the loan shark, skipper. D'ye think he's that smart at a bargain?"

"I dunno. He'd have to get up early in the mornin' to get to windward o' me," the skipper retorted gruffly.

But that was all. He said nothing to satisfy their curiosity. Refusing to take another drink with them, he picked up his baggage and departed out of the picture; but men recalled long afterwards that the look of uncertainty deepened in his face even as he went through the swing doors.

"He's sold out to the Finn, all right, and I'll bet he's been sharked on the deal," grinned Barney Scott, the ruddy youth who had felt aggrieved because Sam would not drink with them. "I'm gettin' to like the big fellow. If he's goin' sealin' I'm goin' to make a trip."

"You'll starve. So'll he," was the rejoinder from a grizzled veteran of twenty bitter voyages. "He's the felly as come in a sloop frum Noo Jersey to catch seals in a oyster dredge, ain't he?"

"That ain't to say he's foolish," declared Barney. "He sold his oyster and clam boat soon's he learned what wuz what, didn't he? And he sharked th' loan shark in a trade, didn't he? If you ask me, he's about got to windward o' th' skipper, too, goin' on th' looks o' things. He may be dumb, but he's lucky. That's my man every time, chaps.

(Continued on Page 38)

Far to the Southward the Seater Steed, Into the Latitude of the Crozets, Where Great Seas Rolled Ever Eastward

PLAYING THE GOLD CAMPS

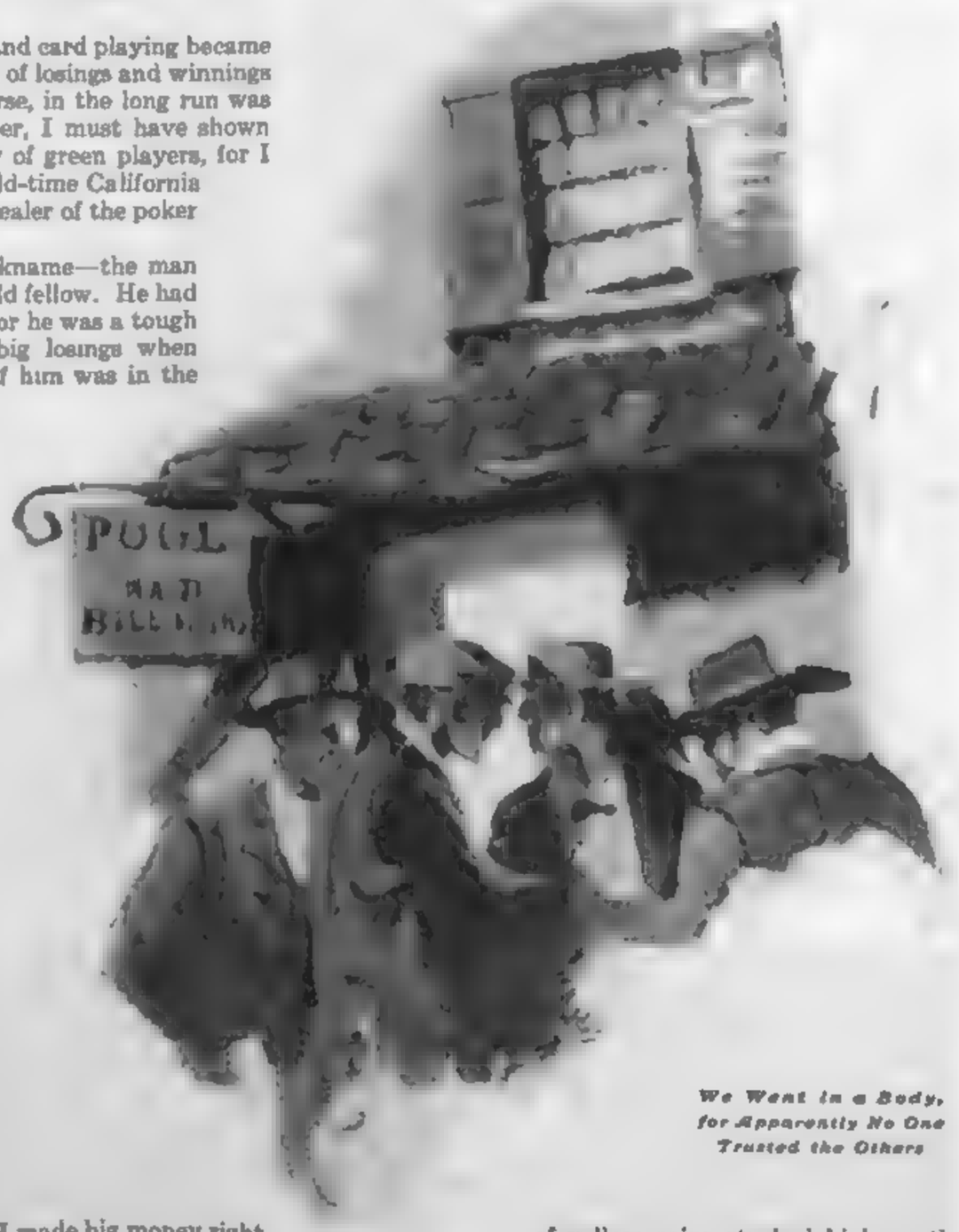
ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

I WAS born and raised in a gold-mining camp of the high Sierras of California. I grew and thrived among surroundings of chance, for even as a small boy I saw men each day stake everything they had for gold. Some toiled far beneath the surface of the earth, by the dim light of a candle. Others, by the light of pitch-wood fires, played fierce streams of water against gravel banks through the long hours of the night, their oiled clothes dripping from the flashing spray. Guards with rifles patrolled the lines of flume where the precious metal reposed.

The first hour of winter dawn and the last hour of light saw scores of lonely miners on scores of mountain streams sluicing tons of earth for their ounce of gold. Then when the freshets receded and their labors relaxed, the prospectors came to the larger towns with their pouches of gold. Here they mingled with the owners of the hydraulic claims, their workmen and the men from the deep-drift gravel and quartz mines. For months their life had been a hazardous one, for accidents were frequent; and rolling rocks, caving banks, premature blasts, whirling hydraulic monitors, slips beneath the surface and other forms of sudden death exacted their steady toll. Now came their period of relaxation. Moreover, California in those days was known as the land of many bachelors. In the early days of that state there were few women and the men planned to go East when they made their stake. As a result, when they came down from the hills the bright lamps of the saloons and dance halls, the stimulus of liquor, the stacks of gold and silver behind the games of chance stirred these lonely men to reckless spending.

So, even as a small boy, I saw these rough, bearded men laughingly stack their hard-earned gold on the green cloth for another fling at chance. Gold and silver were the lure of their lives, and no other form of money was allowed on the gambling tables. I was fifteen when I first saw a piece of currency. I would watch for hours with wildly beating heart and fascinated gaze as the gold and silver coins slid back and forth across the poker table.

When the miners played among themselves it was more of a fraternal affair, for the winners would stake the losers when the game was over. But like a pack of hungry wolves around a flock of sheep, the miners were constantly dogged by crooked-card sharps. Flushed by success in games with fellow miners, it was not hard to induce them to sit in games with other players. Honest in their own dealings, the crooked gamblers found them easy marks.



We Went in a Body, for Apparently No One Trusted the Others

Plunging Jim's Advice

IT STIRRED my blood and strongly appealed to some element in my nature to see prospectors and miners daily risk life and limb for gold and then recklessly hazard it all on a turn of the card. So at an early age I found myself following in their footsteps. I listened with greedy ears as the forty-niners told their marvelous tales of rich gold strikes, lost mines, big poker games, lynchings and desperate fights of the early California days. Yet, strange to tell, in spite of the fact that cards were barred from our home by both my parents, very religious people, the tales of gambling held for me the strongest appeal of all.

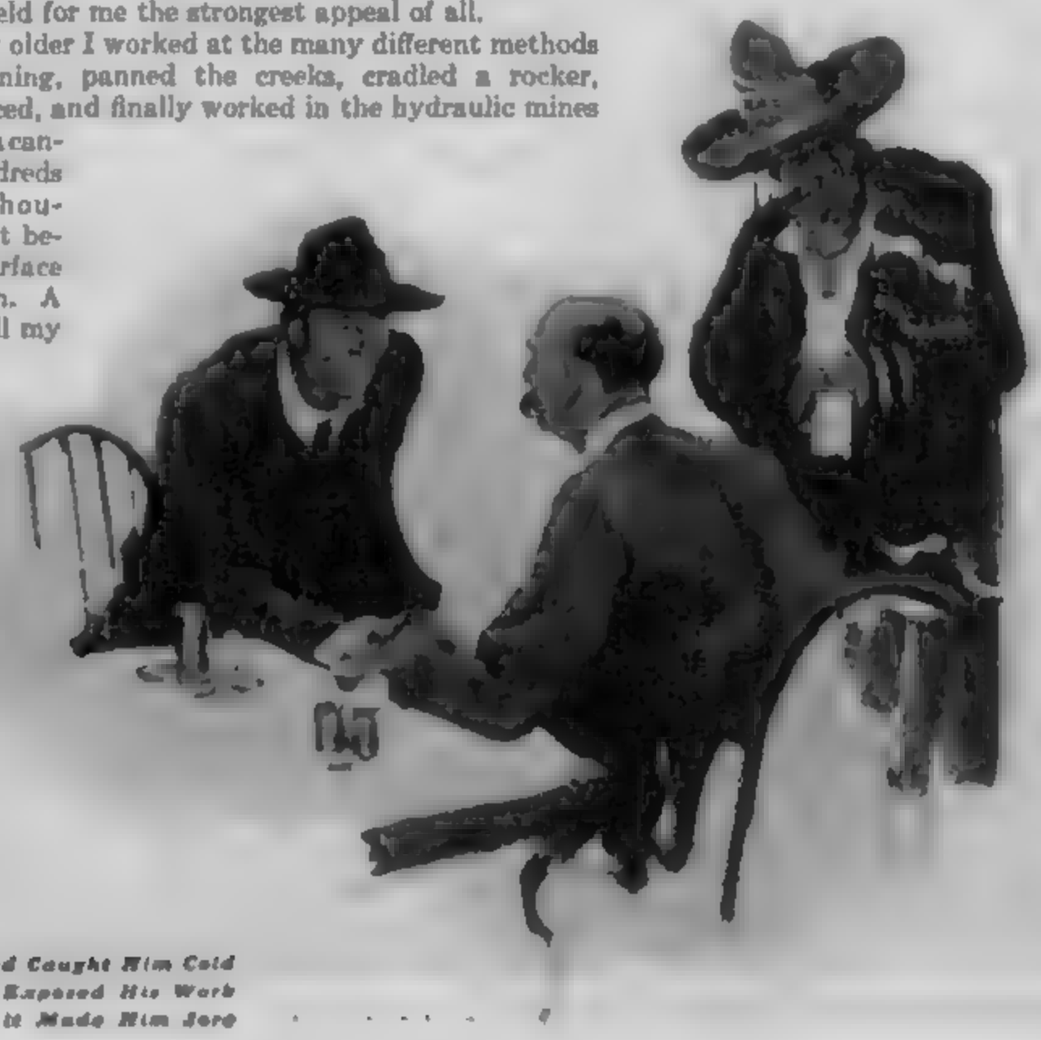
As I grew older I worked at the many different methods of gold mining, panned the creeks, cradled a rocker, ground-sluiced, and finally worked in the hydraulic mines and carried a candle on hundreds of shifts thousands of feet below the surface of the earth. A portion of all my earnings went to the poker games, and card playing became a passion. I made the usual round of losings and winnings of the average player, and, of course, in the long run was always behind the game. However, I must have shown some aptitude above the majority of green players, for I was not out of my teens when an old-time California gambler offered me a position as dealer of the poker game in his saloon.

Plunging Jim—that was his nickname—the man for whom I worked, was a square old fellow. He had won several fortunes while sober, for he was a tough poker player, but would make big losings when drinking. The last I ever heard of him was in the boom days of Dawson City, when he sat in a poker game with thousands of dollars in gold stacked before him. He was then sixty-four years old, but game as ever. Jim gave me much good advice, the best of which was that if I learned to play nothing but square cards I would be able to beat the crooked gamblers. However, I would have to learn every form of cheating so as to know what the crooked players were trying to hand me.

"Their money is a gift if you can nigger them down to square cards," he would say. "Keep your head working all the time. Spit in front of you and not behind," were some of his instructions.

We played old-style California poker; no joker, no straights, table stakes, and did not draw to flushes. Ordinarily it was a small game, twenty-five-cent ante and no limit. Sometimes the game got fast. Then Jim would take my place and tell them to do all the plunging they wished, for he would be with them at the finish. I made big money right from the start, and Jim soon gave me a half interest in the game. Jim fed the poker bug in my brain, yet from his point of view it was an honest move. He looked on square poker as an honorable occupation; and this was not so strange, for even the California Legislature had legalized it as such. Jim used to praise me for some of my plays, and cussed me for a bonehead on others.

I was now constantly coming in contact with the roving gamblers of the West, that restless class of drifters who followed the boom-camp trails from the Rockies to the shore of the Pacific, and from Mexico to the interior of the British possessions on the north. They told lurid tales of fortunes won and lost, of their wild dissipations when flush with money, of gun fights, their horror of the Mexican stiletto, of the little-known lands of the states and territories; and always there was some place just ahead where they were going to clean up big on the gambling games. It was the spirit of the gold diggers itself in reality that animated them; the gold diggers, their ancestors, who had forever drifted as they panned the streams of the West in their search for gold. But the time had now come when the easily obtained virgin metal of the streams and river bars was gone, and deep, expensive mining methods were necessary. So there had developed a second generation of restless spirits who were forever lured on by visions of yellow coins stacked high on the gaming tables. Their methods of obtaining the refined product showed the same degree of courage and perseverance that marked their forbears' search for the crude metal, but their lives lacked the honesty and toil.



I Had Caught Him Cold and Exposed His Work and It Made Him Sore

I soon became restless at Jim's and wanted to drift here, there, anywhere, just so long as I was on the move. So, after six months' training under the watchful eye of old Jim, I decided that I was keen enough to go on the road. Jim shook his head and grinned when I told him that I was going away for a while. He was a wise old bird and knew my finish. Being quite flush, I dolled up in fancy clothes and purchased a real diamond. I was on parade; I wanted people to know I was a gambler. Later experience taught me to try to convince people I was anything but that.

A Streak of Luck

MY FIRST stop was at Bakersfield, California. Through some freak of good fortune I left there several days later over a hundred dollars winner. Flushed with success, I headed for Los Angeles, then a city of forty or fifty thousand population and more Eastern in manner than any place in the West.

I soon found a draw-poker game running on First Street, east of Main, and so I lit and began proving to them at once that I was a gambler. Whenever a fellow stuck his nose in a pot I plowed back at him. If one of them ever got a show-down for his money it was because he had all of it in the center of the table. I won over two hundred dollars in a few hours, this being a large winning for the size of the game. Later I realized that several factors were in my favor that day. I was playing uncommonly lucky, the game was on the square, and I had landed on a bunch of timid poker players and boosters. For the next three days I continued to beat the game, but for smaller sums.

The afternoon of the third day the best poker player that I had noted in the games followed me out and said to me, "Kid, you've got a snap; you are too fast for us; we can't beat you. You have broke me along with the rest. I guess I know a real poker player when I see one."

I swelled up like a poisoned pup and slipped him a ten instead of the five that he asked for.

That evening I noticed that I was playing with different opponents; also that there was more money on the table

and I was not getting away with my spectacular playbacks. I learned later that the house had staked a couple of real poker players, and some of the topnotch gamblers hearing of the kid with a bank roll had dropped in for their portion. I am quite sure that the game was not a crooked one. I was simply out of my class, a maverick of the range, and as such it was proper that I should be slaughtered and apportioned among them.

Well, I was. The next day my diamond went in hock. Within a week my clothes had been exchanged for overalls and jumper and I was stretching wire, hauling water and cooking for a hay-baling outfit near West Lake Park. I worked from four in the morning until ten at night, and my wages were one dollar a day. I slept in a haystack with a quiet, small-built man, who confided to me that he had recently lost all his money in a poker game at San Pedro. Later on it developed that he had brutally murdered several people, and he was hung for the crime.

Indian Fare and Wayside Friends

TIMES were tough those days in Los Angeles, yet whenever I secured a dollar the eagle on it always lit in a poker game. I peddled hot tamales, sold ice cream, worked for a junkman, bought and sold oil cans, waited on table, washed dishes; and often, being out of work, was desperately hungry. However, I stolidly endured it all, and for one object only—a poker stake. Yet somehow I could never connect with a winning. So one day, with less than a dollar in my pocket, I boarded a freight train for Yuma, Arizona. I had always heard a lot about Yuma, but I found it worse than reported. I couldn't get work for meals and the sun was so hot that it seemed to crinkle my skin. At the end of three days I was so nearly starved that I begged a meal from some Indians who were camped on the edge of the town. They fed me a sort of meat stew from an iron pot. I never knew whether it was rattlesnake, Gila monster, lizard, or just dog; but whatever it was, I never ate a better meal. I stayed at their camp that night; and the next morning, in company with a number of their crawling inhabitants, I boarded a freight train for Tucson.

As the train slowed down before entering the town I dropped off and started walking along the railroad track. I had gone but a short distance when I noticed four fellows squatted around an oil can which was propped above a small fire.

"Hey, bo, which way?" one of them shouted.

"El Paso," I replied, knowing that I was expected to name some definite place. "I just got out of Yuma; been stranded there three days."

At my words a gorillalike fellow jumped to his feet.

"Bo, that's enough," he said as he grabbed a greasy tomato can and shook the clustered flies from its interior. Holding to the turned-back top of the can, he dipped up a steaming mess. "Throw this feed into you, kid," he said as he handed me the tin.

It had an off smell like tainted meat; but it also contained potatoes, onions and flour thickening. A stiff breeze was blowing and sand had sifted into the stew so that my teeth were constantly shutting down on the gritty substance. Yet being desperately hungry, I downed the entire mess, the silent circle interestedly watching the process.

When I had finished, the big fellow turned to his companions and confidently remarked, "The kid's been in Yuma." Evidently the stew was the third-degree test. Gorilla, as I had termed him in my mind, then turned to me and asked, "What's your stunt, kid?"

Not quite sure of the question, I hazarded the answer, "Gambler."

A roar of laughter greeted my reply.

"Where's the glad rags and the rocks?" one of them questioned.

"In hock in Los," I briefly replied.

A hobo-looking fellow claiming to be a gambler seemed to appeal very much to their sense of humor. However, being careful business men in the line of their profession, they frisked me from head to foot on the possible chance of finding a money plant. Then they turned to kidding me about being a gambler, and I waxed grandly eloquent in defense of my qualifications as such.

It was sundown when Gorilla told me to can the chatter and, turning to his companions, said, "Say, fellers, I got a hunch the kid's lucky. There's a dollar-a-throw stud game on the main drag of this burg. Let's pool the price an' stake the kid."

We went in a body, for apparently no one trusted the others. At the entrance to the saloon they handed me the dollar with an admonition from Gorilla that if I didn't win he would choke the gizzard out of me. At the same time he clasped and unclasped his big hands, hunched his long arms and heavy shoulders up and down, drew his face into a horrible grimace and placed it close to mine and hissed, "See, bo?" Pleasant instructions indeed on short money and a long chance.

I soon found that I had landed in a framed game and a tough hang-out. The dealer was a Mexican, two of the boosters were of the same nationality, and the fourth player was a half-breed Indian. My presence at least added color to the game; and knowing a little Spanish, but pretending that I did not, I picked up advantages by listening to their conversation. The dealer raked off an overly stiff percentage whenever I won a pot. Otherwise they attempted no crooked work until I had about ten dollars in front of me. Their stuff was raw, so I easily ducked it. At the end of an hour I was sixteen dollars winner and getting mighty uneasy, for they were shooting so much work at me that I knew I could not duck it all.

The Tucson Marshal Proves Efficient

BY THIS time the hobos were pretty well stewed, and I was more than pleased when Gorilla whispered in my ear, "The gang's broke an' wants alkie."

So I cashed in and we split the money five ways. I bought a round of drinks, and a few minutes later skipped out the back door while two of the hobos were engaged in a fist fight. I learned the next morning that the Tucson marshal had bundled them all into a box car, slipped the brakie a dollar of the hobos' money and told him to dump them off at Yuma.

It was remarkable what cruel punishments were sometimes inflicted by officials in those days.

That evening I found a game in another saloon where they let me edge in for a dollar. Evidently the dealer knew that that was all I had, for he made no attempt to break me, but generously nursed me along; and his boosters, taking the tip, did the same. I soon had better than twenty dollars in front of me, and being a stranger, my presence in the game gave it tone. A cowboy sat in with twenty dollars and I broke him on the first hand. From then on there were no more favors from dealer or boosters. They were out to break me and overly anxious to do so. Playing lucky, I soon had one hundred dollars in front of me. The boosters

(Continued on Page 126)

I Played Poker Under Many Varying Conditions on the Desert Sands in the Scorching Heat of the Summer Sun

MAHOGANY

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

HE DIDN'T, Francis Jammes was forced to remind himself, like mahogany. He never had, Jammes added severely . . . to himself. But he had never before been squarely confronted with the fact of Duncan Phyfe. He had gone to the Larz Galleries to view some very early pine, from Connecticut, furniture clumsy and honest and increasingly valid, well thought of; and then, suddenly, he had seen the sofa table standing exactly like an aloof aristocrat of the Knickerbocker city in a group of rustics. He happened to be without a catalogue—always an entertaining work of romance—and no historical ticket on the table informed him that Phyfe had been its artificer; but no such reassurance, Jammes was almost confident, was necessary. The solemn truth was that Jammes was actually inclined to the belief that he was fingering a surface set by Duncan Phyfe. He didn't, it was natural, say this audibly; he could never have committed himself so irrevocably as that; but privately, in his own mind, he was—dâmned if he wasn't—convinced.

This, however, was as far as it got; he had no intention of buying mahogany, even a sofa table so delicately beautiful that it seemed too fragile for use and so correctly strong that it had lasted long over a century without shifting or opening for the fraction of an inch. But it was the color and texture that specially delighted, quite ravished him—the color of black cherries dissolved in sugar; and it was a surface that had a depth, an illusion of transparency, which gave the top the appearance of a slab of pure and clear rosin. There was a console cabinet outside Baltimore with a lovely patina, the gift of time to certain fine materials; but compared to the sofa table before him the cabinet was as coarse as linen.

He Happened Just to Meet the Porter He Had Spoken With, and They Were Joined by a Chambermaid, Who Knocked Lightly, Once, at Room 339

Francis Jammes wondered a little at his indifference to Phyfe, perhaps the only American cabinetmaker whose name and style and best production could be actually identified as one. Jammes dismissed the floriated high and low boys of Savery, irrespective of dates, into the limbo of elaborate lateness.

Yes, Phyfe was the most distinguished single worker in wood America had possessed; and at his height, anyhow in the vicinity of New York, the French spirit was supreme, the Marquis de Lafayette was better thought of than any Englishman.

Jammes' mind temporarily left the cabinetmaker for France: he was thinking how the Directory period had shifted to the manner of the First Consul and then to the Empire. And the Empire, as it had fallen in America, was ruin. First, the simple early style, spare and absolute beauty; then the fullness of tradition and ornament; and then, Francis Jammes reflected, rotting pineapples. Duncan Phyfe had described the same career; he had reached the zenith of its perfection and then vanished in the welter of the American-Victorian age—Jammes wouldn't even call it Empire.

The sofa table in the Larz Galleries, Jammes decided, belonged exactly at the beginning of the century, before Phyfe enlarged his property, his shops and the number of workmen. It had the brass dog's feet limited to a comparatively few years and pieces of furniture; the double stretchers held more than a touch of Sheraton's grace; and the reeding—well, Francis Jammes was forced to admit that no such reeding existed in walnut, not even in McIntyre's classical pine mantels. And the brief rounded leaves at the table ends—a breath of air, he felt, would be enough to lift them into place. There was a rigid settee near by, with a candle holder in its solid back; and he sat long intent upon the sofa table. Phyfe, he assured himself, was the full equal of Shearer. But was the French leg, with the curve of a breaking wave, as admirable as the Englishman's courageously direct line? Probably it wasn't; but then Phyfe was an American workman, and for that reason alone, to Jammes, immensely the superior of any English man or work.

A little furniture and a few houses, remaining from the heroic years, were all that the country had to put beside the native and early arts of Europe. There were no pictures, no books; but there was a Windsor chair in its bare dignity; there were cupboards like ribbed sea shells, immaculately white; chests in black walnut with engraved and menacing crab locks; and glass bluer than the Caribbean Sea. And Duncan Phyfe, he almost concluded, belonged to that rare, inimitable company. But, his prejudice reasserted, mahogany was not the wood of early colonies, it had been brought from England by the Virginia and Carolana aristocracy; and, made early into furniture, it was at the demand of English and not Colonial taste. The New York of Duncan Phyfe, though it was sufficiently local, was rich and not characteristic—not like a pine butterfly table from Connecticut or a Pennsylvania day bed in rush. The thick-painted Dutch furniture of Staten Island was fuller flavored with the land.

At any rate, he was glad that he had gone to New York and seen the collection at the Larz Galleries. There was nothing he wanted there, and he would be home long before the sale, but the surface of the sofa table had repaid him for a long, a wearying and expensive journey. Everything but the cost of old furniture was expensive for Francis Jammes, a pint of milk and a small bag of dates had seemed excessive, and, when he had consumed them, he felt that either one without the other would have been sufficient. He didn't need a great deal of food, he repeated to himself, not for his old dry body. But it would have been impossible, in the sharpness at the end of October, for him to walk ninety miles to New York and ninety miles home again.

With only a slim monthly sum of money, and a deep unconquerable aversion to selling whatever furniture he liked well enough to buy, he was forced to live with the greatest material caution. Particularly now, when he had engaged himself to take the Philadelphia silver of a wedding in 1790. Not only the family monogram but the maker's name, Joseph Lownes, was cut indisputably upon it. That, of course, he couldn't refuse, and he could, if he had to, dispose of it. Cardell would relieve him of all responsibility the instant he had an opportunity. And Cardell, for a commercial dealer, was a remarkably decent individual.

The thought of Cardell recalled him to the actualities of the present, and, mindful of a train, he glanced at the heavy watch, almost as round as an apple, that he wore on a plaited leather thong. He had missed one hourly train and was early for the next; there was no need to hurry; and he had returned to the study of an elusive curve found only in Duncan Phyfe when a cool, decided voice broke in on his concentration. It was, he saw, rising, Mrs. James North; and, of all the people he knew, who knew him, there was none he would have seen with so little annoyance. That, though, was the most his tone and bearing would express. But, with her customary air of ignoring practically everything, she gave no outward heed to whatever he might be concerned with. She wouldn't stay; Jammes knew that from experience.

"You have looked at that a long while," she observed, dropping a narrow gloved hand on the table.

"Do you like Duncan Phyfe?" he asked.

"Ought I? There's so much I don't know about. . . . Wasn't it nonsense? I was going to limit myself to furniture."

"You might," he told her obscurely, shrinking from any further commitment, any commitment at all. Yet the table was Phyfe and she was a pleasant woman. "You might," he reiterated, conceding tremendously all that that mere repetition implied.

"Then, of course," she said, "I'll get it."

When Francis Jammes realized more fully that he had induced Mrs. North to declare she would buy a table on his intimation that it had been made by Duncan Phyfe he was both alarmed and irritated. He couldn't remember when he had done such a thing before. Possibly never. He had, in so many plain words, guaranteed the table to be a genuine Phyfe—and to Mrs. North; in particular, Mrs. North. When she didn't know what a thing was she admitted it. She had come to Philadelphia—Jammes had no telephone—simply to ask him a question about a transition chair back; did the chair belong in a Hepplewhite dining room or beside a Chippendale serving table? She was a woman without pretensions, but very strong-willed; and if he fixed in her mind the idea that the sofa table was a Phyfe it would be easier to put out the imaginary fires of hell than to change her opinion.

"With a piece like that," he went on in a hasty mental retreat, "the bidding will run up. It will probably cost a lot more than it's worth, far more than you'd ever get back from it."

In reply she only smiled, and that added to his discomfort—instead of a complacent declaration that no one should outbid her she quietly, and for herself alone, decided to own the table. Jammes was about to turn away when, with a return of her smile, she went first. The memory of the smile, however, remained with him. It recalled the Mrs. Royer whose William and Mary highboy he had not quite bought at Scarn's auction rooms. But the two women were totally different; even Jammes, who was conscious of nothing feminine, recognized that. Mrs. North's smile was cool, almost chilly; but it was as evident in its whole meaning and intent as a pine chest of drawers; while Mrs. Royer's . . . well, Chinese Chippendale was no less intricate. Chinese vermilion! He wondered why he thought of that sensational and exciting color.

Cardell, however, had been unimpressed by Mrs. North, although she left eleven hundred dollars with him in exchange for some trifles for her house on the Sound—iron latches and Minton tile, andirons and a miraculous pair of brass Adam brackets and the fan and side lights of a pseudo-classic Massachusetts door. He hadn't liked her, and he said so to Jammes when she had left. But Cardell was wrong. The last woman in the world Francis Jammes would have misled! She quickly vanished, and immediately he subjected the sofa table to a fresh exhaustive study; but, if possible, it survived that—improved in his good opinion. It was by Duncan Phyfe! He was as safe as it was possible to be in a treacherous world; and, on the train returning home, he put Mrs. North from his mind.

The wedding silver of 1790 had arrived before him: the box containing it he found at the foot of his stair; and, with only a thin flare of gas below, he carried it up to where he lived. The sugar bowl was a fluted and oval urn, beaded and with a pierced gallery at the rim, a flame finial;

the surface was neither bright nor dull. Where the light struck it a smooth frosty sparkle responded; but mainly it was like a web; it was like a fashioned silver bubble; the sugar bowl held like a chalice the sweetness of its years. Cardell would never get it—the tongs, hardly more than a durable silver foil, were in his hand—not if he, Jammes, starved.

Meadows, the politician to whom he occasionally sold furniture, found him with the silver and, for him, made an extravagant offer.

"I'll buy it all, Jammes," he said, "and give you a half again what you paid for it. When I think of some of the prices you've given, that ought to be frightful."

"No," Jammes repeated.

"I'll get it from your executor then," Meadows threatened him, "and use the money to buy wicker furniture from Manila."

"You didn't come for this," Jammes reminded him.

He hadn't, but to ask where he could have a painted chair restored.

"Pennsylvania Dutch," he explained. "All gilt suns and half-moons and sunflowers and God knows what else. Hollyhocks and cornucopias. I have a pair. One is perfect, but the other has been cleaned with lye. How much for the silver?"

"There's an old man at Nantbrook Corner, back in the country, who does it. He's all I know. His name is Kastner."

"I wish you'd take my car and hunt him up . . . next week," Meadows proceeded. "I can't say when I'll be able. The truth is I'm going to Europe for a little, until this coal investigation burns down. Do that for me, Jammes; and if you see anything you want—you needn't go by way of New York—get it for yourself and charge it to me."

"That's liberal," Francis Jammes was obliged to admit. "I might find an open dresser, and I can at least get some of the ornamental hinges on old barn doors. They've hardly been touched yet. Yes, say next Wednesday, early."

It was, he thought, when Wednesday and Meadows' car arrived, like Meadows to leave a voluminous fur coat among the rugs. The fall morning was clear, but it was cold. The brown leaves that covered a country road were, before the wheels disturbed them, bright with frost; the ruts, until past ten in the morning, were almost hard, frozen; but then a veil of warmth drooped over the countryside, and the air, through the middle of day, was a memento of summer. It was a region of smooth, planted hills, of wooded hollows and wandering streams; and under the ridges, away from the wind and by the water, stood old houses of pied field stone. Usually, at the front door, behind a fence shutting what was lawn from what was pasture, there were tall, somber pine trees; and often there was a terrace wall, whitewashed, before the main house; little detached stone buildings, sheds of old fibrous wood, spring houses deep in earth and gray orchards dropping down the south slopes.

Cows were grazing on what was left of the grass, and horses with beginning rough coats were at the corners of the fences. Francis Jammes left the barking of dogs hanging in the suspended noon. Everything, the immediate road bank and the distant groves of trees, seemed immaterial, infinitely romantic, spun out of brown and blue gossamers. The trees that were scarlet, the maples, were subdued; and the copper beeches had only a metallic gleaming. He asked, once, for Nantbrook Corner, and found, to his disappointment, that their direction was exactly right. He wanted never to arrive; he hoped for a sort of magic, a spell, that would keep him driving for years, forever, through the serene autumn.

The landscape perpetually shifted, but never really changed; hills advanced and retreated; trees towered over him, their drying leaves without a whisper of motion, and sank with the distance; the houses were near and far, but all alike; their stone rising, it seemed, without a break in the nature and purpose of the land where it had been laid. The sky was a palpable warm haze resting on the vague rim of the world, with the columns of smoke from chimneys blackened by generations of fires like pillars of the substance of the sky.

Once Francis Jammes told Meadows' chauffeur to go more slowly, and his voice had the firmness, the security, of the owner of a universe.

Nantbrook Corner he recognized instinctively. A wide oak rose before him; the road, dividing, flowed to either side; and a few low houses, plastered and painted, stood directly at the bank. One way led over a hill, and the other dropped steeply to a stream and a silent gristmill. The man Jammes had come to find, Kastner, was, he knew—characteristic of country places—engaged in a diversity of the small employments of carpentering and upholstery; and, at once seeing two chairs empty of seats on a porch, Francis Jammes stopped there. Kastner—his Christian name, it developed, was Nicholl—stood in his opened door and surveyed Jammes critically. Then his gaze fastened on Meadows' heavy English car and the chauffeur in impressive furs:

"It's not mine," Jammes explained. "I brought two chairs out for you to look at and perhaps paint."

"I don't paint chairs now," Kastner answered. "I did; but nobody wants them any more. A work like that people don't appreciate."

"That's why I came to you," Jammes returned. "And, generally, you're right. But these chairs are very good, and one's been spoiled with lye."

"Better get the other spoiled too."

The chairs were brought from where they had been wrapped in a rug and stood on the porch, and Kastner slowly and closely examined the painting.

"That's Pennsylvania Dutch," he admitted finally, "and as good as I've seen. Yes, I don't remember any better. Nobody could paint that one back the way it was . . . except perhaps me." Jammes nodded. "And those suns and moons and the tulip buds like that—they all mean something."

Jammes at once demanded what. But Kastner shook his head.

"I've forgotten," he replied cautiously. "I knew when I was young. There are some things better forgotten. Well, I couldn't do this while you waited. You'd have to leave them both, and come back perhaps in a week."

Jammes realized that.

The shadow of the oak tree was flung squarely down the road over which he had come; and, though it was hardly afternoon, already its edge nearly reached Kastner's house; Nantbrook Corner was so contracted. Beyond, on the right, was a field with shocked cornstalks; husked corn, dusty gold, lay in the dark furrows of earth; and beyond again the woods, scarlet and gilded and brown, soft in the blue warmth, dissolved imperceptibly into the blue haze of the sky.

An undulating pasture climbed at the left to hills indigo in their richness, solitary trees and the wheeling flight of crows. There was a low cawing and the sound of falling water from the stream down by the mill. Later the shadow of the oak would pass Kastner's house; his porch was open to the west and the evening star.

Francis Jammes was submerged in peace, in a warm, ageless tranquillity; and suddenly, almost without premeditation, he asked why he couldn't wait here for Kastner to finish the painting of the chairs.

"You mean will we board you for a week?" the other demanded. That, exactly, was his meaning; and Kastner turned, calling into the house. A woman appeared in response, a short thick woman past middle age, with eyes like the glittering play of needles. "He wants us to board him for a week," Kastner explained, "while I paint up his chairs. I don't know a thing about him, but the chairs are nice."

"Nicholl, did he come in that automobile?" she asked.

"Can't you see that he did? How else would he come, I'd like to find out. Why don't you stop and think before you ask?"

"Because if he did he won't likely eat in the kitchen," she responded calmly.

"Yes, but I will," Jammes put in. "That's just where I would eat. In a way, that's why I'd stay."

"Well, it's good enough for anybody, as far as that goes, and it goes a clever piece."

"Can he or can't he?" Kastner demanded, all his short store of patience exhausted.

"Has he got his trunk?" she inquired further, still from Nicholl Kastner, as though Jammes were incapable of reply. No sign of a trunk, nor even of a bag, could be discovered.

"I believe it just came to him," she was told.

"It did," put in Jammes; "while I was standing here. There was so much quiet."

"And we'll have a spell of good weather, too," Kastner added.

"Don't be so sure of that," a feminine skepticism spoke. "The break-up of summer might come any day now and tear everything into wet ends."

"Not till Indian Summer," Kastner insisted, "and that's near a month off yet."

"This is it right now," he was vigorously contradicted. "It's Indian Summer whenever it comes at this time of year."

"Why, that's ridiculous! Indian Summer's along about Thanksgiving, maybe a shade before, but not more'n a week or so usually.

(Continued on Page 81)

A Swift Concern Took Possession of Mrs. North, and She Begged Him to Tell Her Everything—Whatever That Might be—at Once

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 30, 1923

A Business Premier

SOME day governments will be run on business lines, and in the meantime it is a popular theory that the way to improve the management of public affairs is to get the ablest of business men into politics. The advocates of this common-sense plan were delighted with the turn in British politics that elevated Stanley Baldwin to the premiership.

Baldwin is a successful business man. His fathers before him were among the biggest ironmasters in the empire, and the huge concern that came under his control was the result of generations of capable management and business sagacity. His career in Parliament reflected his training. During the first years, the period when the new member can achieve prominence only by skillful political maneuvering or by reason of unusual eloquence, he remained more or less obscure. Later, however, when situations arose that called for cool heads, sound judgment and firmness of will, Baldwin became almost immediately a power in his party. It was partly due to him that the Unionists withdrew their support from Lloyd George. It is not yet clear that this move resulted in a better brand of government for Great Britain or more enlightened leadership, but it shook men back into the political grooves where they belonged and again made the issue a clearly defined one. Baldwin had previously demonstrated his skill by negotiating an arrangement for the payment of Britain's war debt to the United States. He is safe, sane and sound, an organizer of unusual capacity and the possessor of some, at least, of the qualities of leadership. His term of office may prove brief, and it is not impossible that political considerations and the unsettled conditions that exist will make it impossible for him to do anything more than cling to office and steer by the course of expediency. Given a reasonable chance, however, it may be confidently expected that the business premier of Britain will acquit himself with credit.

Bonar Law was also a business man, but the part he played in politics was entirely regular and traditional. His rise to power was not due so much to sheer ability as to the fact that two crises found him on the spot with exactly the qualities his party happened most to need at the time. His elevation to the leadership of the party was a compromise measure to break the deadlock between two favored candidates. Law was safe and sound and without enemies—the only kind of candidate who could have secured anything like unanimous support. His achievement of the premiership was equally fortuitous. The country was weary and apprehensive of the brilliant recklessness of Lloyd George. The Unionists knew that in Law they offered the electors the exact antidote to Lloyd Georgeism—caution, steadiness, complete lack of imaginative energy and the patience to sit tight. Baldwin has achieved his leadership on a more positive basis, however, and it will be more interesting to watch him function as the head of his majesty's government. The theory that a tried business man should make the best kind of governmental leader will now be put to the test.

The Silly Season in Plays

IT IS perhaps unwise to attach too much importance to the danger involved in the presentation of immoral and freakish plays in New York. After all, these absurd productions seldom get away from Broadway, and those who see them there are for the most part people who are looking for just that sort of thing, anyway. The visitor who takes in a show of that kind regards it as part of the wickedness of a great city and probably keeps mum about it at home. If it happens to be a propaganda play, he leaves the theater thoroughly puzzled, and probably, also, disgruntled at having wasted an evening. These plays are not sent out on the road.

The recent conviction of a producer and a company of actors for presenting an offensive play throws the spotlight on the fact that we have just emerged from what might not unfairly be termed the silly season in the mimic world. Some managers have vied with one another in putting on every variety of advanced play as well as those designed to teach something. We have had plays that taught the futility of life, the absurdity of marriage, the common sense of divorce, the selfishness of modern conditions, the inevitable extinction of the human race. In addition to the usual varieties of the sex play, such as the cheap triangular thing translated from the French or the highly farcical home product, we have had a surfeit of highbrow immorality. Sex stuff is bad enough when done in light farce form; but steep it in gloom, flavor it with degeneracy and key it to the cheap intellectual's conception of realism, and the result is nauseating.

The theater-going public has had a surfeit of the work of misanthropes and degenerates. Isn't it about time the producers who put on that sort of stuff called it a day on dirt and also stopped drugging the cup of public entertainment with the poison of propaganda?

Another Government in Business

DURING the war, governments went into business because it was necessary. After the war, governments were drawn into business in furtherance of socialistic experimentation. More latterly governments have gone into business largely as the result of political cowardice. The last government to yield to the temptation to try to get something for nothing for the people is Spain.

Prices of raw materials have been low, of finished goods high. This seems to have been the case particularly with foodstuffs. In the attempt to control the spread between producers' and consumers' prices an elaborate governmental agency has been set up, called the Central Council of Provisions. The new regulations go quite as far as in the case of the late war boards. Minimum prices are fixed for agricultural products and maximum prices for finished foodstuffs. Production costs, transportation rates and taxes are considered for each type of foodstuff. The attempt is made to fix the net profit of producers, manufacturers, middlemen and retailers. Presumably it is a cost-plus system. The bureaucratic machinery devised for these purposes is complex and cumbersome, and includes many advisory bodies and boards of appeal. The government has announced that the experiences of other countries in the direction of price control have not been favorable. Price regulation is stated to be justified on the ground that no other method exists whereby the spread between producers' and consumers' prices can be narrowed. That the cure—assuming that it cures, which is more than doubtful—is worse than the disease is not announced

The trouble with such artificial devices, apart from their futility, lies in the fact that natural remedies and adjustments are thereby made difficult, deferred or excluded. Let the American situation in corn and hogs be used in illustration. A year ago corn was cheap, absolutely, and relatively to hogs; the price of hogs was much above the corn cost. At the lowest point in 1922 the price of corn on the farm was 86 per cent of the 1913 price, that of hogs was 108 per cent of the 1913 price. The natural result of such a situation would be to stimulate the breeding and feeding of hogs. This would lead to increase in price of corn, possibly to decline in price of hogs.

The price of hogs has now fallen to about the 1913 level, while that of corn has risen to over 120 per cent of the 1913 level. Not only has readjustment occurred; there is overcompensation in the correlation of corn and hogs. The farmer pushed his feedings and rushed the animals to market. The winter and spring saw a heavy slaughter of hogs. The receipts of hogs at the public stockyards for the first three months of this year were much above the ten-year average. The breeding stock has been augmented. The number of hogs reported to the Department of Agriculture on January first was 15 per cent above the number a year ago. The higher price of corn will stimulate planting, weather permitting; and this fall we may expect to see the normal relationship between corn and hogs reestablished. The prices of corn and hogs may still be too low with reference to what the farmer has to buy, but they will at least be adjusted to each other.

Under the new Spanish system the government would have set a price on corn, hogs and pork products. The natural response of the farmer to price influences would have been checked. With prices fixed for corn, hogs and pork products, the adaptation of animals to corn, the increased breeding and the stimulation of feeding operations would not have taken place, simply because the motives and foreseeable rewards would have been lacking. If the economic forces of society do not correct abnormal maladjustments between prices, regulations will not do so. If regulations and controls are applied, the direct result is to inhibit adjustment through normal economic forces. In all probability the regimen of regulations will postpone natural recovery and make it more difficult. Governmental control does not create economic capital, but it does make political capital.

The Routine Worker

IS IT not time that we reassessed the value of the man who sticks to his job and handles it with steady efficiency? The tendency has been to regard the go-getter as the only really valuable type. It has been the man who went out and got the big order or who installed the new labor-saving system who has worn the business bay leaves and drawn the obese pay check.

Certainly the man who can put it over is entitled to a substantial share of the good things. But it should be possible, also, without discounting the value of initiative and ambition, to give due appreciation to steadiness and a permanent application to one thing. After all, the man who finds his proper niche and stays in it is a great asset in industry. Business runs smoothly and sweetly when the cogs grind in unison. There could be no real efficiency in an organization where every man was looking for a job above. Such general clawing and struggling for the next rung would inevitably upset the ladder.

It is generally assumed that the outstanding man is hard to replace, but that the routine worker is a cog of comparatively little value. Experience has often demonstrated, nevertheless, that when a go-getter has carried his energy and business-getting qualities to another market, the concern he has been with seems to run along just the same; while, on the other hand, the loss of a well-trained specialist in some form of routine work has been known to disorganize a department until a substitute could be trained to an equal degree of efficiency. The truth of the matter is that the really successful business is one which maintains the proper proportion of go-getters and stay-putters.

Our Foreign Cities—Pittsburgh

On every hand there were giants plotting, fighting, dreaming; and yet in Pittsburgh there was still something of a singing spirit.

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

HE WAS a big, live, husky kid, brimful of the energies and ardors and excitements of youth For a while he drove a stage, and then one fine day he picked up and came down from his brown-blue hills to Pittsburgh; and he came as one should come to any town in order to discover its true flavor—he came hunting a job. Not a position, but a job. There's a difference. His train entered the big industrial center from the western approach, and that, too, was a lucky thing—if you like to call such things luck. For, leaning far out of the window, with the puff-puff of the engine on the grade in his ears, his keen, hardy young gaze glued to the flying landscape to discern what manner of city it was out of which he intended to knock the price of three squares a day, he saw unrolled before him the whole mighty panorama of steel. Mile upon mile of heroic spectacle lying alongside a big shining river, dotted with steamboats and spanned here and there by the airy arch of a bridge. He beheld long, low, shedlike buildings; huge furnaces, row upon row of tall stacks, which at intervals belched deep orange-red flames; acres of power houses, machine shops, train yards; and beyond, inclosed by cliffike walls of encircling hills Pittsburgh. At sight of all this power—billions of meal-ticket power, so to speak the young man's heart turned a flip-flap; the view stirred him, warmed him. As a job town the layout looked pretty good to him.

"I guess," he decided, still gazing, "I'll get a job in steel." And then, as the dazzling fanlike flame from a converter shot up, he murmured, "That's pretty. Wonder what makes it." He didn't know the Bessemer process from a hole in the wall. But he was on his way.

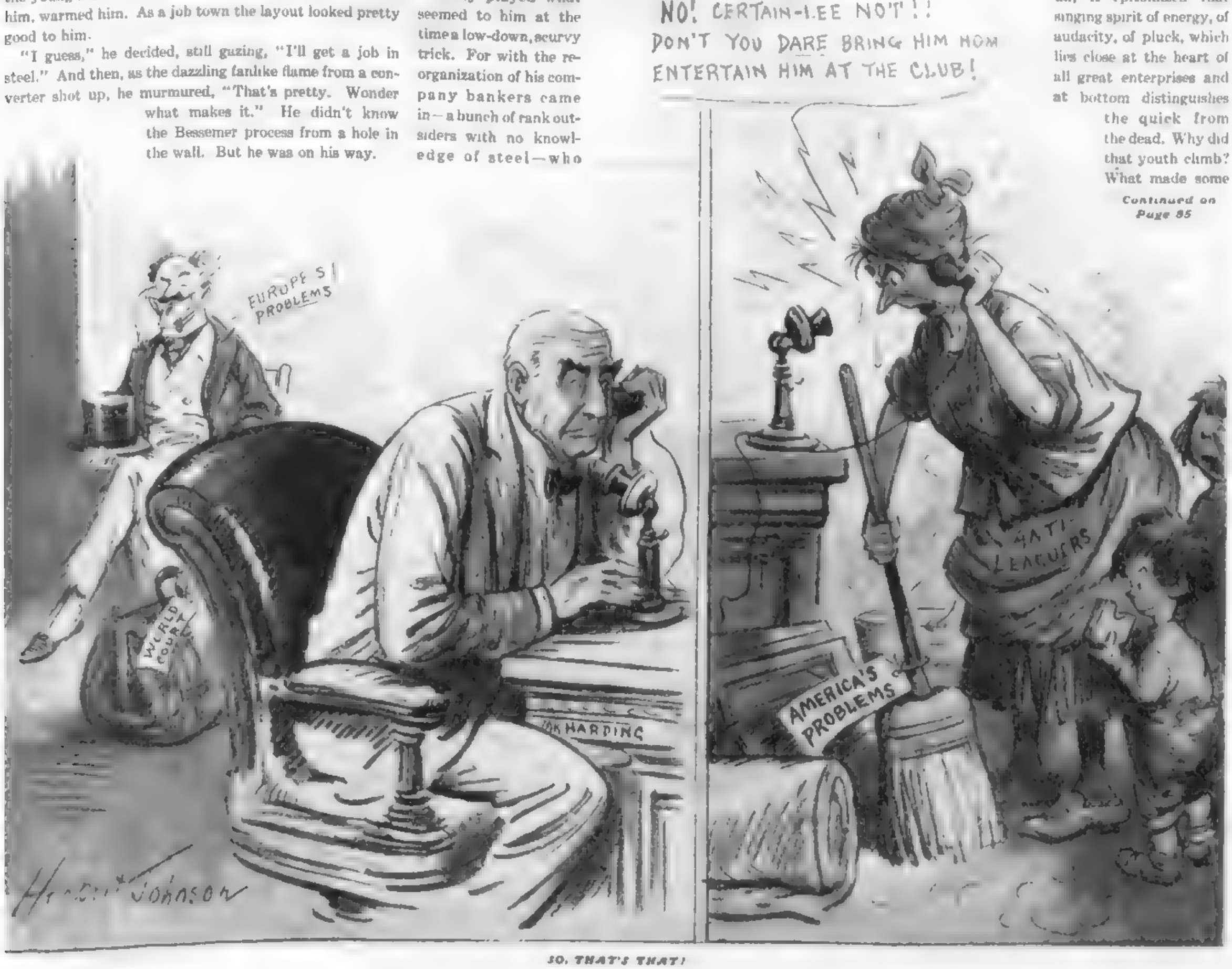
The next morning he stood in line with a hard-boiled gang of huskies at the employment door of a big steel plant whose name he had jotted down in his notebook on the train, and when his turn came the Irishman sitting at the deal table chewing a dead cigar shot at him a string of gruff inquiries, and first thing the stripling knew he had signed up as stake driver in the engineering corps—whatever the mischief that was. But it was a meal ticket, and that was the chief thing. Thus he began his career in steel—starting in at the bottom, without wealth, family position or social drag. Followed swift years of fighting, plotting, dreaming. He worked his head off.

That Singing Spirit of Energy

TWELVE hours a day, seven days a week, and no holidays or Christmases. In his spare time he studied steel. The years raced by, and he raced with them. First, he rose to be chief engineer of the works; then assistant manager; then superintendent; then general superintendent of several consolidated plants; and at length president of the entire consolidated outfit. At that time he was thirty-five. Then Destiny played what seemed to him at the time a low-down, scurvy trick. For with the reorganization of his company bankers came in—a bunch of rank outsiders with no knowledge of steel—who began with one accord to sit on his chest and tell him what and, even more often, what not to do. They drove him wild. He couldn't turn around, even to expectorate, without explaining to these gentlemen *ad nauseam* just what he had in his mind. They gummed his game; they cramped his style; they got his everlasting goat. Finally he blew up, and as he couldn't can them—though he tried—he canned himself He quit, pulled out of steel, and ran, raging, to Europe, gritting his teeth all the way. He intended to hit it up for a while, forget; but to a man who for years had been fighting and plotting and dreaming of steel, the playgrounds of Europe seemed deader than a self-respecting Pittsburgh doornail. So he turned tail, came back and kicked into the game once more—handicap and all.

I was pondering this picturesque modern-steel version of Cæsar's old *veni-vidi-vici* yarn as my train pulled into Pittsburgh—coming also from the west, so that before me, sprawling alongside the river, was the same stupendous scroll unrolled; huge furnaces, a forest of tall stacks with smudge plumes streaking the sky; rolling mills, power houses, machine shops, switch yards all the physical paraphernalia of a power which inside of two generations has reorganized civilization. I pondered it, because it seemed somehow to epitomize Pittsburgh; it epitomized steel; and, above all, it epitomized that singing spirit of energy, of audacity, of pluck, which lies close at the heart of all great enterprises and at bottom distinguishes the quick from the dead. Why did that youth climb? What made some

Continued on Page 85



SO, THAT'S THAT!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Seasonal

WHEN the weather is hot,
And the sun's beating down,
Then I'd rather be not
In my office in town.
Mid the heat and the murk
Of a hot summer's day
I prefer not to work,
For I'd much rather play.
When the mercury climbs up to ninety degrees
With a pipe and a book I would loaf at my ease.

But when winter comes round,
And the air's crisp and clear,
And there's snow on the ground,
And the wind nips your ear,
Then I long for the clime
Of the tropical Turk.
That's the season when I'm
Quite unfitted for work.
For the winter's the time when I run true to form;
And I sigh for a place that is restful and warm. —*Flaccus.*

A Prayer for Surcease

OF WIT, I do bear witness, I have plenty!
And hence my bitter heart, my aching head.
I live among a bunch of cognoscenti
Who are obsessed of an unholy dread.
They shudder lest to any common question
They may return a commonplace reply;
They suffer from sulphitic indigestion.
But, oh, they suffer not so much as I!

They do not know that wit that runs forever
Is quite the most unwitty thing on earth;
They do not see that being always clever
Is pouring poison in the springs of mirth.
Nobody listens to a frank opinion
While he is fashioning an epigram;
No wight in wit's indecorous dominion
Knows what the other says, nor cares a damn.

Much have I traveled in the realms of humor,
And many goodly jests and sallies heard;
Oft have I fled that painful social tumor
That hangs a wheeze on every other word.
Safe in the sweet monotony of home, I'd
Relax the facial muscles, drawn and tense,
Recline upon the
downy couch of bromide,
And speak the restful words of homely sense

Oh, Lord, I'd like an ordinary answer
To ordinary questions, now and then!
I weary of the mental muscle dancer
Who flops through converse like a headless hen.
For everything there is its proper season,
For tongues that wag unwaggishly, their day.
And then, of course, there is another reason—
I am not quick, myself, at repartee.
—*Ted Robinson.*

Conscientious Union Laborer—"Hey, You! It's Five o'Clock!"

The Desert Island

THE ship struck a rock with a sudden crash; it shivered, and then, as the torrent of water rushed furiously into the hold, it began rapidly to sink. There was wild confusion on deck as the crew desperately tried to launch the lifeboats in the raging sea. I alone was calm. Not for nothing had I been reading shipwreck stories for years.

I quickly gathered together a few things I thought I should need: A tool chest, a couple of rifles, several hundred rounds of ammunition, a compass, a radio set, a sextant, two extra suits of clothing and, of course, the necessary complement of underclothing, shoes, stockings and other wearing apparel. I ran forward to the galley and helped myself to a sufficient stock of canned goods. You never can tell in these wrecks what may be useful. Finally I went aft to the ship's library and selected carefully my ten favorite books, which I wrapped in an oil-silk covering. I strapped my baggage onto my back. I was now prepared for the worst.

When I came out on deck the ship was deserted. The raging waters were pouring over the gunwales—I believe that is the correct technical term. I drew off my shoes and plunged into the sea.

I don't know how long I swam; it seemed like hours. The waves tossed me about like a cork, and if I had been a less hardy swimmer I should surely have succumbed. However, as I plunged steadily through the angry waves I was comforted by the knowledge, gained from years of study of popular fiction, that one never does succumb.

Sure enough, I found myself at last exhausted but thankful upon a pleasant sandy beach. The storm had subsided, and the sun was shining down upon me, warm and bright. A fringe of tall palm trees skirted the shore, and I recognized bananas, coconuts, oranges, pawpaws and breadfruit growing.

"Well, I surely won't starve," I reflected.

Two men came out of the thicket. I reached instinctively for one of my rifles and then stopped in amazement. They were dressed in the latest fashion; well-fitting morning suits, silk hats, patent-leather shoes and spats. One of them, a distinguished-looking man with a Vandyke beard, wore a monocle.

"We are the official reception committee," he said politely. "My name is Crusoe—Robinson Crusoe."

He handed me an engraved card.

"I've heard of you," I gasped.

"This is Mr. John Smith," said Crusoe, indicating his companion; "better known to students of political economy as The Economic Man."

Mr. Smith bowed and handed me his card. A red-hatted porter came out of the woods and shouldered my luggage.

"We have a rather decent hotel here," said Smith. "I've telephoned on for a room and bath for you."

We entered the woods and followed a picturesque rustic path, Smith, Crusoe and myself, the porter bringing up the rear.

"I'm the oldest inhabitant on the island," said Robinson Crusoe genially, "although Smith, here, runs me a close second. I landed on the island a few years before he was exiled here by the textbook writers."

"It wasn't bad at first," said Smith. "In fact it was quite pleasant and peaceful before the rush of immigration started."

"Immigration?" I asked.

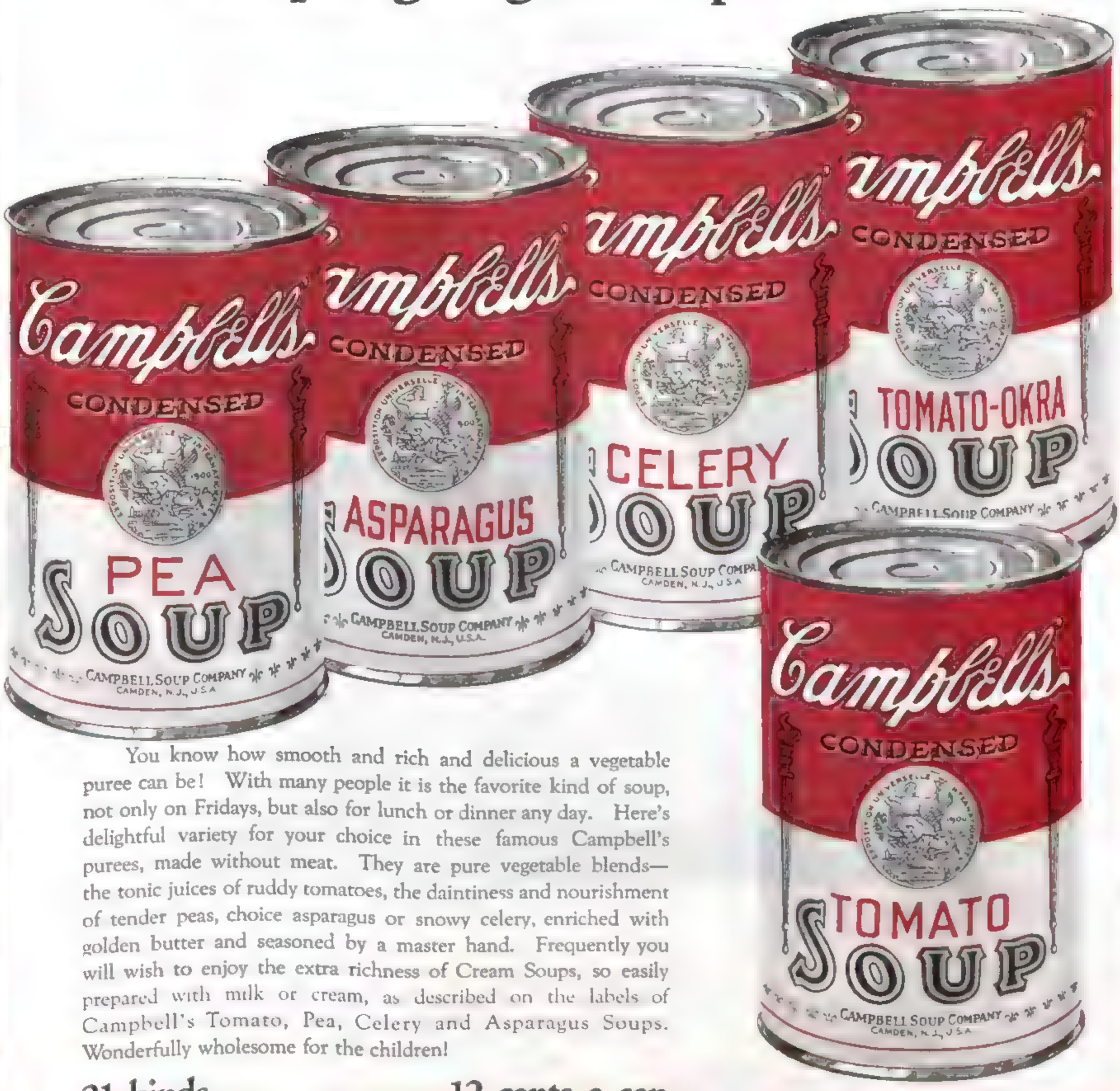
We came out of the woods into an open square, which, to my amazement, was quite built up. On one side of the square, half hidden among the palm trees, was a row of neat white stucco bungalows. A modern sidewalk ran around the edge of the square, and in the center was a structure

(Continued on Page 82)

Laddie Boy—"I'm Afraid Warren Won't Break Any Records With That Outfit"

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

For today's dinner! Which of these tempting vegetable purées?



You know how smooth and rich and delicious a vegetable puree can be! With many people it is the favorite kind of soup, not only on Fridays, but also for lunch or dinner any day. Here's delightful variety for your choice in these famous Campbell's purees, made without meat. They are pure vegetable blends—the tonic juices of ruddy tomatoes, the daintiness and nourishment of tender peas, choice asparagus or snowy celery, enriched with golden butter and seasoned by a master hand. Frequently you will wish to enjoy the extra richness of Cream Soups, so easily prepared with milk or cream, as described on the labels of Campbell's Tomato, Pea, Celery and Asparagus Soups. Wonderfully wholesome for the children!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

HEAD WINDS

By A. M. Sinclair Wilt

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XV

PATRICIA'S shirt and breeches lay in a sodden heap on the bath floor, while Patricia, fresh and pink from her swim and an invigorating shower after her arrival, selected a tailored piece of severity suitable for city streets in the morning, and for carrying on convincingly any affairs of a business nature which might come up, or which she might have to stir up in case events moved too slowly to suit her mood.

Knowing Peter, she realized the necessity of haste. Although her plan of campaign was not entirely mapped out, her present delightful situation being rather the result of impulse, coupled with her accustomed luck, her general scheme was sufficiently broad to allow latitude of choice. She could be depended upon to meet all opportunities as they presented themselves.

In one of the many schools which she had flittingly attended there had been a Latin quotation prominently displayed which ran as follows: "—— *aut* . . . *aut* ——"; the rest escaped her. But the meaning held clear: "I will either find a way or make one." In the past the suggestion had served her well; the future could take care of itself.

She hummed a gay song; she was lighthearted. From the porthole she had seen Peter break the oar and it had been a great relief to her. Even from a distance, he had seemed to emanate surcharged feeling.

On her way from accommodation ladder to companionway, which she had maneuvered like a worm, flat, she had considered the misfortune of having had to let the small boat drift; but the rope had been too short to allow of its reaching the ladder; and she had needed that boat to hide behind. It had been hard work untying; but necessity lends strength.

Unfortunate in every way, but unavoidable, her freeing the boat. She had wondered how soon Peter would see it; but she had not expected him to capture it so very early in the race. It had not occurred to her, really, even in the event of his seeing her, that he would undertake swimming to Seattle—which she judged had been his intention.

It was more than well that the oar had broken; a happy chance that the wind had freshened, and charming procrastination of Woo Lang in leaving the ladder down; otherwise she would have had to risk making the journey in the dinghy, with almost certain chance of discovery. However, as the adage had it: "—— *aut* . . . *aut* ——" She would in all likelihood have found a piece of tarpaulin in the boat for cover.

She selected a small hat, pulled it well over one eye and surveyed the effect with the appreciative other. Poor Peter! Just as well he hadn't seen her in this hat. Fancy losing a guest in a hat like this! Her giggle was carefree.

There is no denying that she was pleased with herself.

Steps approached; someone was walking quietly down the passage toward her room. Not a man on the ship had a right in this part of the yacht excepting Wah Sai, and this was not Wah Sai with his shuffling sandals.

Both she and Captain Rosslyn were supposed to be absent. Discipline relaxed! How dared they? He was outside her door—she could not lock it—someone would pay for this outrage. The door was opened, shoving her back helplessly, a powerful hand making nothing of her weight.

"Oh, it is you!" Patricia remarked coolly. "You startled me rather. I wondered who would be coming down here."

Peter had no appreciation of the hat. He did not see it.

As he stood mutely in the doorway, Patricia's hands crept up to her breast, her eyes closed.

"Could it mean so much to you?" she whispered.

He went out and into his own room without answering.

Patricia sat down as if her knees were tired; and she listened, and she waited. When she wearied of that she went out into the cabin. Waiting was just as tiresome there. She had not seen just that look before on Peter—not anywhere else, not ever. Was it possible she had seen it? She began to believe it only imagination; and still no sign of Peter.

She knocked at his door.

An interval; finally—"Who is it?"

"Me."

Silence.

"Could it Mean So Much to You?" She Whispered

"It is Patricia Van—it is Patricia"

Silence.

Finding no comfort in the door panels, again she sought the cabin: found no comfort there, but she found space for thinking.

She wasted no time with knocking. Her face pressed close against the cold door, she said with a soft rush, "I am sorry! Do you hear me, you Peter Rosslyn? I am sorry." Then stepped back to see the outcome of her magnanimity. There was no outcome.

She started away, but in the midst of a shrug she returned the whole way.

"I am sorry I spoiled your fishing trip. I don't think I'd have come back to the schooner if I had known how much you—counted on it." There was no doubting her this time.

"You haven't spoiled it," came coldly through the closed door. "I'm changing into dry things."

She bit her lip; she did not like the tone; and she sat again in the cabin. Neither did she like his expression when she saw it.

"Have you another outfit suitable for rough going?" he asked.

"Are we to walk back? Quite far, isn't it?"

"Have you?"

"Knickerbockers and things? Yes, I have; but tell me how you got on board."

"Go change your clothes."

"Don't order me!"

Said Peter. "When perversity is carried so far as you carry it, it deserves no other treatment."

"You took me for granted," flamed Patricia.

At that his dourness lifted.

"I think, from now on, that I shall take you as I can catch you. I thought, Patsy—I thought I had lost you"

"I imagined so," she replied, and drew the street hat slightly more over one eye, as hats were being worn that season.

"I'll give you five minutes to dress"—Peter had no eye for the hat—"in clothes suitable for a fishing trip."

Single-tracked mind, too; consulted his watch and counted off the seconds, aloud; nerve-racking habit ——

She was back in six minutes, but he forgave her the extra minute when he saw one boot unlaced.

She forestalled any more dourness by saying hurriedly, "I'll confess something—if you like. I had no intention, really and truly, of — "

"Of what?" Peter prompted.

He had knelt to tie up her lacing, and when he had finished, and she still left unsaid what she had not intended doing, he stayed where he was, waiting; and again prompted, softly, "You had no intention of what, Patsy?"

And she, as softly, "Of reporting you to the police."

"Kind of you!" said Peter, standing.

"And—and I am glad we are not to lose our fishing trip."

(Continued on Page 28)

Doing One Thing Well

A fundamental rule of fine craftsmanship is to concentrate on one especial task.

Each unrelated effort is time and energy wasted. Each fickle departure is a side road leading away from the main goal.

Excellence is never won by vacillation. Its first condition is absolute constancy of endeavor.

In 1914, the builders of the Cadillac introduced America's first eight-cylinder automotive power plant—the V-Type Cadillac engine.

They were fully convinced that for power, smoothness and dependability, the V-Type eight-cylinder principle held the highest possibilities, and they were resolved to concentrate on the development of this one principle.

Ever since that time these engineers and craftsmen have applied themselves whole-heartedly to the purpose of improving and refining the V-Type eight-cylinder Cadillac.

All of their skill and resources, all of their undoubted genius in engineering and manufacturing, were and are devoted to this one task.

What has since happened is automotive history.

The builders of the Cadillac have produced more than 150,000 V-Type ninety degree eight-cylinder engines and not one of these engines has ever been replaced by the factory for any reason.

Moreover, in recognition of the supremacy of the V-Type eight-cylinder principle, and of Cadillac's position as its leading exponent, more people have purchased Type 61 than all other cars combined at or above its price range.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 26)

He hesitated between doubt and relief—"Really, Pat?"

She looked up at him, and her shadowy blue eyes met his with an expression which set Peter's heart dancing a wild measure.

"Be cautious!" Peter warned Peter He had been beguiled once that day.

"Why did you try to get away, then?"

"Oh, just for fun," explained Pat.

"Fun!" said Peter. "I don't follow you!"

"I thought you did"—from Pat.

"That is not what I meant," said Peter.

"Nor I," said Pat.

Peter told his adventure as they went on deck—"Foo missed the dinghy and they lowered the launch, sent back to search for it—and found me in it."

"Things work out so simply," commented Pat; but adding, puzzled, "How could they have done all that without my hearing?"

"I don't know. Were you deeply occupied?"

It was a new hat, not before worn.

"I was, and it seems to me now that I did hear a bustling; but the engine had been pounding, making unusual knocking and rattling; I thought it was that. I am glad they found you!" she admitted generously. "I am glad!"

"Next time," warned Peter grimly, "I shall let you go."

The launch took them back to their camping place, the crew giving no sign of inward turmoil as they returned their captain and the lady whence they had so strangely come. But shrill was the chorus ensuing in the fo'castle when the Averna was once more laboring on her way, launch on board, dinghy bobbing along behind. No explanations could satisfy the fo'castle. Had they not seen a wet trail smeared from sacred cabin to empty sea—a wet trail left by nothing, since nothing had been in the cabin? Had they not found knots untied where had been no human hands? Was not a boat adrift—their master in it? Had not that same master gone alone down to his empty quarters, and come out again and brought the lady—that same lady they had left many miles back upon the shore, but that lady flown, who knew how? Devil magic!

Woo Lang, Foo and Li Sing quelled the uprising, interpreting the events with no regard to truth, but in a manner suited to the ears they had to reach. The American Government had employed them all during the war. But the war, as they had experienced it, was peace compared with the Averna since one female had taken up her abode thereon. They flayed their explanations into the crew, who accepted them perforce. But the three felt they had not deserved it of Peter; life, before the advent of the woman, had been easeful.

BEHIND them the water, which had become a hot glare, and abruptly the hush of the wood, the peace of trees and a stream talking along in an undertone, concerned with its business of stones and banks to be dashed against or avoided, of leaves and twigs to carry in its course. Peter found a pool, sank his voice to whisper a caution, but too late. Pat was lying flat, taking a drink, and if ever fish waited in the little pool for Peter it was in the past. He sighed and submitted; one Rosslyn, manifestly, acquiring the merit of patience.

They had brought a jug for fresh water, and left it here for later retrieving, while they followed a trail, overgrown and ancient, but proved still in use by pointed cloven-hoof marks, spelling deer to Peter, but satyr Pans, very likely, to Pat.

A low-branched cedar formed a blind for still shooting. It hid a platform built cannily over a broad shallow where many dim trails converged; but the wood was rotted with age and dampness, and not only deer but padding creatures of the night once more came unmolested.

The way climbed higher. Rapids and falls diversified the stream, brawling happily, important and noisy. They saw a dull native grouse sitting on a limb, elongating its neck in stupid unalarm, though Peter derided its being stupid. On the day that shooting season opened, he said, they wouldn't see a feather of His Shyness, adding hungrily that the bird was delicious to eat, but that Washington hunting laws were stringent, and besides he hadn't a gun.

Patricia was glad, and even more so when a red-gold bomb of color exploded almost at their feet and a royal Chinese pheasant sailed away, with a comet tail of flame flashing after.

"I knew they'd been planted here"—Peter was absurdly pleased—"but imagine finding them like this, casually!"

They were climbing up through a long green tunnel of trees and underbrush. A blue jay screamed as he darted ahead from covert to open, his crested head nodding fiercely; tail jerking, a brown-and-gold squirrel kept up a fusillade of warnings, sounding as if he had a violently squeezed penny whistle inside.

The thick shade of their leafy tunnel gave them belated berries. Pat ate big coral beads from spreading branches of red huckleberry, fern-delicate, arching above her head; stained her mouth purple with blackcaps, sugar-sweet; found a few gold or scarlet salmon berries; but rebelled against bits of red flannel Peter insisted she should like because he had enjoyed thimbleberries when he was a youngster.

The jolly young river kept hopping down from height to pool, with unexpected depths to coax Peter into putting rods together, so that he left a trail of flies, from brown hackles to royal coachmen, festooning the interlaced branches above the flirtatious creek; but never a strike had he.

All of a sudden they came into the open. It was an old burn—a table-land where the tip of a flame tongue had wiped up a section of growth and glutted it down, along with the bulk of trees from a neighboring mountain that rose ahead, sparsely covered with young trees in black stumpage.

"Forest fires play the deuce," said Peter. "The smoke gives wonderful milk-opal days on the water, and a man named Gustin paints 'em until you think they are a legitimate excuse for forest fires. But it is bad business, just the same. However, the rains are the blessing of the country. When things get too thick along comes a downpour, puts out the fires, washes out the smoke and everything is clear as you please."

"But the big trees have suffered!"

"One day, perhaps, the forest rangers may have greater power, and then ——"

"And then," finished the girl. "these beautiful big mountains can keep their clothes on."

"Exactly," said the man; "and therefore, before we leave the shade"—with always relevant irrelevance—"let's eat." And so they did.

(Continued on Page 30)

"You Must Do as You Like, Patricia; I Can't Interfere." He Acknowledged It

$885

The Good MAXWELL

The success of the good Maxwell is working a momentous change in motor-car buying.

For months the buying public has been making its comparisons on the basis of the good Maxwell—for the simple reason that the good Maxwell gives more for the money than the public has been used to getting.

The good Maxwell deserves to dominate its own market, on the strength of its wonderfully fine owner-records, and every passing day brings that domination closer to complete accomplishment.

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MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 28)

The burn was about a mile across, and the sun was high. They left the guiding stream and headed in a straight line for the farther side. Bareheaded, Peter was not in the least troubled by the heat; but Patricia's nose grew pink on its tip, which pleased Peter immoderately.

There was not a tree to cast shade, not a breeze stirring. Peter named the stripped area Devil's Acre, and it deserved the name. It was hot. The charred stumps, the powdered ash and dirt radiated unbelievable warmth, until Pat wanted to hang her tongue out and pant. Peter said to go ahead and do it, but it didn't help.

They reached the other side finally, and as they entered the trees, where the fire seemed to have halted on a visible line, the sensation was of stepping into a cold bath. They had been climbing over blackened logs, been tangled in prickly vines, stumbling into miniature craters of ash, until the cool forest was a paradise.

They found the stream again and some big trees. About the roots of one giant the water had spread out in inviting shallows, rippling, pellucid, over a glinting, sandy-smooth bottom. It needed to be waded in. Patricia looked down at her dusty boots, and then at the water, and then at Peter.

"Fine!" replied Peter. "Go ahead!"

But she pointed resolutely up that stream and away; so he dropped the knapsack, presented a large handkerchief and disappeared forlornly, creel and rod trailing behind him. Not that Pat cared; she was already busy with a knot in her boot lace. Hardly had she waded in, however, when Peter came charging back with his first catch.

"That," he declaimed with an intensity of satisfaction out of all proportion to the size of the fish—"that is an honest-to-goodness mountain trout, and there is nothing like him in water that runs or in tides that rip. He may be small and insignificant to the ignorant eye—this whale is eight inches, if he's that—but wait! In the cool of the evening as we go down I shall get more. I'll not be so jaunty in casting; I'll sacrifice perfect form and if necessary all fairness, but I'll take a few; and then tonight, Patsy, my dear, with the aid of a small well-laid fire I shall prove to you why is a trout."

"Turn your back," directed Pat, "and I'll come out."

Did she have any suspicion of how shiveringly awed and allured was the man before this old-fashioned conventionality? Absolutely not! Her scowl proved that modesty had nothing to do with it; merely that Peter was taking uninvited liberties. Peter's tender emotions underwent violent upheaval, a gusty squall threatened. It shook him internally, but he kept it internal; a squall was no part of this day's program. He apologized and left her.

Pat soon had herself as smoothed and cool as when she had started out in the morning. Peter, naturally, came back with all the earmarks of having been diving for his trout and as if each had lurked in a mudhole.

"Let's stay here until it is cooler," suggested Peter.

The girl agreed. She was leaning in drowsy comfort against a fallen tree trunk cushioned with moss. He threw himself down beside her, and though he was very near, she did not edge away. He became elaborately casual and unaware, puffed his pipe slowly, and on his back looked away from her up into the trees.

"Seems as if I had been here before," murmured Patricia—"the trees, the stream, and—and you lying there."

"Commencement at Yale. It was under the maple at the what's-its-name farm. I'll bet that trickle came from a duck pond, though; not like this, was it?"

"Oh, it was pretty!" defended Patricia.

His brown face warmed at her tone. There was one memory she liked!

"I told you my whole past, present and future that day," he said, "and about this very trip I intended taking—remember?"

There were minutes of silence before she made the comment, "You said you were to make it—quite alone."

"I lied," he confessed cheerfully.

Another interval, and—"Did you know you lied?"

"I suspected it."

Watching through half-closed lids, he wondered how she would rise to the bait, saw her look down at him; but she must have caught a shining, because she turned away.

He opened his eyes then, not caring what she saw there, hoping, rather. He moved nearer, put out groping fingers, found and drew her left hand toward him. A small band circled the ring finger. He touched it.

"You left it on?"

She made it obvious that he approached forbidden ground, where he did not belong; but he only tightened his grasp when she tried to draw away. Deliberately he drew the ring from her finger.

"What right ——" she gasped.

"Every right," said Peter. Being a Rosslyn, he thought he had. "You've worn it thinking it was Arnold's! When a ring goes on that finger again it is to be mine."

"You forget yourself!"

"No, Patsy; I haven't forgotten myself; not once since we started."

"Considering the circumstances!" she rebuked him.

"That's what I'm doing now—considering the circumstances." He rolled over, propping his chin on his fists. "You told me once that you did not believe in divorce, not even in the dissolving of a marriage. Patsy, was it true?"

"It was—it is true"—and her reserve was icy.

She Was Again in Flight, Running a Nightmare Distance on Strange Beaches, Through the Night

"Pat," he grinned beguilingly, "you prig, you! Has nothing since then made you change your mind?"

"No"—but her voice was low and her mouth trembled.

"And aren't you ever going to change your mind, Patsy?"

"No," said Pat, but she did not allow herself to see the eyes looking into hers.

"Not ever?" he whispered.

"Not ever!" said Pat stubbornly. "Not ever!"

"You are sure of it? Is there nothing that will make you claim your freedom, Patsy—nothing?"

"Nothing!" said Pat; but if he could have seen the misty blue of her look when he dropped his face down on his folded arms! "Unless"—the dusky head lifted slightly as she spoke again—"unless he should ask for his freedom. In that case ——"

"But he won't!" said Peter. He sat up, then, to say comfortably, "So that's that! Was his mouth so full of gauze that you failed to notice whom you married?"

"What—what do you mean?"

"Close your eyes, honey, and I'll tell you something. You were married that night to me—to Peter Rosslyn!"

XVII

SHE had closed her eyes when he told her. Now she kept them closed, so that he could not make out her expression; but her hands tightened into small, tense fists; a slow color crept up from her throat until it suffused her entire face; but not a word—not a word yet of indignation or of recrimination.

Nevertheless, by this time Peter knew her too well to form hasty conclusions or to make an unconsidered move; he waited. Impatient, gusty Peter waited, and he waited patiently.

Presently, the silence threatening to continue indefinitely: "We couldn't prevent your marrying, and The Rotter was utterly out of the question. All we could do was to substitute another bridegroom."

"My brothers know?"

"Do you think I would have married you without their consent?"

"You had not mine," said Pat's grieved eyes; and because they held only that grieved reproach, he found himself stammering in helpless appeal.

"Bear in mind, Pat, that this Patsy here on the hill with me is not the girl, the obstinate, unreasonable girl," he reminded her, "with whom we had to deal in San Francisco. Allow for your changed disposition. Have some sympathy for us. What could we do? In what other way could we save you? And in any case, you are no worse off than if you had married Arnold; you are in every way better off!" This last gave him his confidence again.

"You are asking me to take on trust a very staggering announcement."

"I've the marriage certificate here," he said, "and some letters from your brothers." He took them out of his pocket. "Doctor Dean was about to give you the certificate when Ted took you away—rushed you up the companionway, if you'll remember. So Win received it and gave it to me. See, Patricia, here it is: 'Peter John Rosslyn to Patricia Van Pelt, married. . . . Witnessed by Winthrop Van Pelt and Theodore ——' The license was as regular."

She took the document, examining it closely. At last, with a long breath—"I signed that."

"Yes, hurriedly and without noticing; that was Ted's part. He sprawled over the papers, concealing my name and keeping everything in a muddle until you had signed."

She indicated his name on the paper.

"John?" she inquired.

"John," he said, looking at her with eyes as calmly frank as her brother Ted's—"John happens to be one of my names"

Artistically she seemed to think it a weak point.

"What would you have done if you had not had the same name as the other man?"

He settled it easily: "Adopted John or Templeton for the occasion and kept it afterward for a souvenir. What's a middle name, more or less, in matrimony?"—and gave her the letters.

Win's was brief and bitter:

Pat: Try to forgive us.

Yours, WIN.

But Ted's was sheer jubilance:

Dear Patricious: I told you so! If you'll recall I told you several times in the same place! Didn't I say that your future husband and I loved each other as devotedly as ever? Literally true, my dear; we do! I said he was a prince, and so he is. Peter is the one brother-in-law Win and I could stand in the family. So for Pete's sake—how appropriate!—get some sense and make your mind up to the inevitable. Aff. yrs.,

THEODORE VAN PELT.

Patricia handed them to Peter to read; he blackened at the latter.

"Ted's an ass at times," he said, and received a glimmer of agreement.

He launched into explanations, which she received with bent head and averted eyes:

"You've no idea how many small points there were to consider, to make it all consistent; to get you to accept the yachting trip; to have the wedding performed on board—we sprained Arnold's ankles to manage that; to send you on your shopping excursion alone, so that we'd have time to finish Arnold without interruption; to coax you into marrying the bridegroom while he was still in bandages, the only veil we could think of to hide him in. Ted managed your part, as he did in getting you out to San Francisco—worked you by contraries. Win made things difficult for us; he refused to lie to you, and even balked at having one bandage on his head for local color; but he had to give in—there was too much at stake.

"Your sudden decision to marry Arnold rushed us, so that it took some fast going; but we made it. The morning of the wedding Ted and I called off Arnold's clergyman, already engaged. I had to substitute Doctor Dean, who knows me. He made me feel more legal, somehow; more churchly wedded. Ted had to blat like a fool, though, and scramble the program, to keep the good man from calling me Peter or you Mrs. Rosslyn. I asked him to use my

(Continued on Page 121)

Mrs. Paul K. Christie
Hadley, Indiana

7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every 16 ounce can

Now try Mrs. Christie's Sunshine Bread—*a new delight*

FROM Mrs. Paul K. Christie of Hadley, Indiana, comes the recipe below—for a most delicious bread. Try it.

But try it just as Mrs. Christie says—with Libby's Milk. That's essential if you are to have bread as rich and fine-textured as she makes it.

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Once you have tried this richer milk, have seen what a delightful flavor it gives to some favorite dish, you will not wonder why it has been called "the milk that good cooks use." You, too, like thousands of other women will want it regularly for *all* your cooking. Order a can of Libby's Milk from your grocer now.

Libby's

Evaporated Milk

How Mrs. Christie makes her Sunshine Bread

1 egg
1 cup sugar
½ cup Libby's Milk
½ cup water
3 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup raisins

Beat the egg and add sugar, then milk and water. Sift the dry ingredients together and add gradually to the egg mixture, adding the raisins last. Pour into a well greased loaf pan and let stand thirty minutes. Bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes.

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JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB

By Henry H. Curran

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WHEN John Citizen suddenly set his jaw last January and thundered out of a clear sky the information that he was going to go into politics, I knew right away what was coming next.

"Now where do I go?" he demanded. "You know. Tell me."

"What's your party?" I asked.

"Demublican."

"Go to 77 Doolittle Street," I said, "at nine o'clock tonight. On the front of the house you'll see a black slab, with Slapsteenth Assembly District Demublican Club on it, in letters that used to be gilt. Now listen. The legislature of the state of New York consists of a senate and an assembly. The 'more numerous branch' is the assembly, with one hundred and fifty members, each of whom represents a local district. Where there are more districts than one in a county the districts are numbered. In New York County, where you live, there are twenty-three assembly districts. You live in the slapsteenth, and the Demublican party organization in that district occupies the ground floor and basement of the house at 77 Doolittle Street. Got it?"

"Yes, go ahead."

"All right. Go up the steps of that house, in the door, and all the way into the little back room. There you will find Tom Donovan. He's the leader. Tell him who you are, where you live, that you're a Demublican, and want to help in the party work, and that you're not looking for a job—not yet. At this point Donovan will ask you to join the club. Tell him you're on, and ask him the name and address of your election-district captain. In Donovan's assembly district there are forty election districts, with three to four hundred voters in each, and two captains for each of them—one a man and one a woman—in each party. These election districts are our smallest political units. You live in one of them. The sooner you get in touch with your captain the sooner you'll be in the game. Tell Donovan you are anxious to get a-going right away. Then leave Donovan, before he drops dead. Got all that?"

"I've got it," said John Citizen.

And he went and did it, that night. Now he is in the game—well in.

More than that, he has a job, already. It beats all, the way that fellow gets things.

A Man Without a Party

BUT John Citizen took off to a good start. He dived straight into the center of the ol' swimmin' hole of American politics, without fiddling around upstream or downstream, or wasting time wading along the bank. That was due to two things: First, he knew which party he wanted to work with; and second, I was there to steer him into his party organization. Those two things did the trick. And now—after only six months—he has a job! That is what I can't get over—although somewhat the same thing happened to me, many years ago. But of course that was different—very different.

Sometimes I wonder if John Citizen appreciates the trouble I saved him. With the bit in his teeth, the way he had it, he might have wound up anywhere in his hunt for politics. Nor would he have been alone in his wanderings. There are more men and women than you can shake a stick at—right here in New York, my own town—who are trying to do something in politics today, but are failing because they are off the target. I was off it myself, for eleven years, and that is worth telling about.

The thing that kept me on shore so long was a reasoned unwillingness to join a party organization. My forebears had been traditionally Republicans, except that my father cast his last two votes for Cleveland, in 1884 and 1888—as did many other Republicans. His memory brought me up a Democrat, and in the cherishing of that heritage I was just one of a great army of Americans whose politics—Republican or Democratic—come down to them with their surnames, from father to son. To the inheritance I added my own belief.

But I lived in New York and was wholly unwilling to join the local Democratic organization, known as Tammany Hall. The reasons are neither here nor there, so far as this article is concerned, nor is the question of whether my stand was right or wrong. But the result is part of the story—and the result was that for the first eleven years of my maturity I was a man without a party, so far as party work was concerned. For eleven years I could not do what John Citizen was able to do the moment I told him how. For eleven years I was partially disfranchised. And in New York there were thousands like me.

During that period it happened that I was drawn more and more back toward the Republican Party, until finally, in 1909, Senator Dolliver settled it. The power and support of his attack, as a Republican, on what had always seemed to me an unduly high-tariff policy, broke down the last barrier, and back I went, bag and baggage, to the normal party of my fathers. I was in the swimmin' hole of party work, and there I've been ever since. Oh, yes, with an outspoken red-hot reservation now and then, that may set the near-by waters boiling a bit—but that peculiarity may be laid aside along with my precocious cogitations on the subject of Tammany Hall and the tariff. The point is that up to the day of Dolliver I drew a political blank, for eleven years.

You have read of the wanderings of the man without a country? The man without a place in his party wanders just as wearily if he wants to do something in politics. The first thing he turns to is self-education, in history, government and the issues of the day, both here and abroad. He devours articles, editorials, books. He listens to speeches, lectures and orations—in campaign time and out. He tries to get a line on the candidates. All these things he discusses with his friends, while they last. At the same time he learns to expatiate on the iniquity of politics and politicians, and with practice he may even become a table pounder. On Election Day he votes.

All that I did myself, for a while. But just what did I accomplish? Did I help pick the candidates, put them through the primaries and the election campaign, fashion their platforms and policies, and see them in and out of office according to their deserts? Did I exercise my right to play on one of the great party teams that were struggling for the prize of governing America or some part of it? No, I did not. I was not in the game. If I had been entirely satisfied with the character and methods of those who were in the game, out there on the field, I could more easily have sat back in the grand stand as one of an audience of umpires to decide which team won. But I was very far from being entirely satisfied. Yet there I was, in the grand stand watching, instead of on the field playing, all because I would not work within a party. When the game was won each year I was still a stranger to the team that ran the government thereafter—whether I had voted for that team or not. I was on the outside looking in. For we live in a country of party government, whether we like it or not.

My Début as a Stump Speaker

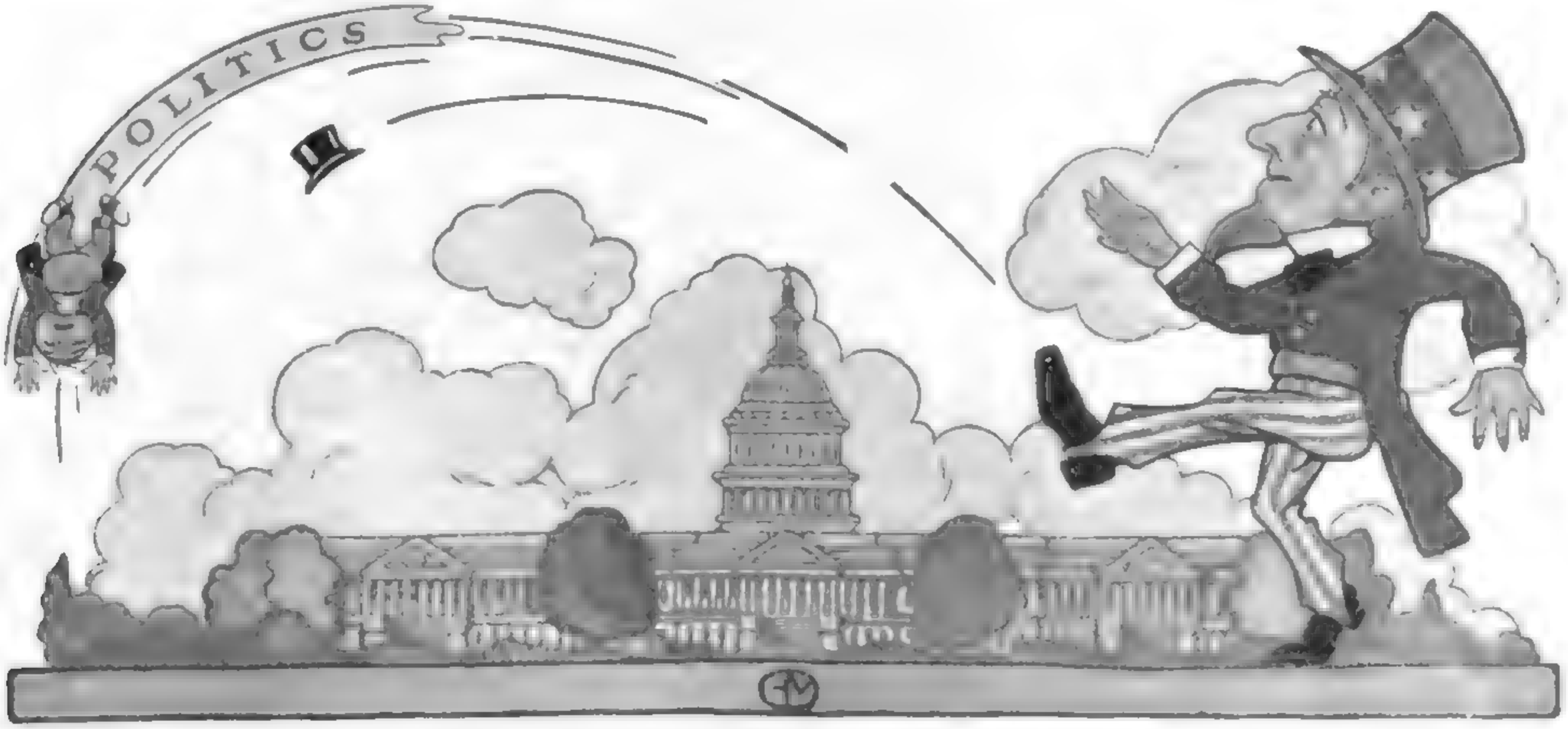
IT WAS not until five years had gone by that I began to squirm a little in the grand-stand seat. Of course we all know full well that the voter who is not a party worker has some power, both before election and after. He does a little business up there in the grand stand; but not much. And I wanted to do more. It seemed to me there must be work to do on the field, even for one who belonged to neither team. So one day I declared myself in as a volunteer stump speaker. That was in the mayoralty campaign of 1903.

At the goo-goo headquarters over by the gate they told me how to make a stump speech—what to say and how to say it. They told me, wearily, wisely, with the weight of nations on their important shoulders.

Then they turned me loose—that very night. The rest I shall never forget.

Down by the river front in my town there is a rickety corner where good people live. Many of them I now know well. Their struggle with the world is made with sleeves rolled up, laboriously, and they are lucky to get an even break. They tackle life in the raw and make what they can of it, which is not much. They need help, not words.

(Continued on Page 52



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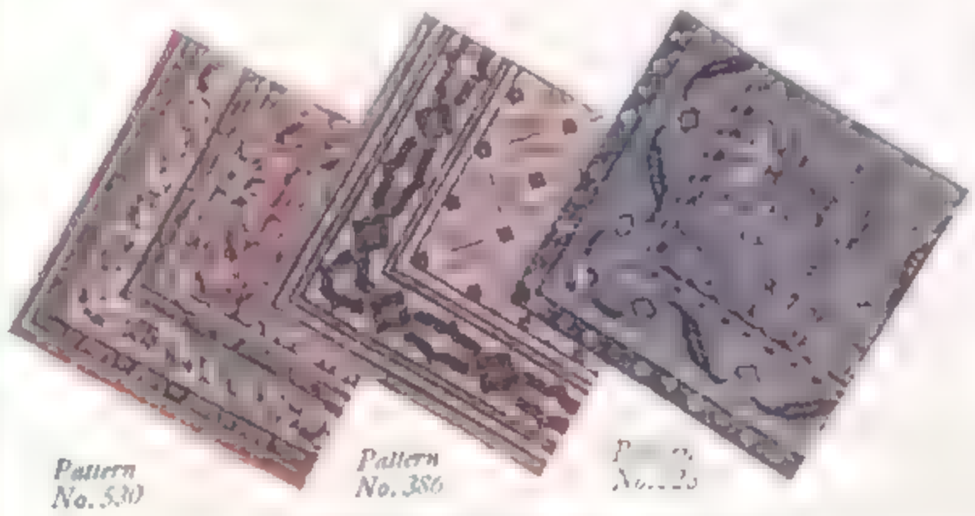

Pattern No. 530 *Pattern No. 386*

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6	x 9	feet	$ 9.00	Pattern No. 386 (shown at left) is made in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.	1½	x 3	feet	$ .60
7½	x 9	feet	11.25		3	x 3	feet	1.40
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Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUGS

BABS THE UNBEATABLE

By Austin Parker

THE disappearance of Barbara Temple the exquisitely pretty, vivacious, daring Babs, to whose forthcoming marriage with Monteith Schuyler the papers had devoted so many columns—was one of the mystery sensations of the year. The fact that she was engaged to Monty was by no means her only claim upon public attention and affection, for Babs had been in the public eye constantly since her début two years before. She was by far the prettiest of that year's crop—and there were few in the crops which had bloomed before or since who were pretty enough to be compared with her—but that was only one good reason why Babs captured the imagination of a vast number of people who never laid eyes upon her.

Another good reason was Mrs. James Whigmore Temple, her mother. There were some who were mean enough to say outright that it was she who engineered the match with Monty Schuyler, which was undeniably true. Mrs. Temple had played Babs as she would have played a hand at auction, skilfully, quietly, adroitly, taking every trick which by the use of ingenuity might be hers. The marriage to Monty Schuyler was to be the entire game. Not that Monty was marrying beneath him. The Temples had been living in state at Dennywood when the Schuylers were still peddling fish. That was back in the days when the only loyal toast was to the king.

But the best reason of all why the public loved Babs, and claimed her as its own with almost the same fervor with which it claims movie stars, was that Babs was unbeatable. When she rode in the horse show she rode a winner; when there was charity work afoot it was Babs' team of débutantes which sold the most of whatever there was to be sold. When an especially ardent suitor became abusively insistent Babs did not strike him across the cheek with her riding crop or wither him with a haughty glance. Being cornered, she jumped her horse over a twenty-foot embankment into the river; then, from the other side, taunted the man with promises to marry him if he had nerve enough to follow. She would have kept her promise. That was Babs.

It was also Babs who took the huge diamond, set in platinum, from Monty Schuyler—gross, heavy-featured Monty—refusing to let him put it on her finger, and said, "You know why I'm doing it, don't you?" Her grayish-blue eyes were like sharp goads. His glance shifted away, and he shrugged. "All right," continued the girl; "if you can stand it, I can—I suppose." She laughed as she slipped the ring on, but her face went pale.

Four days before the wedding Babs disappeared. She had gone riding, accompanied by a groom, whom she dismissed. When she failed to return for luncheon a search was started. The horse was found, contentedly munching clover at the end of the field farthest from the house, nearly five miles away.

Panic followed hysteria. Droves of men were engaged to search every foot of the countryside. Detectives—police and private—were summoned, and commenced their work in a drenching rainstorm. Reporters from New York and Boston swarmed down upon Dennywood. Strips of motion-picture film, from a news reel, showing Babs and Monty at the time when the engagement was announced, were rushed through laboratories and distributed to theaters throughout the country as fast as trains could carry them. Printing shops, subsidized by Monty, cast aside other work to print placards. Radio stations broadcast an appeal. The reward offered by Monty jumped within twenty-four hours—while he soddenly paced the floor—from twenty-five thousand to fifty, to one hundred.

Babs had disappeared.

Skip Jones was seated on the engine frame of his airplane, eyes closed, one elbow on the ridge of the open hood, chin in his hand, legs dangling, while he listened to the soft, contented purring of the huge motor. He appeared to be asleep, but that was because all his senses were so deeply engaged in following the subdued harmony which came from the exhaust. To Skip Jones there was no symphony of sound quite so beautiful as that which his motor uttered.

An alien noise, vibrant, thumping, smote his ears and made him start. He glanced up quickly, in time to see a big bay hunter float upwards from the adjoining field, take the fence in a sweeping arc and come cantering towards him. Upon its back, riding as though she were part of the animal, was a girl who seemed, by contrast, very small and immature. Skip closed the hood and slipped to the ground just as she reined in.

"Hello," she said casually, and smiled. The horse pirouetted, pawed at the ground and shook its head rebelliously. "Engine trouble?" she asked over her shoulder. Then she dismounted in a leap and came up to him, reins over her arm. "If you need anything I can ride back home and have one of the men come out in a car."

"Thanks ever so much," replied Skip. "No engine trouble there."

Without taking his eyes from the girl's face he nodded towards the hood. She listened gravely to the beat of the motor, head a little to one side.

Babs Temple—as all the descriptions of her informed the public—wore, this morning, tan whipcord riding breeches, tan boots, a green jacket over a white China silk blouse; and a slouchy, dark green fedora hat trimmed with iridescent cock feathers drooping off from the left. Skip took in these details briefly, and continued to study her face with almost the same quizzical interest with which she studied the motor.

It was a face in which expressions changed with such rapidity that they blended oddly. Her small, determined chin; her mouth, with its rather full red lips; a suggestion of a dimple in her right cheek; her eyes, which always shone as though some new idea had just entered her head—all seemed to be in a desperate hurry to catch up in the business of portraying emotions. Also, Babs' face had the habit of reflecting the expression of the person to whom she was talking, which complicated matters further. Perhaps it was because she was always at least one word ahead of what anyone happened to be saying to her.

It struck Skip that he had seen her before. And yet, he said to himself, he couldn't have seen her, or he would remember her distinctly. She wasn't the sort of person one could forget easily.

"Ge-e-e!" she exclaimed softly. "That's a real motor! What sort is it?"

She turned a pair of wide eyes upon him.

"My own," replied Skip. "I designed it."

"Will you let me see it?"

Skip hesitated. Except for those who had done the mechanical work upon it, no one had seen this engine.

"Yes, surely."

He mounted the plane and swung open the hood, exposing twelve slender, polished cylinders.

"Hold the horse," commanded Babs.

Then she was standing upon one of the wheels, grasping a strut, peering at the engine. From the way her eyes traveled over it Skip was aware that she knew what she was looking at, that it meant more to her than just a mass of metal which made a noise, and he felt grateful.

"It's a beauty!" she exclaimed as she stepped to the ground. "What power?"

"She'll do better than five hundred," admitted Skip. "Nearly six. She's very light—that's the important thing."

"Whe-e-e!" breathed Babs. "That is an engine!"

"You know," said Skip, "I have an idea that I've seen you before, but I'm hanged if I know where it was."

She laughed.

"My name's Temple—Barbara Temple."

"Oh, Babs Temple! Of course!" His expression changed from one of friendliness to something that wasn't quite so friendly—and so did hers instinctively. "And so you're going to marry Monty, eh?" he asked.

She looked at him coldly.

"Do you know him?"

"Yes."

From the pocket of his leather coat he fished a helmet and commenced to put it on, turned away from her. Babs watched him silently, lips tightly set. It was as though he had brushed her from his mind. It was against all rules, as Babs knew then, for a man to dismiss her.

"Wait a minute," she ordered. "I want to ask you something."

Skip settled the helmet over his short, curly, dark hair and turned towards her in polite acquiescence. She disregarded the reins which he held out to her.

"What do you think of Monty Schuyler?" she demanded.

Their eyes met squarely, and Skip's lean jaw became leaner and harder.

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes."

He paused for a moment.

"I think he's a cross between a pig and an angleworm."

Babs' face did not change.

"I'd thought of the pig," she answered calmly. Her response took his breath.

"And you can tell him that Skip Jones said so," he added. "I knocked him flat once at college, and I'd like nothing better than an excuse to do it again. Why marry that thing?"

She allowed her gaze to rove about them until it settled on a broken fence of the Dennywood estate.

"That!" she replied, pointing to it. "Our fences are broken."

Babs turned away from him, walked over to the plane and peered into the cockpit. Skip, still holding the horse, studied her. The thought of her becoming one of Monty Schuyler's possessions was somehow so revolting to him that he was in a mood to fight. His eyes went once more to the broken fence. Babs was smiling when she faced him again.

"There's room for a passenger in this plane, isn't there?" she asked casually. Skip nodded. "When I came out here today," continued the girl, a note of sadness in her voice, "it was just because I had a lot of thinking to do. I can't think there at Dennywood. They've driven me to the point where—where I'd do anything, even marry Monty, just to get away."

There was a moment of silence in which those gray-blue eyes fastened upon his inextricably.

"Why don't you take me away?" she asked softly "Won't you just take me some place where I can be by myself for a little while and think?"

Skip stared at her.

"Get in!" he ordered abruptly.

He dropped the reins, helped her into the passenger's cockpit, fastened the belt about her. She looked up at him and chuckled softly.

Certainly one of the great reasons why people loved Babs was that she was unbeatable.

With the motor emitting a pulsating, nearly silent throb, they rushed across the field and soared upwards, settled close above the trees in rushing flight. Later, after they had put ten miles between them and Dennywood, they entered a steep climb, and the altimeter needle rested finally at nine thousand feet. The hum of the motor stopped abruptly.

Skip leaned back and yelled, "Got a muffler on her! Open her up for a few minutes—speed!"

The full, blasting roar of twelve powerful cylinders struck their ears, and the plane leaped forward at a pace which made the stay wires scream. Babs' yell of elation was caught up in the pounding storm of wind and lost. It was a meteorlike progress which made the earth flood beneath them.

When Skip closed the engine and looked back, laughing Babs' head, hatless and with her light hair in a froth, peered up from behind the wind shield.

"Glorious! More! Faster!" were words he managed to catch.

He shook his head.

"Have to save it -race!" came back to her ears.

Presently they were in a steep spiral that centered about two hangars in a large, barren field, which had on its edge, near a clump of trees, a rambling farmhouse. They sifted down towards the earth, turning in easy, restful circles, with the soft air of late summer brushing past them.

"What's this place?" demanded Babs as he helped her to the ground.

"My testing field and shops."

The girl looked about her in grim silence, examined the tablelike, sparsely weeded field, the big hangars and the ancient farmhouse. From the belt of her jacket she drew her hat, put it on, persuading the disarray of light curls to hide itself.

"The social life here must be intense," was her verdict. Then: "But what a wonderful place to think!"

"That's why I got it," answered Skip. "The railroad's twenty miles away. No one bothers me here. No one pries into what I'm doing. You're the first visitor."

A man had emerged from one of the hangars, stopped short in his tracks at seeing them.

"That's Murphy, my mechanic," explained Skip. "Notice how glad he is to see you?"

She turned a puzzled countenance up to him.

"But why all the secrecy?"

"Hm-m-m ——" he began. "Well, we're building a racer here that's going to surprise 'em at the Davidson Cup race. That engine"—he nodded towards the plane they had left—"is the one that goes in the racer. I've been working her in. It's a ——"

"Let me see the racer!" she demanded eagerly, intensely. "How fast'll it go?"

"Around two hundred."

She drew a quick breath and exclaimed, "Wow! Is there room for a passenger in it?"

Skip put back his head and laughed.

"Passenger! Lord! It's so small that the pilot has to get into it with a shoehorn."

She slipped her arm through his and tugged.

"Let me see it! Please!"

"You came out here to do some thinking," insisted Skip. "That cedar grove over there is where I do most of mine. Or you can go into the house, and Mrs. Kraft—she's our housekeeper—will give you some tea. We'll have lunch in an hour."

(Continued on Page 70)

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For we believe that towering high above every other motive that prompts a man to buy and use a motor car, is a desire and an actual need for certainty of performance that acknowledges no limit of time or distance.

BIG SAM

(Continued from Page 17)

A lucky skipper means a lucky ship. I don't give a whoop if he thinks seals is catched in a rat trap. Any sailorman as can skin a Jo'burg loan shark can skin seals. I'm makin' th' trip."

Big Sam had taken up his quarters in the cabin of the Harpoon. The little topsail schooner had been built for a yacht in the long ago, and her living quarters were far too comfortable for a sealer. There was a reek of raw hides, seal oil and bilge hanging in the soiled and napless cushions of the transoms. But there was brass in the skylight, and the table was mahogany. Big Sam himself sat in a massive swivel chair of mahogany at that table, laboriously writing a letter in English to somebody in America, looking as much out of place in such a chair as the chair looked in such surroundings. The little vessel swayed gently to the breeze, lying at anchor in the bay waiting for her crew to come aboard. Knowing little about the new business, Sam had first secured a highly recommended mate, then sent him to gather together a good crew of real sealers. Soon he heard the boat coming out. Hastily concluding his letter, "Yuor lovin' fater, Mr. Sam Tuomi," he addressed the envelope to a very respectable school for girls in New Jersey, which demanded that its pupils conduct their correspondence in English, and took it up to the boatman to mail ashore for him.

Two hours later the Harpoon was bowling along with a buoyant lift of the bows to a sweet northwester. Bitter seas might roar around the bleak Crozets; here the sea was kindly, the breeze tempered. The gale which had blown him into Table Bay had passed on. Dainty and fragile the schooner looked in the sunlight. With her square topsails set, and a square foresail set to flying halyards, her big fore and aft mainsail boomed out over the rail and guyed to the rigging, she flirted the curling seas from her sharp stem saucily, making spray bows about her forepart, wetting her sails as high as the third reef band. But Big Sam saw only glossy seals ahead where others saw sparkling sea jewels. He saw but the profits, for he had need of them. Wind and sea, ship and sails, all these were part and parcel of a seaman's life, not in any way to be unduly noticed or made a curiosity of. They were to be cared for and respected, but not rhapsodized over. As for the grandeur of frowning Table Mountain looming high to port, that was of interest because some day, soon, he hoped, that would be the landfall he must look out for.

"One o' the hands I got was jawin' pretty confidential with that man as bought your sloop, skipper," the mate remarked, coming aft from his duty of seeing the anchors safely secured for sea. "That's him, comin' aft to relieve th' wheel."

"Ay shall not vorry apout ta frients of ta crew, mister, but only apout t'eir seal hunting," said Big Sam. "Ta fellow vasn't likely to sent me his lofe, I betcha."

"I'd watch out for any friend o' his, allee samee," the mate grumbled.

Sam said nothing more. He scarcely gave a glance at the man who passed him with a fat, oozy smirk to take the helm. The mate stared, but Big Sam seemed as unconscious of the fact that Fatty was among his crew as he had been of Fatty's futile punches when he was hoisting him up to the tackle back there on the stores dock.

Far to the southward the sealer stood, into the latitude of the Crozets, where great seas rolled ever eastward before the weighty thrust of booming westerlies. Bitter-cold gray seas coated the little schooner with icy armor.

In forecastle and cabin small bogy stoves glowed red-hot; beams and bulkheads were dripping with the steam from drying clothes; the galley shelves were never without the mittens of a whole watch, drying out for the next watch on deck.

Fatty had elected himself leading hand of his watch, in spite of his humiliation back in Capetown, which at least some of his present shipmates had witnessed. Young Barney Scott had accepted the situation with ill grace. There would have to be a show-down before he conceded Fatty his place. But when even the old veteran of twenty sealing voyages, Seth Coyle, let Fatty dig into the hash before him, Barney paused in his rebellious purpose. Fatty had made a reputation as a fighter, no doubt of that. How, it was hard to say, for no man of the crew had ever seen him really fight, except on that occasion when Big Sam had hoisted him on the tackle like a stuck pig ready for flaying. But perhaps old Seth felt his years. Perhaps he thought he had taken upon himself trouble enough in sailing with a green skipper, gambling on luck. But Barney was not comfortable. He had fighting blood himself, though no fighting hunger. He was no seeker after strife; albeit no dodger of it either if inevitable.

He had carried the dinner from the galley in his turn on a cold cheerless day when the schooner had drenched all hands to the skin a dozen times in the forenoon watch Fatty had told him to. On the way forward Barney had been swept across the deck, bruising himself sorely, saving his dishes only by self-sacrificing agility.

Dragging himself to his feet he had thought over things, and the fact stood out sharply that of all the watch Fatty alone had never yet taken his turn at Peggy; which means that Fatty had never carried the food kids, nor swept out the forecastle.

Only That One Gaunt, Gigantic Figure, With Oakumlike Hair Streaming From His Bare Head, Yellow Oilskins Whipped in Streamers About His Frame

As soon as he had finished his dinner Barney got his pipe lighted and proceeded to stretch himself in his bunk to nurse a bit of comfort out of wet blankets. But he kept an eye on Fatty.

"Hey, young feller, finish yer Peggy," said Fatty, casting a puffy eye at him. "Think ye're a bloody dook, don't yer?"

"Peggy's finished with dinner," returned Barney shortly. His blood was getting hot, but he wanted no bother while his dinner was settling.

"Sure, that's right," rejoined old Seth Coyle boldly. "He carried dinner first day out, and I follered on cleanin' up."

"All right; then it's your turn again, old hoss," stated Fatty.

"How about you?"

"Me?" Fatty queried, with an astonished glare. "Hey, you lookin' fer a fuss?"

"No, I ain't. Fair do'es, that's all," retorted Seth stoutly.

"You talkin' t' me like that? I got a share in this trip. Get that?"

"We all got shares." Old Seth stood his ground. His shipmates looked on with relish. They all wanted to see Fatty tackled, though none wanted to do the tackling. Fatty stood up, his fat face and lubbery frame shaking with rage. He shot out a pudgy fist, cracked Seth on the nose, and the old chap sat down on his sea chest with a thump, tears streaming from his eyes.

"Take yours out of that, then! Anybody else?" challenged Fatty belligerently.

"That's a shame!" cried Barney, sticking a leg outside his blankets. "You can't beat up an old man that way."

"Old man or green boy!" snarled Fatty, moving with unexpected speed towards the bunk. "Here's yours, too, y' young squirt."

Like an avalanche of blubber he rolled down upon Barney, catching him before he was well clear of his bunk. Whatever evil there might be in Fatty, there was no doubt concerning the effectiveness of his roughhouse style of fighting. Barney found himself overwhelmed by a weighty, two-fisted terror who panted laboriously and looked about to burst with apoplexy, but who nevertheless gave out blows that hurt devilishly, hurt bitterly for all the soft pudginess of the fists that delivered them. There was no below-the-belt with Fatty's methods. He struck wherever an opening presented itself, and when it was necessary to put a knee upon his foe to hold him in his bunk the knee was placed with nice consideration for its crippling possibilities. Barney never got in one solid punch. He was hammered and kneaded into bruised unconsciousness. He had failed in his rebellion, for that time anyhow.

"Your Peggy, old man!" snarled Fatty, puffing furiously, his pudgy face purple with exertion, his piggy eyes glittering evilly.

Old Seth meekly gathered up the mess kids and reached for the broom.

Big Sam sat hunched over the table in the cabin, poring over the figures of his reckoning. His navigation was crude, effective enough when the sun shone fairly regularly, depending entirely upon a daily latitude by meridian altitude by which to check up his dead reckoning. As for longitude, that was arrived at by estimation entirely. Any uncertainty was taken care of by laying off a course to strike the required parallel of latitude well on the near side of the meridian sought, then running down the latitude until the landfall was made. And the method worked generally, because Sam had rarely experienced any period of sunless days which extended over three or four. But down in the roaring forties, just where strong winds and heavy current made the daily run more or less uncertain, and where the nature of the islands was such as to constitute a deadly menace to ships, the sun sometimes failed to show up for a week.

Sam had not caught the sun at meridian for over a week. He was uncertain of his latitude; he felt sure he had overrun his estimated distance considerably, for the little schooner had a trick of deceiving even the practiced eye as to her speed when the seas ran weightily. And under the gray skies, against the gray of the seas and the gray haze of the horizon, the vision of the keenest-eyed lookout could not be depended on to distinguish the isolated gray specks of the islands until close at hand. At night a man might as well be blind; and the Harpoon was as likely to find her mark by night as by day.

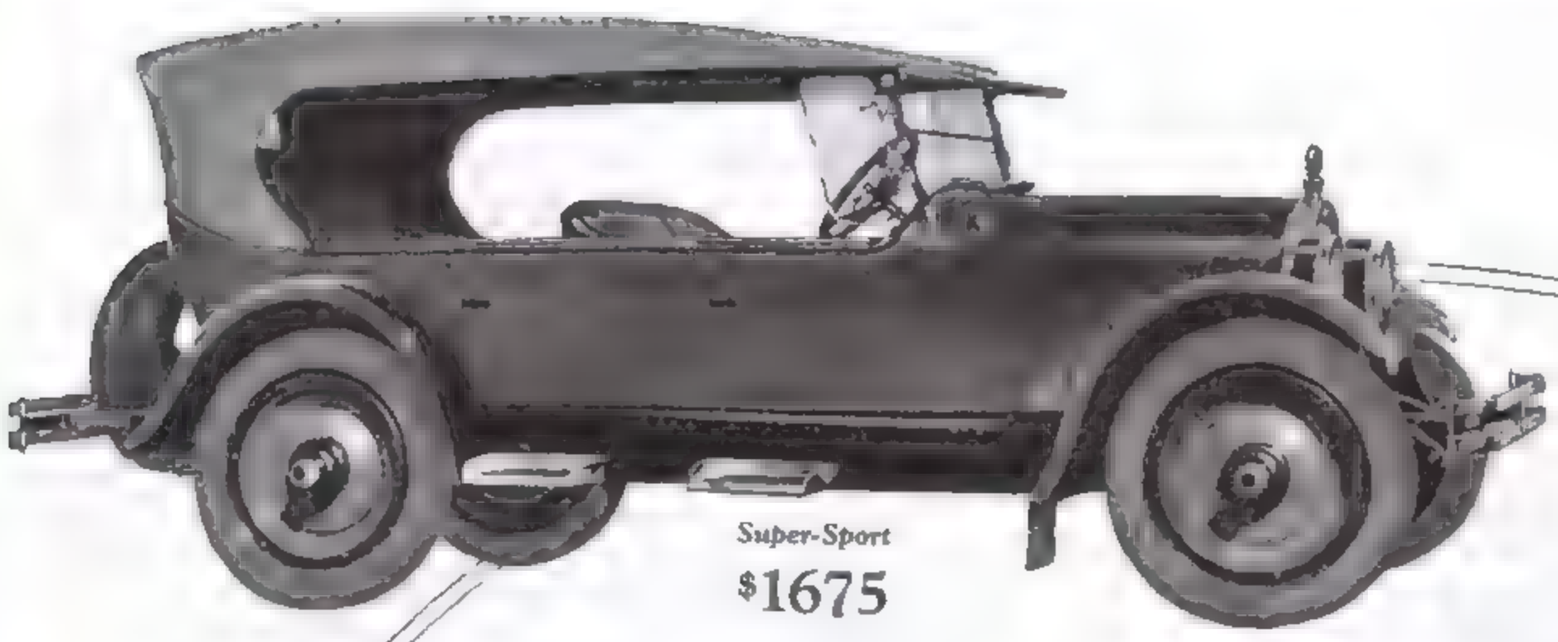
Thus Sam pondered over his figures. The richness of the mahogany table had long since been sadly marred by tobacco fire and knife score. The soil of many a sealer's rough-and-ready meal was ingrained into the fine wood. The atmosphere of the once gorgeous cabin matched the once tasteful fittings. The reek of damp clothes and bedding mingled terrifically with the churned bilge aroma, and the fiery heat of the red-hot stove and pipe, red clear up to the carlings, roasted the very air until the flavor came forth tenfold, as coffee gives up its last whiff of flavor under roasting. A blue mist hung heavily under the beams like the miasma over a swamp.

But Sam took heed of none of these things. His tough lungs suffered no distress; his artistic taste had never been oppressive to him, therefore he felt no sorrow at the marred state of the beauty that once existed there. He knew but one great outstanding thing: He had a motherless daughter, just coming to ripe girlhood, who gave every promise of growing into a very much worth-while woman. He had seen other girls, whose parents were better able to educate and rear their girls; he had seen, too, amazingly perhaps, the wistful eyes of his golden-haired Maiya as she played with those girls. He would give her all that those others had. It meant hard work; cruel hard; and, that his own lack of education and refinement should never embarrass her, he intended that it should also mean his self-effacement, at least until she needed him more than now, when a fine boarding school gave her everything essential, except a real mother's care, so long as the bills were duly paid. It was for this he had taken himself across the world to gamble with a business of which he knew nothing, building his high hopes upon his fine seamanship, his perfect sea sense, and the luck that always followed him as a fisherman. He saw no difference between clamming, fishing, oystering or sealing, save that some paid better than others; and of them all, sealing had the greatest possibilities.

He was impatient to reach the islands. After having paid all Maiya's expenses well in advance, there was left a sum of cash which, with the keen price he had got for the sloop, was just sufficient to buy the schooner, also at a keen price. And the keenness had been on his side both times. It had taken him but a very short while to discover that a shoal, beamy oyster sloop was badly fitted for sealing in the Crozets; also that sealing was no business to be carried on singlehanded. So, by the time he had gotten his crew, working on shares, and had stored and provisioned the schooner, there was no cash left. In fact, he had been forced to get part of his stores on credit, the good word of the mate he had shipped procuring him that privilege.

Every idle day was a day lost for Sam. He wanted to get to work. And he was getting worried about his reckoning

(Continued on Page 38)



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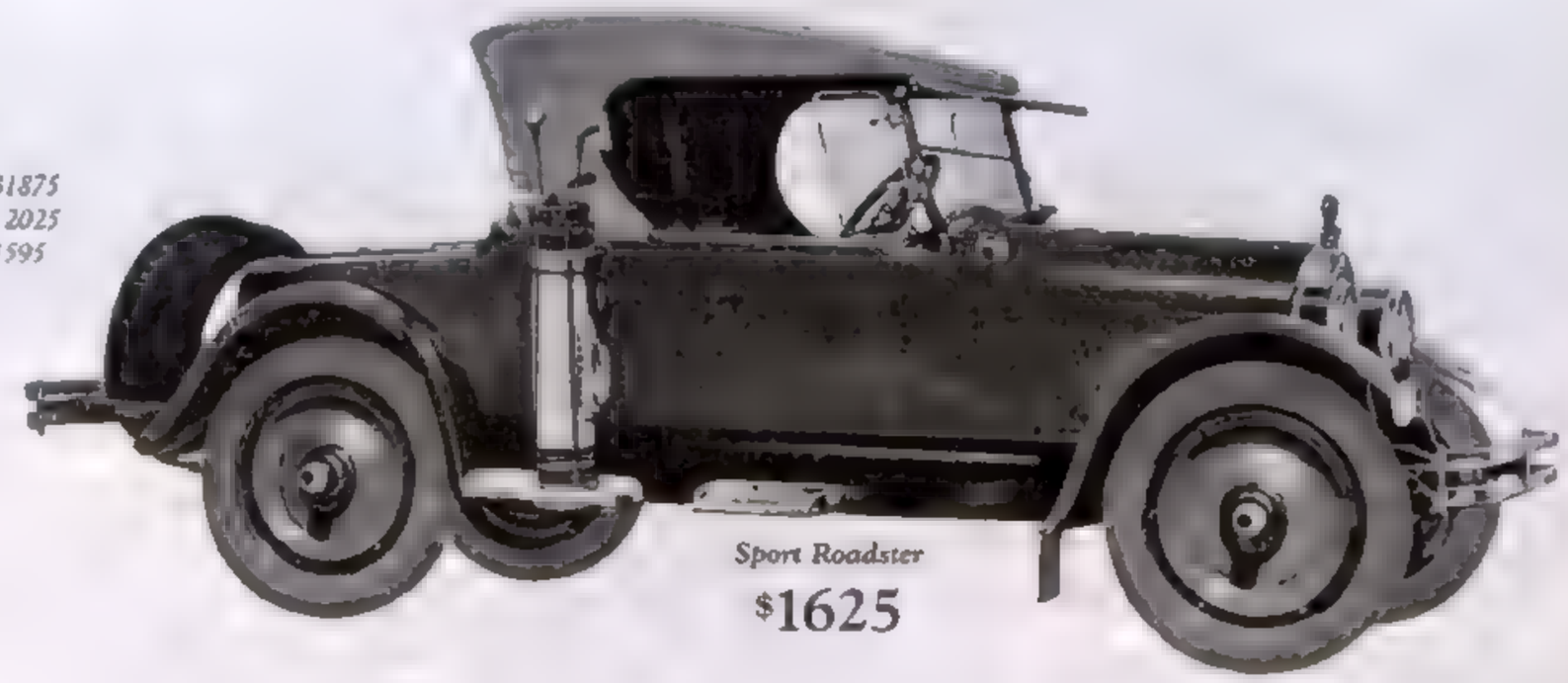

Sport Roadster
$1625

OLDSMOBILE

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 36)

He went on deck, sniffing at the spume-saturated air like a gaunt wolfhound.

"Ton't see ta lant, hey?" he squeaked.

"Nothin' raised yet," grumbled the mate. "Never took this long before, not this schooner didn't."

"Is t'em islants good ant high?"

"In daytime!" the mate laughed grimly. "Nighttime, in weather like this, they'll rise up right under ye an' knock ye sky high afore y' see 'em."

Big Sam climbed aloft. He scanned the horizon all around. When he came down his little blue eyes were almost hidden by the wrinkles of worry.

"Ay vish Ay hat vun o' t'em chronometer clocks," he muttered, and went below to wrestle again with his reckoning.

When he relieved the mate at eight bells the helmsman gave him a queer glance. Delivering his brief report of the course, wind and apparent drift of the seas, the mate drew Sam into the companionway, out of hearing from the wheel.

"Skipper," he said as quietly as wind and roaring sea permitted, "better watch Fatty. Some o' the rest'll stand watchin', too, since Fatty's started trouble."

"Trouble? Vat trouble?" squeaked Sam irritably.

"Well, he's made hisself cock o' the fo'c'sa'le, licked young Barney Scott, and bragged about how he's goin' to get hunky for what you done to him in Capetown. I'd watch him, skipper. This is your first time sealin'. You don't know th' game yet."

"Ain't ta men all on shares? Ain't t'ey got to vork vit' me or vork for not'ing? Ta fat loafer ain't losing me no sleep, Mister Mate."

"Allee samee, watch him, skipper. Don't leave all th' lookin' out to the hands. He wuz seen chatting very deedy with that old shark as bought your sloop. I told you that before. And Peter Suggs, as was at th' wheel last watch, said Cap'n Oater—him you bought this schooner from—come down to the boat landing 'long o' Fatty, too, just like they wuz pals. Watch him. Nuther me nor th' worth-while hands is hankerin' arter no empty-holded trip."

Big Sam remained on deck long after his watch was done. He was too anxious to rest. The most careful scrutiny of his reckoning only gave him the scant reassurance that, if he had missed making the tiniest error in his judgment of current drift, the Crozets were still ahead of him, and he was perhaps a trifle to the southward of his desired latitude. He went aloft twice in his own watch, and again in the mate's watch, staying up there on the swaying fore upper topsail yard for an hour. When night fell the sea was rolling after the schooner in long, scarcely broken waves, but the wind was still bitter, the sprays froze as they fell. An hour perched aloft was as much as he cared for. But he noticed that the lookout who had been aloft when he went up was not relieved at the change of watches.

"Vhy ton't yu reliefe ta lookout?" he asked the mate.

"It's up to the men, skipper. Some of 'em don't like night steerin', some don't like lookout. They swap tricks. Don't do no harm."

"Yu vant fresh eyes looking out now, mister."

"Them's the sharpest eyes in the ship, cap'n," put in Fatty, who had the helm.

"Sharp eyes get tired," said Sam. "Yu got goot eyes, Ay_t'ink. Up yu go ant reliefe him."

The mate looked annoyed. This was overriding him, since he was on watch. And Fatty was under suspicion as a trouble maker. But Fatty grinned surprisingly, stepped aside with one hand on the wheel, waiting for somebody to take it.

"Sure, I'll relieve th' lookout," he said. "I got th' lookout in the mornin' watch, but that don't matter. I got good eyes, cap'n; you bet I have."

The mate sang out for a fresh helmsman, and Barney Scott and old Seth Coyle came aft together.

"Whose trick?" Sam squeaked.

"'Tain't neither of us," Seth grumbled. "'Tis mine next."

"It's my lookout by rights," said Barney, glaring straight at Fatty, whose face looked like a fat gargoyle in the faint light of the binnacle.

"Vy ain't yu up aloft?" demanded Sam.

"He ain't so used to these seas as Bill is, cap'n," Fatty put in hastily. "Bill and me'll keep lookout between us until we raise the islands. Here y'are, Barney. Ketch holt!"

Barney hesitated for a second, but went obediently to the wheel.

Then Fatty, moving towards the fore rigging, announced impudently: "You don't want to take no chances on missing them islands, Cap'n Sam. Th' hands is grumblin' right now. I tells 'em they're talkin' muckstruck, I do, but they keeps on sayin' as you can't find the islands. That don't sound so good, do it?"

Sam peered owlishly after the vanishing fat shape in the darkness of the main deck, but he made no retort. He was conscious of his uncertainty. That men working wholly on shares should be anxious seemed reasonable enough. But the mate muttered profanity under his breath. Even old Seth Coyle dared to swear in the presence of his skipper.

"Th' gol-danged fat hoodlum! Cap'n, take th' advice of an old fool: Keep both them bloody bilge rats off th' lookout!"

"Vy?" squeaked Sam irritably. "Vhat is ta matter vit' yu men, anyhow?"

"I dunno, cap'n, I dunno," Seth mumbled, moving forward. "Don't ask me, don't ask me ——" His cracked voice died away as he dodged the flying sprays and ran forward.

His own watch coming at midnight, Big Sam kept the deck right through the night. Sheer seamanly instinct warned him that land was near. His judgment urged him, even against the evidence of his figures, to edge farther north. Hour after hour, before changing the course, he scanned the smoky sky; and he was at last rewarded by seeing a cluster of stars peep through the flying murk overhead, fair sign of a clearer morrow.

He ordered the helmsman to bring the schooner up, not without misgivings. Then he took the helm himself.

"Rouse out the watch and brace the yards forward a bit," he squeaked.

He could hear the men singing out to the man aloft to watch out for himself. Then the weird minor wailing singing out as the braces were hauled upon, the chirrup of sheaves, the stamp of feet, the hearty curses of men drenched and cold when a sea lifted over the rail and half drowned the watch at the lee braces. There was a clatter and a crash as one of the boats gave under the impact of the water. Oars and buckets floated away on the broken sea. The little schooner shivered and complained as the stress upon her was doubled, heading up across the mighty seas she had run before so long.

"Belay t'at! Make fast!" yelled Sam, easing her with the helm.

"Belay!" echoed a voice.

Then a rope twanged, men fell one upon another, shouting excitedly, and the thunder of canvas shook the Harpoon to her lowermost treenail.

"Brace carried away!" yelled somebody in the blackness.

But it was the agonized, unhumanlike cry that pealed out from aloft which awoke Big Sam to realization that more than a broken rope was amiss. Men in the deep waist milled and gaped upwards. They stood, hanging onto the pinrail abreast of the foremast, when Sam, having lashed his helm with the mainsheet, appeared among them.

"Must be young Abner Coffin. He's on lookout," somebody volunteered.

The fore topsail yards were threshing madly. A man cast off the upper topsail halyards.

"Keep t'at fast!" screamed Big Sam, already in the rigging. "Ton't yu start vun rope! Ay soon see ta trouble."

The young Yankee who had been on the lookout had the makings of a good sailorman. He was green to the sealing; but smart as paint. He had deserted from a fine big American ship in Capetown, Sam knew. He had come aboard hopelessly drunk. But that was nothing. If getting very drunk now and then irretrievably ruined a sailorman, then there would be no good sailors in the world. Sam knew that too. The mate had said young Abner Coffin was too thick with Fatty, and too darned sassy, but that was the folly of youth. Big Sam liked the youngster as much as he permitted himself to like anybody besides his golden Maiya. He took the ratlines three at a time.

"Vere are yu?" he squeaked, peering into the darker blackness of the mast doublings.

The shaking of the sails almost flung him headlong down. From somewhere near above him he heard a low moan. Then he had to grip for his life with both hands; for the unwatched vessel, wild under her untrimmed canvas, swung up to the wind and took one stupendous pitch and roll to windward that buried her to the rails from forecastle to quarterdeck.

"Vatch ta vheel! Take ta vheel!" he screamed. "Holt her off ta vind!"

The topsails ought to come off, he knew. But the upper topsail must be lowered to the cap to take it in, and young Ab Coffin might be just where the descending yard must nip him. What had happened to him Sam could not yet see. But he climbed on up, heedless of his own danger, thrusting head and shoulders and long sinewy arms straight through the folds of the threshing canvas. And on the upper topsail yard, caught by the waist between mast and yard, his knee jammed in the parrel, he found the young Yankee, not unconscious, but numb with pain, dazed with terror.

Now his tremendous strength was needed. Three ordinary men might have done what he did, not fewer. With breast and shoulder he forced the yard forward, keeping the weight off the mast. Then he gathered Abner into one great arm, thrusting his own bony knee into the loosened parrel until Abner was free. The heavy gear and the mad canvas fought him. He felt the flesh of his knee tear when he dragged himself free. He started down with his burden, knew he was bleeding, knew that he needed both his hands for his own safety. But he clung dizzily with one hand while the schooner rolled, took three ratlines at once when the roll had ceased; and as soon as he passed the braced foreyard he gave the order:

"Take ta tawps'ls off her! Leggo t'em tawps'l halyards!"

Sam put the young Yankee on a transom in the cabin and dressed his injuries as well as his imperfect knowledge allowed. Seal oil from a previous voyage and cotton waste were all the dressings he had. Abner was unconscious. He remained so for so long that men grumbled at keeping him, saying he was dead. But he had not been utterly unconscious when Sam was carrying him down from aloft. He had muttered some almost unintelligible words in Sam's ear that caused the big Finn to drag his stiffened leg to the masthead again the moment he had taken care of the lad. The square sails had been taken in and the broken brace repaired. A rosy dawn peeped shyly over the heaving seas in the east.

Big Sam looked intently over the port quarter. In the half light of dawn his eyes did not at first distinguish between leaping seas and cloudlets fast vanishing before the coming sun.

Soon, however, he caught what he sought. A bare speck. A high peak almost gone out of sight, but which he could see clearly the schooner must have passed close to, close enough to be seen from aloft, even at night. He wondered why he had not seen it himself when bringing young Abner down.

That was like Sam, to wonder that. He saw nothing unusual in what he had done. That it had called for everything he had—eyes, limbs and courage—did not occur to him. He simply felt annoyed because he had missed seeing the island. He did not feel in the least aggravated because the lookout had failed to report land. He simply went down and altered the schooner's course, and showed the man a smiling face for the first time.

"Come near going past, at that," he squeaked. "Ta young Abner see it ant vas hurt pefore he could sing out. Tolt me yust pefore he vent unconscious. Goot man, young Abner."

Fatty didn't look glad. Some of the others were not so pleased as ambitious sealers ought to be. They and Fatty looked at one another after Big Sam had gone below to dress his knee, and seemed inclined to remain looking at one another indefinitely.

"Abner told th' big stiff!" puffed Fatty.

"Gawd knows how much!" rejoined another.

That was Bill Prout, Bill of the extra lookout. Quite a little gang collected, men of both watches, grumbling together.

"Don't stand there yawpin'," cried the mate. "Start in and overhaul the best boat, and get yer gear ready for landin'. Goldarned if you seem in any hurry to start work, you sojers. Get a move on you. Be damned if I ever sailed shipmates with such a lot o' ——"

"Leave it out!" snarled Fatty insolently. "We ain't askin' you for no pet names."

In the cabin Big Sam stolidly made up his reckoning. He put down in the log book that the landfall was made according to his reckoning. It pleased him to think he had changed the course sheerly through instinct, and it had proved true. He then got ready his own outfit for the sealing. All he knew about the business was what the mate had told him during the voyage. In Finland he had killed and skinned animals. He had caught and cleaned fish. Sealing could be no harder; and it was far more profitable. That would be good; good for golden Maiya. The thought made him glad. He sang a weird wailing song of the North Wind and the Sun; it sounded queer as rendered in his amazing squeaky voice. It made young Abner stir fitfully in his misty half consciousness. Sam went over to the transom where he lay.

"How yu feel, young feller?"

Abner reached up, pulled Sam's head down and said, without opening his eyes, "I never meant to report that land. Fatty told me ——"

The youngster went off again, and Sam was little wiser. He knew no reason why any lookout should fail to report sighting the land. He put it down to mild craziness, due to the injuries the lad had sustained. As for Fatty, and what Fatty said, Sam worried about that as much as he worried about the sealing—or less; for upon the success of the sealing depended all. If all the crew were Fattys, Big Sam was content to go ahead and make a single-handed voyage of it.

But he told the mate what the lad had said, laughing shrilly, like a horse whinnying. The mate regarded him pityingly.

"I told you to watch that fat stiff. Ain't you going to do nothing about it now?"

"Vat shall Ay do? He can't make trouble for me. He's only a poor fat slop vat don't know vat he vants. Ay can hang him up any time, yust like Ay hanged him up in Capetown."

"I'd watch him, allee samee," muttered the mate, and went to put life into the work afoot.

Full daylight saw the Harpoon moored in the lee of a barren rocky island. Ice shone on the slopes of the rocks; in a little gully the timbers of a rough shelter showed where other sealers had camped. The sun blazed brilliantly in a cold blue sky out of which a westerly gale still blew hard. A trickle of fresh water showed on the north side of a steep rock, spurting out of a bulbous mass of ice released by the sun rays.

Big Sam stalked across the island, taking bowlders and ice hummocks in his lanky stride, heedless of the other men, who laboriously clambered where he walked freely. He carried a short hardwood club in his hand, and from time to time glanced at it curiously. He had an idea that seals were all like walruses; moreover, that they had legs, and could attack and fight. He walked straight into the midst of a little family party of sleek, glossy beasts before he knew it, and then stood in stark amazement, for they did not run, either at or from him. Seth Coyle came up, blowing hard, and proceeded coolly and dexterously to knock the seals down with heavy blows on the snouts. Sam looked on; the old sealer left his kills lying, and hunted for other herds, smoking an old cob pipe furiously, chattering to himself incessantly.

"Vat yu growling apout?" squeaked Sam, striding along with him.

"He's allus like that, cap'n," gurgled another voice, and Fatty puffed into view, bustling forward between Sam and Seth. Seth stopped chattering.

Other seals came into sight. Big Sam killed his first with a shudder, for it seemed like murder to him. He killed another with scarcely less dislike; then he saw in the pale gold of the sun and the clear blue of the sky his golden Maiya's face. And seals dropped fast then. Big Sam made as good a showing as the oldest sealer of them all that day.

The catch was being dragged down to the shore when the sun was lipping the western horizon, and Big Sam was very busily employed. He had taken on the job of skinning. The mate had warned him that sealskins lost their value if mutilated; the men grumbled or snickered. But Sam could skin a wolf or a cow and make jackets or boots out of the skins; so why should he

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 38)

not skin seals? He could see much money for his golden Maiya in sound skins, much loss in skins ripped or shaved too thin. He made no mistakes.

He heard loud talking among some of the men. He had got used to that. Humped down over his work, he stolidly carried on, heedless of all else. The voices rose. He could hear the fat, wheezy growl of Fatty. He knew that voice. He rather despised it. It was no voice for a man, that oily, oozy, throaty grunt. But the clear tones of Barney Scott rose above the rest, and the young sailor spoke angrily. A threatening chorus of voices tried to howl him down. Then there was a brief hush. Next came sharp yells:

"Bust his kisser, Fatty!"

"Kick him in th' bread locker, Fatty!"

"Chuck him over the cliff, Fatty!"

All urging Fatty on to hammer somebody for whom no man had a word to say. But yes, there was one. Just one.

The shaky voice of Seth Coyle rang out desperately: "If one o' you chips in I'll bust this yer seal club on your callybash! Stand clear, I tell you!"

Big Sam straightened up. His light blue eyes glittered. He could do without any help, he believed; but if other men were to share in the voyage, he would take care that they wasted none of his time this way.

"Stand clear yerself!" snarled another threatening voice, and there was the sound of a blow and a muffled cry.

Sam stalked across the rocky ridge separating him from the scene of trouble, and came upon a fight which was more like a forlorn hope than a fair combat. The sight made Sam hurry; and he now discovered that the injury to his knee, which he had been able to ignore while he kept it limber by exercise, had cooled and stiffened while standing still skinning seals. The leap he made trying to reach the men almost brought him down with the pain. But Sam had once sailed his sloop from the oyster grounds with a broken head, gotten from a flying sheet block, and taken his catch to market, too, before troubling about his hurts. A trifle like a crushed knee was not to halt him now, when everything the mate had hinted seemed coming to pass.

"Hey! Ay'll to all ta fighting yu vant!" he squeaked. "Avast, Ay say! Stoppit!"

Barney Scott battled gamely with Fatty. And with foot room and a fair start, the youngster had treated Fatty badly, by the signs. He had not come scot-free himself. Fatty was all a fighter, if an evil rascal. Barney was battered, and one eye looked as if an attempt at gouging had barely missed its intent. A tremendous lump on his temple could have been raised only by butting. Bloody marks on his neck had the tracing of teeth. But Fatty was a sight. Hurt at last, his fat face, which should have been good-natured according to all reason, wore the grin of a wolf possessed of a devil. His face was fatter than ever, for his eyes were nearly closed, and his thick lips were like a slab of salt seal liver. Old Seth Coyle lay sprawled ten feet away, his head bleeding, a bit of rock lying near by looking as if he had been struck down by it. And eight men danced around the fighters, clubs upraised, waiting to down Barney when they could hit him without danger of getting Fatty by mistake.

"Py yiminy, Ay vill show yu somet'ing!" screamed Big Sam.

He hurtled forward into the mob, his great hands reaching for Fatty. The fight stopped right there, but not as Big Sam had intended. For Fatty lunged upwards with his knee as Barney closed with him, and the young fellow sank writhing to the ground.

Then Fatty met Sam with a puffy, battered grin, and wheezed insolently: "No call for you t' interfere, cap'n. Only a bit of a scrap. Things'll be all right now the young windbag's got his lickin'."

"Sure, he's been huntin' trouble all v'yage," growled Bill Prout.

"'Twas comin' tew him," shouted another man, who was flashing uneasy glances at the silent figure of old Seth Coyle.

"Ant yu kick vit' ta knee?" squeaked Sam, puzzled. He knew nothing of sealers' ways. He wanted no trouble, brought on by undue interference in the men's affairs. "Ant vat happened to t'at man?" he wanted to know, pointing towards Seth. "Dit he get ta knee too?"

"Aw, what ya' fussin' about, skipper?" Fatty put in, prying open his eyes with his fingers. They were fast closing, and the handicap irritated Fatty. "You'll be busy if you stick yer nose into every little mess that happens aboard a sealer. Barney Scott heaved that rock and knocked old man Coyle silly. That's what I licked him for!"

Fatty grinned as he conceived the lie, and a gleeful appreciative snicker went around the gang. Barney groaned. He could not speak. Seth Coyle was as insensible as the rock that lay beside him. Big Sam, guileless and clean of heart, could see no reason to disbelieve Fatty's explanation. And it was getting dark.

"Take ta two of t'em to ta boat," he said. "Ve'll get ta skins aboard ant call it a tay."

"We camp in the hut while we're here, skipper," Bill Prout said. "That's sealers' way."

"Camp vhere yu like, but take t'em men aboard first. I vouldn't leafe a hurted dog like t'at. Get t'em aboard."

"Coddlin' 'em, ain't you?" Fatty jeered. "Ain't nothin' the matter with them 'cept a black eye or two. I got worser'n that. They can stay wi' us in th' hut."

Men muttered and milled about Fatty. There was no doubt now about his leadership. All the crew were there except the mate, Abner Coffin, who was very sick indeed, and Peter Suggs, who was that helmsman who had once warned the mate of Fatty's suspicious actions ashore. He was shipkeeper this first day. Some other man would take a turn tomorrow. Sam, simple and unused to working with a numerous crew, was doubtful about forcing an issue over the two injured men. If Fatty spoke truth, Barney had got what he deserved, whatever might be the case with old Seth.

"Ay take ta old feller myself," he said.

"Skipper, he's a liar! Don't let me stay ashore with him. He'll kill me while I sleep, th' dirty swine!" Barney Scott struggled to his knees, scowling with rage and pain. "Ask Seth who hove that rock."

"Aw, they're both nutty from hammerin'," snarled Fatty. "Go on, fellers, chuck 'em into the boat. Th' big Finn's easy. He'll swaller anything."

Simple Sam missed the insolence of that.

Fatty led a crew of four, and rowed Sam and the two cripples over to the schooner. They loaded blankets and stores into the boat; then, while Big Sam was below finding salve and rags for old Seth's broken head and Barney's disfigured face, one man sculled the load ashore, leaving the others on board.

A long ground swell set into the cove where the Harpoon lay; the weather was still promising fair, but a chill came with the sunset, and the cabin was both cold and dark when Sam turned to look at Abner Coffin.

"Been jabberin' somethink fierce all day, he has," said Peter Suggs, bringing a smoky lantern.

The poor light made the shadows dance along the beams overhead, the small portholes gleamed dully, like the eyes of dead fish.

Big Sam stooped low to peer into Abner's white face.

"Ay t'ink ta lad's deat," he muttered.

Abner opened his eyes flutteringly.

"No, he ain't, cap'n, not by a damsight!" he whispered. He tried bravely to grin. The attempt was pitiful. His hurts were fearful, Sam's first aid crude. "Cap'n," Abner went on, "I'll tell yew all about things tomorrow. But naow I want yew to know why Fatty was so darned anxious for yew not tew miss the islands that he kept double lookouts. Him, an' Bill Prout, an' me, an' three in th' other watch took all th' lookouts. 'Twas so's we'd be sure yew did miss the islands. We wasn't tew report sightin' 'em. Tell yew all about Fatty tomorrow. Fatty's ——"

"Ay t'ink yu maybe crazy vit' pain," Sam squeaked softly. "Vy vouldn't yu ant Fatty pe as eager as me to sight ta islants?"

"Make yew waste time. Make yew go back tew port empty. Make yew lose — Old loan shark Cap'n Oater tell yew tomor ——"

"Hey, vake up!" squealed Sam, shaking the lad.

The eyes fluttered faintly, one hand moved, but Abner Coffin gave Sam no answer that night.

Big Sam stared at Peter Suggs, who was staring in turn at Abner.

"Cap'n," said Peter at last, "kin I stay aft tonight?"

"Vat is ta matter? Is your bunk ——"

"Bunk's all right, but ——"

On deck Fatty's thick-lipped voice hailed noisily, "Hey, Peter Suggs! C'm on for'ard an' get me some slush for these bruises. Hey, Peter!"

"That's why," whispered Peter. "I'm scared o' that fat stiff!"

"Let him stay, cap'n," urged Barney Scott, hobbling forward to look at Abner. "What Abner started to say is true. Seth can tell you about it. So can I. But if Abner ever wakes up again, he knows better than us."

"Hey, Suggs! You comin', or shall I come after you?" howled Fatty, outside the cabin companionway.

Big Sam rose from another scrutiny of the young Yankee under the smoky light of the lantern. He went on deck. Fatty heard the footsteps, but had to pry his eyelids apart to see who it was, and it was only Sam's long figure that identified him then, for darkness was complete except for the cold gleam of a first-quarter moon.

"Ay t'ink yu make too much noise aft. Get slush yourself out of ta galley. Vhere's ta mate? Tell him Ay vant him. Ant ton't come raising hell apout ta ship. Ay t'ought yu vanted to stay ashore?"

"How do I know where th' mate is? Send Peter Suggs to find him. I'm no man's runabout," retorted Fatty.

Big Sam raised a hand, his face working with anger. But he did not strike.

"Ay can't hammer a plint man," he squeaked agitatedly.

"'Twouldn't do y' no good if y' did, y' long swab," sneered Fatty, and waddled forward, chuckling evilly through his swollen lips, leaving Sam standing much like a courageous boy who has been bluffed out of a victory by a blowhard.

He went back to the cabin and Peter Suggs set out food. Barney Scott was recovering from the cruel beating he had received. But old Seth Coyle looked ill. His skull had been hit hard by a sharp rock. They ate in silence, those who could eat. Sam because he was thinking of the prospects of a full trip with such a riotous crew; Barney because of his brooding anger against his brutal assailant; Peter Suggs because he was honestly frightened by the fat bully of the forecastle.

They were finishing up the last of the cracker hash when the rattle of oars sounded. The sound receded.

"They've took th' spare boat!" whispered Peter.

Barney was already at a porthole.

"They've all gone ashore, cap'n," he said. Then, coming to the table, he stared straight into Big Sam's face. "Cap'n, is there any way at all to make you smell trouble short o' lettin' 'em kil. you? Ain't you never goin' to see how things are cookin' up?"

"Ay ton't care a tamn for ta trouble," squeaked Sam. "Ay come here to make money. Ay ton't care if Fatty ant ta whole crew go ashore ant stay t'ere. Ay can kill seals, skin t'em, ant sail ta ship home again py myself. Ay can take Fatty in my hants, ant ——"

"What wuz that?" cried Peter Suggs, leaping to his feet, oversetting his tin plate and pannikin.

A yell had pealed out somewhere among the black bleak pinnacles of the island. It was unearthly. It was followed or echoed by another yell, less piercing. Then the silence was utter again, save for the sullen slop and suck of the swells against the forbidding fangs of the rocky shore. As if in response, Abner Coffin uttered a dry cackling sound, and tumbled from the transom to the floor. Peter Suggs shook in his boots. Big Sam took the smoky lantern and set it down beside Abner.

"Catch holt," he told Peter. "Lift ta lad pack to ta ——"

"Cap'n, he's dead! Look at how his blessed head wabbles!" Peter ran from the body as if it were the devil.

Barney Scott, mindful of more vital things, ran on deck and made a swift survey. There was no light in galley or forecastle. On the island a lantern shone in the hut. Voices could be heard in argument, but mostly the men appeared to be having a good time. Voices could be heard hailing Fatty. Fatty's evil, oozy laugh replied. Barney listened intently for some moments, trying to distinguish words, or even voices. At his side appeared Big Sam, materializing out of the gloom like a gaunt, limping ghost. Sam's knee had stiffened. But his limp was nothing compared with the halt that had come into his squeaky speech. At last he showed signs of being humanly stirred by the events of the night.

"Ta defils! T'ey haf killed olt Seth too!" he squeaked in sharp staccato. Barney swung sharply to him. "Vat defils was it hit him vit' t'at stone?"

"How do I know? They're all devils. I was busy. That fat swine 'ud ha' got me, too, if I had turned to see who put th' domino on Seth. What ya goin' to do about it? Here we are, left without a boat, and ——"

"Seth hollered out t'at it vas ta mate t'at yust yellet. T'en Seth died. Py yiminy! Petween olt Seth, ant Abner, ant yu, ant ta' mate ——"

"If they ain't croaked the mate, call me a liar! You're the blindest —— Say, Fatty's got you where he wants you. He's made all hands believe he's got you. First, he took dirty money from th' loan shark to make this a losing trip for you, so's you'd have to go back to port empty for lack o' stores. Then the bill for stores you got would have to be paid out of nothing, and you'd have to sell the schooner back cheap. Th' fellow's sore at you. And then Fatty, th' dirty tike, meant to double-cross him and let Cap'n Oater in on the chance. Oater's sore too. You beat him on the bargain for the schooner. Oater didn't pay any cash down, but promised Fatty he'd take him as mate when he got the schooner back. They meant to pass by the islands, so you'd get rattled. Every man of the gang steered crooked in his watch. But you sighted the land yourself and spoiled their game. Now they're goin' to murder you and me and Suggs, as they murdered old Seth and the mate, and take the schooner home full themselves. You might as well kiss yourself good-by ——"

Barney rattled on excitedly. Most of what he said was no news to Big Sam any longer. Abner had managed to impress Sam with the fact that he had need to awaken from his dream of self-sufficiency. But Barney's helter-skelter tirade showed him such a picture that the awakening became absolute at once. In the pale gold of the moon, the brightness of the stars, he could see his golden Maiya; and in the cloudlets passing over moon and stars he saw the shadow of trouble that must come to his girl if trouble was permitted to defeat his plans. Some of the old Norse blood bubbled within his veins. He did not turn crazy; he was too mild of nature for that. But he saw a way out which other men might say was crazy. They had said that about many things he had done, anyway.

"Ay vill catch my seals on Kerguelen," he squeaked.

Barney stared at him. It sounded like the simple statement of a peeved child.

"With no boats? No crew?" sneered Barney.

But Big Sam was at the rail. He lifted his lame leg over, doubled up almost clumsily, and plunged headlong into the sea, striking out for the rocks with a power that made Barney blink his eyes.

"Hey, ya big loon, ya think ya can handle that crew?" Barney yelled.

"Ay get crew enough!" Sam squeaked, and hauled himself up the rocks, dripping like a long seal.

He peered into the larger of the two boats, then lengthened the painter and shoved the boat clear of the shore. The rattle of oars sounded sharply on the still night. The voices in the hut were stilled. A figure appeared in the doorway. It was a fat, squat figure. Sam limped towards it.

"Who's that?" wheezed Fatty's voice impatiently.

Big Sam loomed up before him.

"Vhere is ta mate?" he squeaked.

The men inside came crowding to the door. They seemed to be pleasantly surprised, even amused. They whispered together.

Fatty gurgled a bit, not quite able to adjust his mind to the situation for a moment. But then he grinned, as well as his fat, battered features could grin, picked up a seal club, and stepped outside.

"Why, cap'n, th' mate got sulky," he said. "Wouldn't stop with us. Come on with me. I'll show y' his stowage hole."

Big Sam followed, leaning over, shambling with his lame leg over the rough going, unaware of or ignoring the fact that the gang followed behind him. Fatty mounted a black rock, slimy with damp moss, and turned.

"Down there he is. Take a squint," wheezed Fatty quiveringly.

Big Sam, his childlike simplicity beginning to return as the gang gave no evidence of ill intent, leaned far over the edge; then

(Continued on Page 42)

LONG LIFE

In buying a motor car, consider what the cost will be when divided over a period of years.

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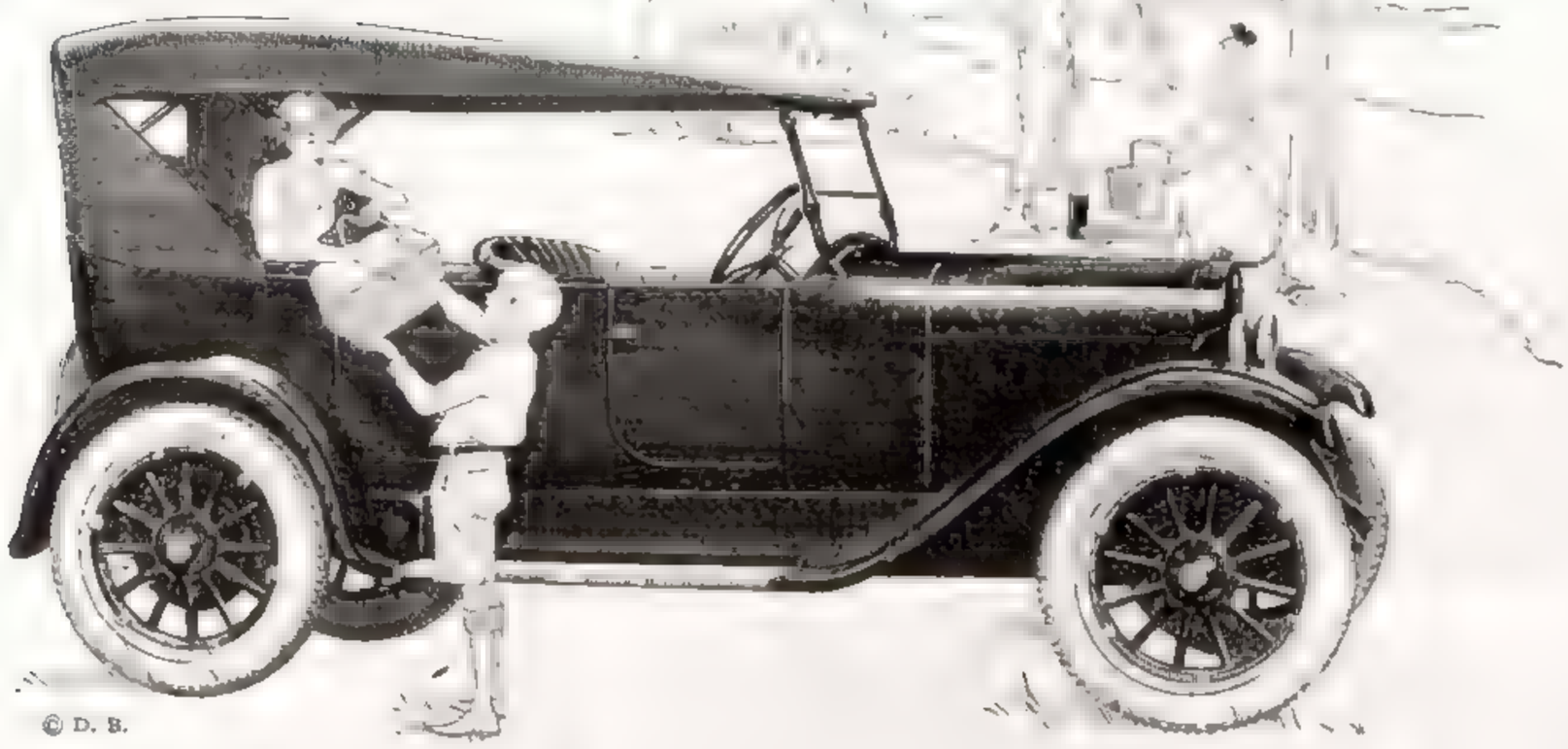

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(Continued from Page 40)

he knelt, his lame leg stiff behind him. He saw a huddled heap just below him; saw, in the moonlight, a crushed head all bloody; knew it to be the dead body of the mate by his cloth jacket.

Then Fatty's seal club descended heavily upon his head and he thought the world had exploded about him.

He began to pitch forward, and he heard howls of triumph; heard men shouting to Fatty to hit him again; heard men cursing at Fatty, bidding him get out of the way and let them have a whack at the big stiff. His head rang with horribly jarring noises; yet he could hear and think. That hard, stubborn skull that had once before been sorely cracked by a mainsheet block, and that set, go-forward brain that had compelled him to carry his sloop to market on that occasion, now made him mechanically refuse to accept defeat, at least under that one blow.

Half turning his head, his glittering blue eyes saw Fatty crouched over him with club upraised to strike again. Fatty's face was that of a bloated fiend. The other men seemed only so many shadows beside him. Sam slipped; he felt himself sliding head foremost down to the body of the mate. He let himself go. But in going he lifted his stiffened long leg, it reared up like a rigid spar, and hit Fatty squarely with terrific force, hurling him irresistibly over Big Sam's sliding body, pitching him on to the body of the mate, to roll in a wheezing, frightened heap to the rocks on the shore. And while the gang stared in wonder Sam tumbled after him and landed on his soft flabby body.

Big Sam stumbled to his feet. He was dazed now from the fall and the blow, but his brain sent him forward to his determined end as does the small brain of a must elephant. He gathered up Fatty as he had gathered him in once before, and crushing him in his long, tremendously powerful arms, limped swiftly through kelp and small surf around the steep rock to the boat.

Then the gang awoke. As he tossed Fatty into the boat which he had shoved clear of the shore, they rushed him, cursing at first, grimly silent as he rose to his great height to meet them, bare of hand, half blind with agonized sweat. A stone struck his cheek, laying it open cruelly. A seal club, swung by a wizened little ruffian standing on a bowlder, whanged past his face and almost broke his arm. Squeaking wordlessly, Big Sam grabbed the club, flung it into the face of his next nearest assailant, and then reached for and gathered in the little man.

Together now they rushed him. Fatty wheezed helplessly from the boat, unable to get back the breath Sam had squeezed from him. Big Sam was knee deep in the sea, the little ruffian held up above his head, cursing venomously. As the first man struck with his club, Sam guarded instinctively with his captive's body. Then, his broken head and bleeding face lighted in ghastly fashion by the pale gold of the moon, his blue eyes glittering like clear ice, he screamed out a fearful challenge in his native tongue and hurled the little man among his mates, bowling them over on the uneven ground like skittles. They were yet falling when he grasped the boat and tumbled aboard. As he pushed off from the rocks, a savage purposeful thrust which sent the boat halfway out to the Harpoon, he squeaked excitedly, triumphantly now:

"Ta hell vit' yu all! Yu can stay t'ere. Ay come again soon, ant take yu pack to Capetown prison. Yu can eat seals, ant penguins, ant trink goot vater. Ant Ay leafe yu ta boat for yur pleasure. Yur a pat gang, py yiminy!"

Barney Scott and Peter Suggs helped haul Fatty over the rail of the schooner. They stared in amazement at Sam's ghastly appearance. But the big Finn seemed unconscious of his hurts. Men on shore shouted to him He gave them no answer. But as he stood Fatty on his tottery legs and shook him savagely he squeaked to his two helpers:

"Ay shall take a full cargo of skins pack vit' me. Ay can do vit'out any help. If yu two vant to come along, yu can. Ay ton't care. Ay got Fatty."

Fatty wheezed painfully. He was shaken, bruised and wholly frightened. He was sure now that he had been manhandled by a devil in the shape of a long gaunt Finn. He stood shakily by. Sam stuck a rope into his hands, and he took it meekly.

"Hully gee, I dunno whether you're half batty or not, but I'm stickin' by you!" said Barney.

"Me, too, cap'n," Peter Suggs said hastily.

He, like Barney, was sure Big Sam's cracked head had let moonshine into his brain.

"T'en get ta boat on poard," said Sam. "Haul, tamn yu!" he told Fatty, and Fatty hauled frantically on the fall.

In a week the little schooner sighted Kerguelen Land in a gray smother of flying foam. Fatty was thinner. He was frightened. He had been forced to prepare for burial and to bury Seth Coyle and young Abner Coffin. He rebelled once and Barney whipped him. Once the chance seemed to offer to bury an ax in Big Sam's head. Sam opened those blue eyes of his, reached up a long arm and seized the ax. Then he had thumped the fear of God into Fatty with the handle. As for Barney and Peter Suggs, they were also beginning to wonder if Big Sam was human. He never spared himself in that bitter run through howling, icy seas. He never cared whether a man relieved him or not. But if a man did, if a man was on deck, that man was driven to do the work of three; and Sam himself did the work of six when it came to hauling in on a sheet or brace.

Fatty tried again to interest somebody in rebellion, and took Peter Suggs aside. Even timid Peter turned upon him with a punch. Fatty might have asserted his old-time supremacy, for Peter wilted under the attack that Fatty launched upon him in return for his daring punch; but Big Sam came along to see his cables, and the mere sight of him scared all the fight out of the fat one.

The schooner was moored against the shore of Royal Sound, in a scene of rugged grandeur. But Big Sam saw only the myriad islets that dotted the sound, on which seals lay like fat slugs. Snow flew, ice drifted in the sound, but Big Sam had eyes for nothing but seals. And in the majestic isolation of the landlocked haven the tall Finn stalked among the seals like a destroyer, grim and pitiless. He saw in every glimpse of a waning moon the face of his golden Maiya; in every phase of the diminishing planet he saw the dreaded diminishing of his chances of the success that was so essential.

He drove his companions as he drove himself. Killing all day, he skinned far into the night by the light of blubber flares. Fatty fell asleep at his skinning. He was savagely shaken into wakefulness by a glittering-eyed, hard-faced, blood-smeared devil. Barney Scott and Peter Suggs got to muttering to each other, which was bad. Fatty would gladly have muttered with them, but even their resentment at their treatment did not cause them to accept Fatty as a crony.

Once Fatty stole the boat and ran away. Big Sam climbed to the highest pinnacle about the sound, detected the runaway far off, and by running, sliding, falling, swimming, overtook and brought him back. And he kept the fear in Fatty not by beating him up, but by not doing anything at all. Fatty never knew what his punishment was to be, nor when to expect it. He had no notion where he was going when he took the boat.

He only wanted to get away from that gaunt, terrible Finn whose arms were longer than the arm of Fate itself.

So the killing and skinning went on Piles of pelts lay under a rough roof alongside the schooner. Outside the sound the gales howled. Sprays flew high over the cliffs. But inside, the water was scarcely ruffled. The seals disported on a hundred islands, as if the indiscriminate slaughter of recent years had been forgotten. Sealers had neglected the Kerguelen grounds for some time because of the slaughter which had decimated the seals. Big Sam reaped the benefit. But he presented such a figure of terror by the time his cargo was almost complete that Barney and Peter slept aboard the schooner at nights, shutting themselves in. Sam was blood and grease from head to foot He had developed a cunning hand at the skinning He worked at that long after the others had quit through sheer exhaustion.

He began to talk, in his squeaky voice, of the shares to be made out of a five-thousand-pelt trip. He chuckled, rubbing his hands, telling Fatty that his share would be far bigger than the others Fatty shivered. Fatty no longer merited the name of Fatty. His clothes hung ludicrously about him; his face was flabby and long of jowl. Barney and Peter talked, too, but not of shares so much as of that terrific voyage back to Capetown against those bitter westerlies. Running before the seas and gales from Crozets down to Kerguelen had been a cold, bleak horror for the small crew. To beat back against them loomed up an impossible task.

"Wot's the use o' big shares if we're all drownded?" demanded Peter.

"I s'pose you reckon it'd be better to stay behind among the rocks?" retorted Barney. "Look at Fatty, there. What good did runnin' away do him?"

Fatty edged nearer. He was an outcast and knew it; but he had a gleam in his eye now which arrested the attention of the two others and halted them when about to drive him away with curses.

"It'd do more good now," he wheezed ingratiatingly. "I know something."

"Wot?" Peter snapped sourly.

Fatty had known too much. Big Sam was aboard the schooner, making room for the last of the skins. Fatty had been collecting firewood; Barney and Peter worked on the spare water casks, coopering them up.

"Let me come in with you?" hinted Fatty slyly.

"You tell us, then we'll tell you," said Barney.

He peered around as if expecting Sam to appear, gory and terrible.

Peter shivered violently, having the same fear. To such a point of timidity had they come. Fatty fairly writhed with nervous eagerness.

"Listen," he whispered throatily. "There's a sealer just over the mountain there; his boat is ashore fer water. We kin all ——"

Peter looked pleadingly at Barney. Barney glared apprehensively at the schooner.

"S'pose we go there," he said derisively. "Her skipper'll want to see our skipper before he takes us on, won't he?"

"Fat chance we got then, ain't we?" said Peter.

Fatty's haggard face assumed something of his old belligerence.

"Ain't we castaways?" he hinted. "We look like it, don't we? D'ye want to stop along o' that long madman an' let him kill you wi' bitter hard work? What good'll yer big shares do then? I know what my share'll be, I betcha. Jail, that's my number. You stop. I'm makin' another stab for life."

Big Sam came on deck and clambered ashore. The first thing he noticed was the pile of firewood, with nobody near it, and the water casks, also wanting workmen. Then he noticed that the boat was gone. As unemotionally as he might skin a seal he threw off his heavy monkey jacket and started over the rugged mountain in the direction he had followed after Fatty before. It was only when he reached the summit that he stopped to look around. Then he saw a strange schooner lying at anchor in a cove, and a boat on the shore. But he saw another boat, halfway out to the schooner, and in it three men rowed lustily.

Of the three he saw but one clearly. The rest seemed not to interest him. Another terrific journey, sliding, falling, wading, swimming, and he laid hands on the boat as it reached the schooner's side. Barney and Peter glared affrightedly at the awful apparition: Blood and grease, salt and earth, and over all a grim, irresistible purpose. Big Sam took no more notice of them than of the schooner. He reached for the terror-stricken Fatty, hauled him from the boat, and swam shoreward with him before the astounded eyes of the men of the schooner.

Never letting go his hold on the wheezing whimpering Fatty, Big Sam drove him over the hills down to the Harpoon, hurled him on board, and shackled him by a chain to the windlass.

Then he filled and slung water casks himself, while Fatty hoisted them in deadly fear; slung and sent aboard firewood and stowed the last of the skins.

At midnight, with Fatty fainting at his chains from sheer terror and physical nausea, Big Sam cast off his moorings, set his shortened canvas, and started his schooner off on her long wild voyage to the Cape. Barney Scott and Peter Suggs, from the deck of their new ship, caught one glimpse of the Harpoon's gleaming sail in the cold dawn as she came about and tacked to the northward Then they bade good-by to their shares, glad to be in safety with sane men, certain that they would carry home to Capetown the story of a mad Finn, a fat rascal, and a full trip of sealskins gone to Davy Jones in the cold seas of the south forties.

The Harpoon crossed the latitude of the Crozets in a blizzard. Big Sam lost a whole week, a freezing, soul-searching week which reduced the miserable Fatty to actual shameful crying, in order that he might carry out his promise to come back and take Fatty's former companions home to that nice Capetown prison. That was where mutineers were properly cared for. But though he sailed the Harpoon right around the Crozets, and ran his schooner into perilous places so that he might the better seek signs of them, neither boat nor men came into view. They had taken boat and put to sea, hoping to intercept a ship perhaps, anyhow hoping never again to set eyes on that terrible Big Sam who had conquered and kidnaped the formidable Fatty.

The schooner stretched away north again, bound for the Cape. Fatty had long since ceased to be formidable. He had got to be thin as a handspike. He never let his frightened eyes wander from Sam. If Big Sam spoke Fatty jumped. If Sam moved toward him he backed away, screaming for the orders, vowing obedience.

As for Sam himself, he had cleaned himself up, and kept clean. He was grim and tireless, his tremendous strength grew with each emergency. To work the schooner all that long traverse to windward had tried him to the soul. But he had a full hold. Every time he peeped through the telescope of his sextant at the sun he saw his golden Maiya smiling at him. No bodily torment could erase the soft smile from his worn face then. Fatty watched always. He saw those soft smiling moments, and at last began to see a ray of hope for himself. He figured it all out. Surely he had paid. Big Sam had whipped him, fairly if cruelly. Fatty believed if he could persuade Sam that he had reformed, there might yet be a chance to turn the trick he had engaged himself with Cap'n Oater and the other fellow to carry through. One noon when Sam's reckoning told him that Cape Agulhas was just beyond the sea rim, his smile was sunnier than ever.

The day was warm, the great Agulhas current swept the little schooner swiftly onward. There would be letters from his girl in Capetown.

"Say, cap'n," ventured Fatty, humbly enough, "ain't you goin' t' cry quits on me? I'm licked. I been workin' like a bloody horse. I ain't askin' fer no share. Ain't you hammered me enough without puttin' me in ——"

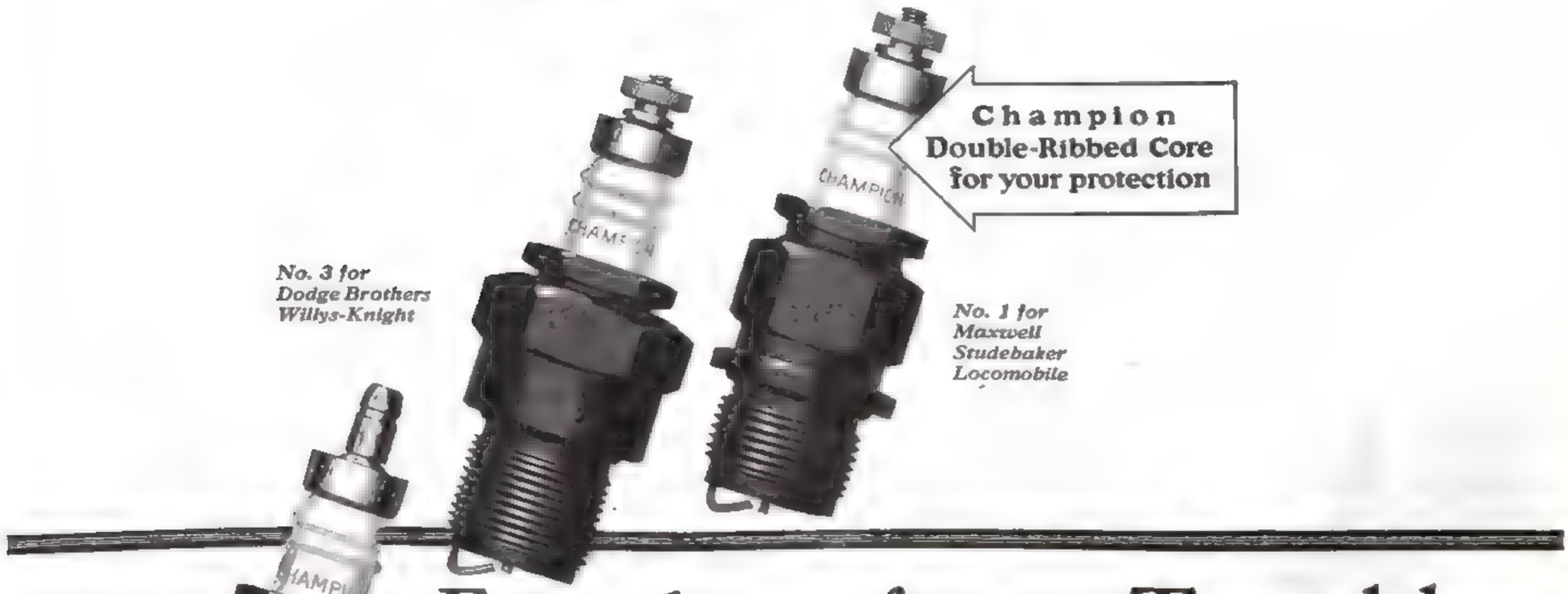
"Sure, yu get a share," Sam retorted. "Ay nefer tolt yu different. Yust yu pegin to reckon up vat share yu t'ink yu haf earnet. Ay see yu get it. Sure, Ay vill."

Sam turned away, smiling grimly. Fatty had a desperate hope again when the schooner was entering Table Bay in the first rosy rays of dawn. He had reckoned his share. He was under no misunderstanding as to Big Sam's meaning. Sam stood like a sea god outlined against the dawn, steering his schooner straight for the docks.

Fatty crept aft. Sam seemed not to notice him. Fatty picked up two iron belaying pins as he passed the rail. He crept to within ten feet of the motionless helmsman, hands shaking with the fierceness of his grip on the iron. His teeth were drawn back in a murderous grin. He raised his right arm, high.

Sam slowly turned and fastened his glittering blue eyes on Fatty, and there was a breathless hush of perhaps three seconds. In three seconds more Fatty was in the sea, whimpering in fright, striking out madly towards the nearest shore. He traveled twenty fathoms before he thought to let go the iron belaying pins he gripped.

Men were starting work on the wharves when Big Sam sailed his schooner into the wind, lowered his canvas, and let her drift alongside. Alone he leaped ashore with lines, the workmen or loafers on the dock standing dumb-struck. Peter Suggs, home a week before, sneaked around the buildings out of sight, not daring to appear, astounded at the sight of that gaunt, weather-beaten giant who defied every obstacle of man or elements to win his goal. And a worried gentleman, and a man who looked as if he might have been a sealer himself once, perhaps even a skipper of such a schooner as the Harpoon, turned disgustedly away as Big Sam made his last rope fast and beckoned to a dock policeman to go aboard and take down his story.



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ONE ARABIAN NIGHT

(Continued from Page 5)

His tight-packed suitcase seemed to grow heavier as he found himself ascending a long ramp that ended in an arc of narrow doorways through which the crowd filtered into the open. A breath of cooler and cleaner air smote on his face; and he had the feeling as he stepped through one of the doors of emerging from a cave of tumult into the consolation of sunlight.

He could in fact see sunlight still bathing the upper ridges of the huddled sky line before him, touching with a momentary glory the vista of minarets and cupolas and gold-ramparted roofs confronting him. And there was wonder in his eyes as he stepped into the crowded wide cañon of Forty-second Street. For this, he remembered, was New York. He was in New York, the New York he had dreamed about all his young life, the greatest city in the world, the Mecca of the incredible that he had so hungrily and so meagerly glimpsed from the movies and the magazines and the rotagravure supplements of Sunday papers. And now he was face to face with it, was in the very midst of it. He had torpedoed down under its far-flung hull to irrupt into its very engine room, at the very core and center of its energy.

Yet it did not elate him. It disturbed and intimidated him. It set the cubs of desolation to whimpering in his heavy heart. As he stepped hesitatingly out to the curb, and sought shelter between a painted tin receiver for waste paper and a chocolate-colored iron pillar with a yellow fire-alarm box adjusted to its base, he became the victim of a tremendous sense of loneliness. He had no part in the tides of traffic that ebbed and flowed about him, saddened as they were by the first hint of dusk falling over the city. Yet his one persistent impression was one of tumult, of an ant hill gone mad. He beheld only the blind and foolish movements of mortals flung like snowflakes along conquering winds, to the equally blind and foolish orchestration born of their own noise.

Then, as he stared deeper down the narrowing arroyo towards the west, he noticed the band of pellucid blue sky still overarching that maelstrom of sound and movement, the benignant soft blue that deepened even as he watched it and merged into ashes of roses and saffron at the misty street end ramparted with its far-off wall of misty rock. He noticed the golden-green haze that hung in the air about him, and the cool shadows of horizon blue that lurked at the base of the saw-toothed line of skyscrapers to which the evening light lent more and more its etherealizing touches of mystery. Already, along that crowded valley of spangled shadow and sound, the lamps were coming out, one by one. They were coming out into sudden life, splashing the dentate cañon walls with constellations of liquid color, jeweling the upper twilight with agile gardens of ruby and green and azure that winked and flowed and revolved and went out and fountained once more into brilliance.

Then the youth beside the lamp pillar became more acutely conscious of the sounds assailing his ears, the continual high drone shot through with the fuller throb of wheels, hurrying wheels, pounding wheels, grinding and whining wheels. He heard the scream of steel against steel on the track curves, the pant and purr of motors with the occasional carbine crack of a back fire, the sharp calls and shouts too close about him to blend in with the unvarying universal hum. Over and over he heard the cry of paper venders, as reiterant as orioles in a windy orchard. Over and over he heard the repeated bark of car horns rounding the street corner, as melancholy as ship sirens in a fog-hung roadstead, baying for fairway as their mud guards threw back like a moldboard the crowd pressing out from the curb. And it all combined at first to impress Laban as madness and immensity made vocal.

But as the quiet-eyed youth watched the countering tides of traffic he began to see an obscure order in their movements. The ant hill, after all, wasn't so crazy as it appeared. There was purpose in the coming and going of the sidewalk swarms about him, even though the key to that purpose was withheld from him. They were commuters going home to eat and sleep, toilers to be carried countryward along tunnels and threads of steel, women shoppers, feathered like birds, beating nestward with their garnerings. They were pleasure seekers returning to their urban hives of laughter and light, nocturnal workers emerging to their labor, the innumerable units of an ebb and flow which all day long irrigated those flume-ways of traffic that seemed eroded so deep out of brownstone and sandstone and brick. Each and every man jack of them, Laban remembered, moved on a quest of his own. It was a quest that he could neither know nor understand. It was something that had nothing whatever to do with him.

He was not of them. He meant nothing to them.

And they continued to flow and return and recede and eddy about him, preoccupied with their own ends, as solitarily intent on their own ways as lonely sails glimpsed along lonely midocean horizons. He was merely a stranger in their midst, with nothing in common with them; a stranger who would sleep for a few hours within sound of their wheels and at daybreak take his departure again, with no chance of affecting their reticent destinies and no hope of lifting the indefinable veils of mystery that hung between him and them.

He was not used to isolation like that, and he resented it. He was impatient to get back to a world where he counted, where he could weave in again with the purpose of things. In the morning, he still again reminded himself, he would be aboard his ship. Ahead of him was one short night without an anchorage, and in the morning he would be solemnly at work in his white-walled radio room. So all that remained for him now was to find a hotel and eat and sleep and forget the city that roared so incommunicably about him. He was an outlander there, with no ties and no interests. And remembering that again, his heart sagged. It seemed to grow as heavy as the hand bag that hung from his right arm while he held the camera clutched in his left. It seemed as heavy as his step as he trudged stolidly along the city street now flowering with lights like an orchard breaking into bloom. He remembered, almost with irritation, that this troublesome camera of his might have been crowded into the suitcase, had he scrapped, as he had been tempted to do, the five Okanagan Valley apples that remained with him. But those were exceptionally fine apples, and he wanted to show his fellow officers aboard the Aleutiana what the Pacific Coast could do along the fruit-growing line. The camera, none the less, was a nuisance, and he'd be at sea again before it could possibly be put to use. And the sooner he got into a taxicab and headed for a hotel, he decided, the sooner his troubles would be over.

He stopped and looked for an empty cab. He stood at the curb, within six paces of a nonparking sign, vainly signaling to drivers of empty cars. He even called out to one, who met his eye, and nodded, and mysteriously kept on his way. Laban was too perturbed to see that driver pull up three hundred feet westward of where he still stood, just as he was too perturbed to understand another driver's jocose gesture towards the sign standard so close to him, the prohibitive sign that kept the steady stream on its way.

Laban, in time, got tired of being ignored. He found a fresh cause for depression in this utter disregard of his desires. It seemed to dwarf him, to accentuate his divorce from that urban pageant in which he could have no slightest part. He felt, as he gathered up his wearisome bundles and moved on again, uncomfortably like an immigrant just off Ellis Island, an unconsidered alien with neither personal dignity nor the power of articulation. And the dusk-mellowed panorama of the street became something infinitely remote and unreal to him. It thinned out to something as ghostly as the stream of flat movement on a motion-picture screen when the music has stopped.

He blinked indifferently at a flashing blue limousine that drew up to the curb close beside him. He stared casually at the white-gloved woman in sables who swung open the car door.

Then he stopped short, for the white-gloved hand had almost unmistakably signaled to him. He stopped close beside the running board, smiling a little at the enormity of the regal-looking lady's mistake. But he saw, to his bewilderment, that the regal-looking lady was apparently motioning him into the car.

"Please hurry," she said with a touch of impatience.

He hesitated. But it was only for a moment. There seemed something both peremptory and preoccupied in the woman's movement as she made space for him on the deep-padded seat. The thing was none of his doing, and if people made mistakes it was up to them to explain those mistakes away. Yet his pulse skipped a beat or two as he climbed in beside her, dragging camera and suitcase after him. She motioned for him to close the door. They both remained silent as the car got under way again.

"You don't seem very glad to see me," she finally said, in a tone of reproof touched with perplexity.

"But I don't understand ——" he began.

That was as far as he got. He had been studying her face, and the beauty of it had become something intimidating to him.

"Then why did you promise?" she demanded in a voice much too soft to be accepted as stern.

"Promise what?" he demanded.

"Surely," she said with a small-hand movement of protest, "we don't need to go over all that ground again!"

He did not look at her. He couldn't afford to, for he wanted to get things straightened out. So he sat staring at the clump of orchids set in a cut-glass cornucopia resting in a chased silver holder screwed to the car panel in front of him. Then his eyes fell on his big and slightly dog-eared pocket camera and on his imitation pigskin suitcase stuffed so full that its sides showed undulatory in the side light.

Five days in a sleeper, he noticed, had left their disparaging crow's-feet in his coat sleeves and their demeaning bags at his trouser knees. He rather wished that some excuse had presented itself for donning his new uniform.

Then he noticed that the woman beside him was also studying his hand baggage. She was doing this so intently that he turned to her to see if he could detect any touch of derision in her eyes. She looked at him when she became conscious of his scrutiny. She studied him with an intensity that caused him to avert his own gaze. It both troubled and intoxicated him. Never before in his life had he had a woman look at him like that. He dreaded to see the thing end, and yet he couldn't afford to let it go on.

"I'm sorry," he said, glancing out at the street crowds. "But you're making a very serious mistake. You're ——"

She stopped him, with a hand on his arm.

"Look at me!" she commanded.

He turned and looked at her. Her gaze met his, not provocatively, but studiously, confidently, almost surrenderingly. She seemed to be giving him her face. She seemed to be offering herself through her eyes, fortified with the knowledge that loveliness such as hers was not to be denied. Laban's color ebbed a little. But he found himself with nothing to say.

"Then you're not glad, after all?" she reproved, with a look of pain creeping up into the pale and flowerlike face.

He began to tingle with a sense of incompetence. He told himself that he ought to have spoken out from the first. He should have made the thing plain to her before she had a chance to venture into intimacies that were going to prove embarrassing to them both, and the sooner she was told now the better for both of them. But he didn't know how to begin.

"You haven't answered my question," she reminded him, taking possession of his hand. And again he tingled.

"Will you answer one of mine first?" he finally found the courage to inquire of her.

"Of course," she quietly responded, swaying against him with the movement of the car.

She seemed to find something comforting in that sustaining shoulder close to her own, for she remained there, intimately and unquestioningly, as they floated on through the crowded streets. It was pleasant enough, Laban admitted to himself, but it had to come to a stop. So he compelled himself to meet her half-indolent stare of inquiry

"Just who am I?" he challenged

(Continued on Page 46)

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

JUST WHEN I despair of ever seeing "Potash and Perlmutter" in pictures, because no producer could secure the rights, Samuel Goldwyn makes the joyful announcement that he will screen it to signalize his return to producing fields. Nor is that all. Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr, the play's original stars, will appear in the picturization, together with Vera Gordon, famed "mother" of "Humoresque."

Paintless Penrod

"BUT they don't look like screen children. They're natural enough to be playing on a vacant lot in any town in U. S. A.," the movie-critic remarked after seeing "Penrod and Sam." Actually every child in the picture has spent years before the camera; but because grease-paint makes a kid self-conscious, make-up was strictly barred during production. Results are remarkable. Freckled faces, grimy faces, grinning faces, faces unadorned make you feel these are the very youngsters about whom Booth Tarkington wrote. Somehow, too, you come closer to them in the unusual pathos which punctuates the laughter. And talk of silent drama—few movie moments have gripped me as completely as did the death of Penrod's dog!

From Newark to Duluth

WHERE CAN you see First National Pictures? Everywhere! At Newark, N. J., Jacob Fabian shows them at his beautiful Branford Theatre. Jump to Minneapolis and you'll find them in Reuben and Finkelstein's State Theatre, at the Capitol in St. Paul, the New Garrick in Duluth. And in dozens of other important theatres which comprise the Fabian circuit in New Jersey and the Reuben and Finkelstein circuit throughout Minnesota. But for the liberty of artistic creation which these big exhibitors guarantee to independent producers, directors and stars, the screen would have lost many of its finest achievements of the past six years.

"Trilby" Soon

ONLY a couple more weeks and we'll all see "Trilby." The little *gamin* of the Parisian artists' studios, who falls into the power of Svengali, the hypnotist, never had a truer portrayer than Andree Lafayette; nor has Du Maurier's romance yet been staged with the splendid scenic investiture Producer Richard Walton Tully has given it. The promise of mysterious Montmartre spices anticipation.

How "Trilby" learns to love. Andree Lafayette as Trilby and Creighton Hale as Little Billie.

Too Good to Miss

"WE ARE quite honest when we write that we enjoyed the picture version of 'The Girl of the Golden West' even more than we did either the play or the story set to music. A picture we would hate to have missed."—*N. Y. Evening World.*

Four More Favorites

THESE SHOULD make strong screen features: Richard Walton Tully's famous play, "The Bird of Paradise"; "Rope," by Holworthy Hall; "Lord of Thundergate," by Sidney Herschel Small; Sabatini's "The Sea Hawk." All coming soon.

To tempt the king with a beauty more lustrous than Sheba's. Ancient Oriental splendor depicted in "The Brass Bottle."

A burst of smoke—and out of the Bottle came the Genie, 7000 years old, to sweep a modern young man to Harem-land

MAGIC, MIRTH, MAGNIFICENCE IN "THE BRASS BOTTLE"

ASK FOR a suburban home and get an Arabian palace! Order a sardine for supper and be faced with a Babylonian banquet! Make a date with a girl and be surrounded by a harem!

That's what happens when a fellow has a genie for a friend. Fine? Ye-e-es—fine 7000 years ago, but awkward in highly civilized 1923. And these wonders *do* occur right before your eyes in Maurice Tourneur's picture, "The Brass Bottle."

Let's start 7000 years ago when Fakrash-el-Aamash, the oriental magician, plotted against King Suleyam and bungled the business. Sulevam imprisoned him in a brass bottle and threw him into the sea. But genies never die.

Seventy centuries later Ventimore, a young architect, buys the bottle as a curio, removes the stopper, and out pops old Fakrash. Grateful for release, he promises to fulfill Ventimore's every wish. First of all, Ventimore needs money to marry Sylvia Futvoye. *Presto!* Money comes! Ventimore doesn't like his future father-in-law, who, under the genie's ministrations, immediately reverts to type—a donkey! But Fakrash doesn't understand monogamy. His mistaken gratitude wrecks a modern romance by bestowing a harem on Ventimore. And Sylvia won't listen to explanations. Bad enough; yet worse follows. The genie refuses to go back into his bottle and becomes a raging pagan out for vengeance.

F. Anstey's story rivals any from the Arabian Nights; it's one of those bizarre tales Maurice Tourneur likes to screen. Here is wider scope for novelty than even "The Isle of Lost Ships" offered; and how he has pictured it all! Pagan pageantry, blazing splendor of oriental courts; beauties, beauties everywhere. Oh, *where* did he find all those gorgeous girls?

Marvels ancient and modern, mirth, magic, mystery are joyfully interwoven in M. C. Levee's fantastic production. A host of stars shine, too. Harry Myers, Ernest Torrance, Tully Marshall, Barbara La Marr and Ford Sterling, Charlotte Merriam and Otis Harlan, all add to the delight which pours from "The Brass Bottle."

Colleen Moore to Star

GREET THE new star! Winsome Colleen Moore has won her honors. The public found, encouraged and elevated her to stardom after she had proved her talent in "The Lotus Eaters," "The Sky Pilot," "The Nth Commandment," "The Wallflower" and about thirty others. Hulbert Footner's novel, "The Huntress," will reveal Miss Moore as a white girl, reared as an Indian, who, wanting to marry, kidnaps a man. Action, laughter, dandy drama, and always a guess as to what happens next, make this an ideal vehicle for Miss Moore. Lynn Reynolds will direct.

Colleen Moore

The Chosen Few

PENROD AND SAM—Booth Tarkington's sequel to "Penrod." New stories grouped in one delightful feature and screened as we all would wish them. A kid-classic for grown-ups, with Ben Alexander as Penrod—awfully lovable, lovable "orful." The whole family will enjoy this.

CHILDREN OF DUST—Director Frank Borzage, who made "Humoresque," hits the heart with a story of rich boy, rich girl—and poor boy held from love by the barrier of caste. Johnny Walker, Pauline Garon, Lloyd Hughes, Bert Woodruff and little Frankie Lee clinch the play's success by wonderful portrayals. Want dramatic thrill, true emotional grip and something to send you home happy? You'll find all here.

WANDERING DAUGHTERS—Where do daughters wander? And why? The inside story of the jazz-rage peppily told by Marguerite de la Motte, Marjorie Daw, Allan Forrest, Pat O'Malley, Wm. V. Mong and Noah Beery, directed by James Young.

KATHERINE MACDONALD IN "THE LONELY ROAD"—How a woman faces the loneliness of marriage after romance fades. The American Beauty blooms in small-town simplicity and city splendor.

SLANDER THE WOMAN (or "THE WHITE FRONTIER")—A telling dramatic twist here. A judge destroys an innocent woman's reputation in an unwritten law trial. She hides from slander in the snowlands. To her cabin, a blizzard drives the judge—to fall in love with her, then to be caught in a circumstantial web such as had enmeshed the girl. Honors for a powerful picture go to Dorothy Phillips, the star, and Allen Holubar, the producer.

ISLE OF LOST SHIPS—So unusual that even the critics gasp. A girl's adventures on a floating island in the Sargasso Sea where she has twenty-four hours to choose a mate from the rabble of castaways ruled by a brute. Maurice Tourneur produced it.

CHARLES CHAPLIN IN "THE PILGRIM"—A sermon in screams. Four reels of his very best.

THE DANGEROUS AGE—When a married man of forty loves a girl of twenty it's not her youth he is pursuing—but his own. John M. Stahl, master theme-dramatist, uses that for the basis of a real human-interest hit.

MIGHTY LAK A ROSE—Blooming everywhere. Produced by Edwin Carewe, featuring Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie. New York life from Fifth Avenue downwards dramatically revealed.

—*John Lincoln.*

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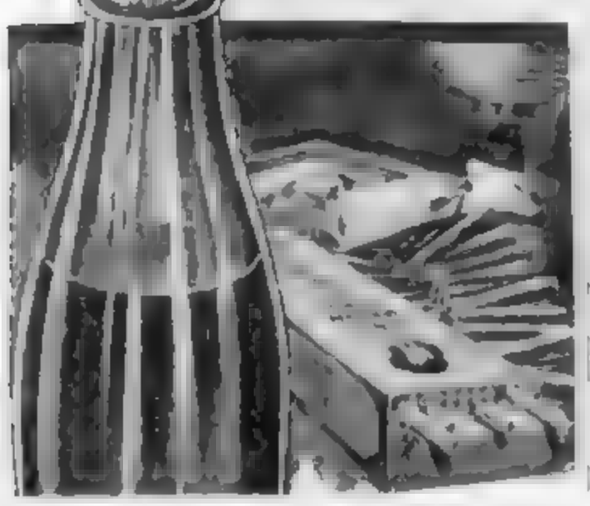

(Continued from Page 44)

He waited, holding his breath and at the same time wondering how best he could extricate himself. For extrication would be necessary, once that unknown name was flung at him and the queenly creature's card house of delusion went tumbling down between them.

It was the solemnity of his face, apparently, that prompted her to revert to her careless little coo of laughter.

"Why are you trying to make me ridiculous?" she asked, still nestled against his shoulder; and he found it a little intoxicating to sit there within the perfumed aura of her body.

"I'm not," he protested. "I'm trying to correct a mistake."

"But doesn't that effort strike you as coming a little late in the day?" she asked, with the ghost of a frown between the broken line of her brows.

"We don't even know each other!" he contended, desperately aware of his lack of progress.

"I don't think men and women ever really know each other," she observed, with the ghost of a sigh.

It was his sudden movement of withdrawal that prompted her to emerge from her lassitude and sit up. Then she turned and studied his barricaded and deliberately averted face. There was a slow hardening of the lines about her rich but slightly petulant mouth.

"So this is all you find to say, after—after everything that's happened?"

"But I tell you the whole thing has been a mistake," he protested. "I don't know you, and you don't know me. I've never even ——"

"That is quite enough!" she cut in with a sudden and glacial tone of command. "I think I understand!"

"But you don't!" protested the unhappy Laban as she sat biting her lips, with every sign of being on the verge of tears.

"I at least understand that you don't need to club a thing into my head," she told him, withdrawing into her corner, where she sat deep in her shell of wounded resentment; and he was still sounding frantically for the right phrase, for the right words, as they hummed on down the valley of light veined with its double line of motor cars that pulsed forward and stopped as colored eyes winked over them from the signal towers.

Then, stooping forward, she seemed to be deliberately turning away from him as she stared out through the glass-paneled door.

"There's the Colbridge just ahead of us," she said with an achieved and icy indifference.

"The Colbridge?" he echoed.

He wasn't sure whether this stood for a tea shop or a theater or a department store. But he had his reasons for not parading his ignorance.

"I suppose that's your hotel, isn't it?" she was asking, and imparting, as she did so, a dismissive intonation to the question.

"Yes," he said, eager enough for any respectable avenue of escape.

He stooped forward and picked up his camera. A shadow crossed the woman's face as she noted that movement, but she refrained from speech. She merely shrugged a shoulder, almost imperceptibly, as she gave the order for her driver to come to a stop. To do this, however, instead of using the mouthpiece of the speaking tube that hung beside her, she leaned forward again and tapped on the glass partition with her gloved fingers. The rings under the white kid gave a sharpened metallic sound to that momentary tattoo, imparting to it a touch of anger, a peremptoriness. The car swerved in to the awninged curb and came to a stop.

III

LABAN rose awkwardly to his feet as an epauleted and gold-braided door man opened the car door. The embarrassed youth intended to say something to mitigate the brusqueness of his flight. But the pallid-faced woman in sables sat with her eyes turned moodily away, ignoring him. So he possessed himself of his suitcase, surrendered it to the stately door man, who in turn surrendered it to a uniformed stripling, and stepped in through the many-doored rotunda.

He found himself in a huge-pillared and high-vaulted hotel lobby that advertised its magnificence by much onyx and marble and plate mirror, by incredibly ornate electroliers and even more ornate ladies in full evening dress. It frightened him a little in fact as he followed his plethoric suitcase to the registry desk, where he waited until a prosperous-looking predecessor scrawled an all but indecipherable name and address. This, Laban noticed to his bewilderment, was not done on the pages of an impressively huge register book resting on a revolving walnut stand, such as was the pride of the Selby House in his native city, but on a meager and modest pad. He saw, however, as he covertly watched the man who preceded him, that it resulted in the due acquisition of a key and a room and bath for one.

So when his time came he carefully inscribed "Laban Lindhagen, Nanaimo, B. C." on the waiting pad. Then he courageously met the eye of the prematurely bald young man behind the marble-topped barrier.

"Room and bath for one," he said, with an oblique eye on the stranger who had already gone through the rites of admission. For the newcomer to the great city was not quite sure of his procedure.

"Outside room?" asked the desk clerk, with his own eye going vacantly up one ladder of penciled numbers and down another.

"Yes, an outside room," proclaimed the newcomer, though at the moment he stood uncertain as to just what this implied.

"How long are you going to be with us, Mr. Lindhagen?" was the clerk's next question.

He spoke casually, but it did not seem casual to the young stranger from the coast. After almost a week of anonymity, after five long days of homeless and nameless exile, there was something electric and warming in having his identity thus established and authenticated, in being casually and fraternally addressed by his own name.

"Just till morning," announced Laban, checking himself on the verge of details as to his waiting ship and his impending voyage.

But it shocked him a little to be told that he could have a nice room on the seventeenth floor for eight dollars and fifty cents. An afterglow of grandeur, however, still wined and warmed his body, and his nod, as a number was announced and a key passed over the marble, clearly proclaimed that any such sum was trivial in his eyes.

It was apparently some residuum of that earlier *folie de grandeur* that prompted him, in emulation of the man who had immediately preceded him, to stop importantly before the mail clerk and inquire if there were any letters for Mr. Laban Lindhagen.

It was a gesture of magnificence, and nothing more. It was an empty gesture of importance, for he knew only too well that there was no ghostly chance of a letter there. He was unknown and friendless. The only man east of the Rockies even familiar with his name was the near-by and prematurely bald desk clerk, who at the moment was engaged in transcribing it from the register pad to a small slip of paper. And Laban, for all his valorous pose of expectancy, felt secretly ashamed of himself.

"Laban Lindhagen," said the preoccupied clerk, throwing down a cream-colored envelope with a heavily inked inscription. "That's yours."

The Westerner started visibly. But the clerk was busy restoring the thick bundle of mail matter to the compartment labeled L, and the movement escaped him.

The man on the other side of the counter, however, hesitatingly reached out for the letter, picked it up and read the inscription. The words written there were:

MR. LABAN LINDHAGEN,
Hotel Colbridge,
[To Await Arrival] New York City.

A little tidal wave of horripilation went through his body, with an uneasy stirring at the roots of his back hair. The thing was impossible, incredible. It was uncanny.

His first impulse was to hand the letter back, to deny proprietorship. But apostasy before a name so unique was not an easy matter. They would laugh at his contention of mistaken identity. And a somewhat restless newcomer was already at his elbow, waiting for his contribution from one of the alphabeted pigeonholes.

So Laban took up his letter and followed the boy with his suitcase to the elevator. There he waited on an oblong of muffling damask carpet for one of the express cages to descend. He waited behind three naval officers in full uniform, and three rustling ladies in extreme décolletage and an amazing quantity of jewelry, and two bearded men in turbans and most unmistakably wearing, under their loose-caped Inverneses, the robes of Oriental potentates. Between these two Laban noticed a slender-bodied girl in a harem veil and what he accepted as the somewhat disturbing apparel of an Egyptian princess.

They were bound, he concluded as he crowded into the cage behind them and inhaled the competitive perfumes emanating from their bodies, for some impending *bal masque* or dinner dance under that roof of institutionalized gayety. But the strangeness of those costumes, the magnificence of the jewels, the un-American medley of vivid colors surrounding him, oppressed him with a sense of the exotic that he found it hard to shake off. He seemed very far away from Nanaimo, and he was seeing more of the world than he had bargained for.

Nor did he find, when he had traversed a long corridor padded with soft carpet and flanked by numbered doors, and had taken a turn and passed countless other doors and stepped into the room that had been assigned to him on the seventeenth floor, that eight dollars and a half was such an exorbitant price for sleeping in a chamber so luxurious and at the same time so exalted. It was worth the money, he conceded, as he swung his door shut and breathed deep with relief at being once more alone with his bewilderment and his unopened letter. It was the most gorgeous room he had ever been able to call his own, even for a night. And his abstracted eye dwelt for a moment on the huge frame of shimmering brass that stood so imperially between him and the windows.

"Metal must have been cheap when that bed was put together," he said to himself, before frowning once more down at the letter in his hand.

His eye lost its abstraction as he did so, for in being confronted by that letter he found himself confronted by a problem. It could not possibly be for him, he felt, and he was reluctant to interfere with another man's mail. Yet it was plainly enough addressed to Laban Lindhagen, and he had never heard of another by that name. A strange thing had already happened to him that day, and he was becoming more or less inured to the unexpected. Perhaps, after all, there was another Laban Lindhagen in the world, in that city, under the same roof with him.

But that did not seem altogether satisfying, just as it did not seem altogether credible. He was Laban Lindhagen, and the letter he held in his hand was addressed to him, and nothing was to be gained by being chicken-hearted about a thing. Besides, the envelope was most unmistakably addressed in a feminine hand. That, in some way, made the situation more interesting.

It was mysterious, all right. But the thought of turning his back on that mystery became more and more unpalatable to him. So unappealing in fact did the final prospect of meekly returning to the office with that letter stand to him as he hesitated there, turning it over and over in his hands, that with a sudden hardening of his serious young face he decided to burn his boats, to cross his Rubicon, to face the music and take his medicine. So, promptly forcing a finger under the ungummed corner of the envelope flap, he tore it open.

Then he took out the folded double sheet of note paper and read what was written there. His brow furrowed as he scanned the five short lines of angular script, for the message, after all, seemed to be for him. But it was not a tranquillizing one. The letter in his hand read:

Whatever happens, do not deliver package intrusted you to Wu Fang Low. That would be more than dangerous. Hold it, on peril of your life, until it is called for tonight by

THE RIGHTFUL OWNER.

Laban backed away until he came to a brown velours armchair and sat down in it. His thoughts flashed back to the scene on the train, to that complicating camera that had been thrust into his keeping, to the common-sense manner in which he had eventually rid himself of an impersonal obligation. He had acted in good faith, and he had no need to worry over melodramatic threats. He had in fact other things to trouble him, for he remembered that the hour was late and that his stomach was empty. It was a queer sort of a city, all right. But, whatever happened, he intended to eat.

Then he stopped short, staring down at his own camera where it lay on the white coverlet of the bed. It was still loaded with

(Continued on Page 48)

Mae Murray wears

Recent Photograph of
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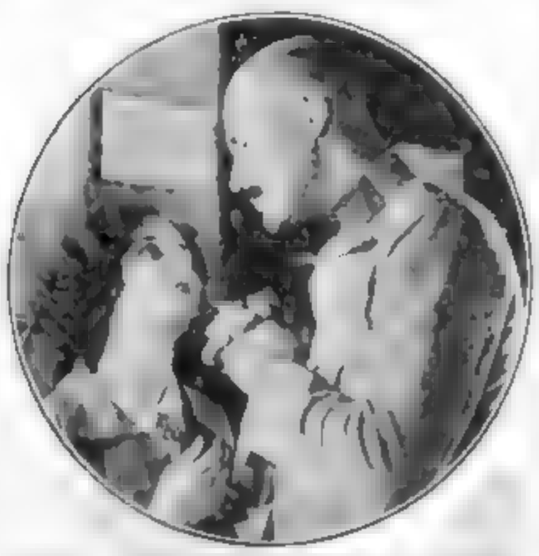
Watch This Column

Remember the name "Merry Go Round"

Can you imagine a Count of Austria's once brilliant court falling in love with a little girl who grinds the organ at the merry-go-round? It seems absurd because of that silly thing called "caste." She lived almost in squalor. Her father was a clown. The lover was a member of the Emperor's staff. They were as far apart as the poles, but—

It happened, just the same. Love does queer things. It levels all ranks. It is the natural foe of logic. The count was a roue. Her sweet influence reached out and changed his nature. All went happily until the Emperor forced the count to marry a princess. Then the heartaches began.



MARY PHILBIN AND NORMAN KERRY

That's ***"Merry Go Round,"*** Universal's new Super-Jewel, one of the most powerful love-stories ever written—directed by Rupert Julian and invested with his wizardry. The Count is Norman Kerry. The little organ-grinder is Mary Philbin, and their excellent work advances them directly into the ranks of stardom. The picture is dramatic in the extreme. I ask you to remember the name, ***"Merry Go Round."***

• • •

That very sweet and womanly woman, VIRGINIA VALLI, will soon be seen again—this time with LON CHANEY, the sterling character-actor, in another of Universal's Jewels, entitled ***"The Shock,"*** written around one of the world's greatest catastrophes. Watch for it. LON CHANEY, by the way, plays the part of the hunchback in Victor Hugo's masterpiece ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** now in process of making at Universal City.

• • •

By the way, do you think we are justified in changing the ending of a story so that it will leave a sweet taste in the mouth? Have you found out by this time that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals? I am waiting for that letter—from YOU.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 46)

the twelve exposures he had made during their different stops through the Rockies, and he wanted those pictures developed and sent back to his Aunt Agatha, as he had promised.

But supposing, in this city of crossed wires and interfering strangers, somebody came along and claimed that camera. Supposing they should mistake it for the other, the other that was now safely out of his hands, and try to take it away from him, as they had already tried to take away his claim check.

He could establish his rightful proprietorship, he remembered, by the L. L. in red ink with which he had once initialed the inside of the case flap. He pressed the spring that released this flap, held the opened camera up to the light—and then let it slowly drop again.

The once-familiar initialing was not there.

Frowningly he lifted the leather-covered case again, turning it slowly over and over, and then he realized what it meant.

He had checked the wrong camera! The case he held in his hand was the one so hurriedly passed on to him by the stranger in the train.

He sat down and studied it. He weighed it in his hands, and shook it, and examined its lens, and then its fittings, and then its outline in general. He found nothing exceptional in any of its features. So he decided to go a step further and have a look into its film chamber, and it was then that he discovered where the difference lay.

For this film chamber, he saw, was held shut, first by a series of small black-headed screws and then by a sealing of black wax along the crevices of the hinged panel. But instead of being a deterrent, in this case, these obstructions were a challenge to further invasion.

Laban sat down on the bed, took out his pocketknife and removed the black-headed screws. Then with the point of his knife he removed what he could of the wax. But the hinged back of the camera still held, pry as he would. He broke one of his knife blades off short in fact, though he found what was left of that blade a better wedge for levering back the resisting panel. It gave way at last, as it had to, with a small rending of glued wood.

As it swung open a plump black bag fell out on the white counterpane of the bed. Laban, with a quickened pulse, stared down at it. For he saw at a glance that the camera was only a hollow mockery of a camera, having served in reality as a holder for the plump black bag that fitted so neatly into the space customarily occupied by the mechanism of such an instrument. So he put down the leather-covered case and directed his attention to the black bag.

He found it to be made, as far as he could judge, from the top of a black silk stocking, with the ends held together by an exceptionally neat specimen of cross-stitching. Yet instead of holding a powder, as he had vaguely expected, it seemed well filled with a collection of capsules of different sizes. So, after interrogatively pinching it for a moment or two between his fingers, he placed it on the bed, took his knife and slit it open.

They were not capsules, after all, he saw as he tumbled them out on the counterpane. He thought at first that they were lozenges, for they were of a uniform gray shade and of no particular appeal to the eye. The one remarkable thing about them was their diversity of shape and size, some octagonal and some egg-shaped, some angular and some as large and oval as a Lima bean, and some almost the size of a domino.

But Laban as he stooped closer over them discovered an odd thing about them: Here and there, along their corners and sharper edges, the dull gray seemed to be worn away, revealing small lines and facets of color. It was not until he had scraped at first one and then another with his knife blade that he understood the meaning of this.

Everything in that small bag, he finally realized, had been coated with wax. Why this had been done he could scarcely determine, but he judged, as he continued his explorative scraping, it had been an attempt to protect the jewels which had been jumbled together in that one container. For he could see now that they were jewels. He could see that by the polished hardnesses of the surfaces he had exposed, by the prisms of yellow and garnet that flashed in the light, by the green-white glitter of uncovered facets and the luminous glow at the core of one or two of the larger pebbles.

He knew little of precious stones, but he felt that color and brilliance such as these implied they were articles of considerable worth. It frightened him just a little to remember how and why they were in his possession, and he was further disturbed when his wandering eye fell on the opened letter that had so recently and so mysteriously come into his hands.

IV

LABAN stood with one hand resting on the heavy lacquered cap of the heavy brass bedpost, looking abstractedly about and wondering what to do. His first and his most natural impulse had been to telephone for the police; but he was morbidly afraid of getting involved in some movement, since the wheels of the law ground so slowly, which would prevent his sailing the next morning on the Aleutiana. He knew a pang of regret, too, at the thought that there was no one in all that alien East to whom he could go for help and advice. He stared dejectedly at the lacquered metal cap about which his fingers were clutched. As he did so he noticed that this cap moved a little under the pressure of his hand. It was not an integral part of the massive-looking brass post, but a crown fitted to its top. That post, he remembered, would be hollow, and this gave him an idea.

He dropped to his knees and examined the lacquered cap. Under its heavy metal cornice he discovered two countersunk set screws to hold it in place. But these, for some reason, had become loosened. It was only the work of a minute, using his broken knife blade as a screw driver, to loosen these screws sufficiently to allow the entire cap to be removed from the post. Having done so, he stared down into a hollow metal column almost three inches in diameter. He looked at it studiously. Then he looked just as studiously at the array of wax-covered jewels lying on the bedspread. Then with a nod of determination he pushed the little black silk bag down into the tube. Then, scooping the scattered stones up in his two hands, he held them funnelwise over the uncrowned bedpost and let the jewels rain down on the cushioning bit of silk. He repeated this operation until the last of the stones were out of sight. Then he readjusted the cap to the bedpost, fastened it firmly there with its all but invisible set screws, and took a deep breath of relief.

Then with equal deliberation he closed the ravaged camera and screwed shut its hinged panel, after which he placed it under one of the two large pillows at the head of the bed. He had taken up the letter again, though his thoughts were not on it as he held it, for he was remembering that he was hungrier than he had been for many a long day, when he became vaguely conscious of a movement that he did not directly see. It was a movement that, as he stood with his eyes directed towards the room door, sent a thrill needling up through his body. This door, he realized, was for some inexplicable reason slowly but surely opening.

It did not open far. It opened only far enough to admit a small white hand and a rounded arm. It was obviously a woman's arm, just as it was obviously a beautiful one. But what held Laban's attention was not the arm and the hand at the end of it, but what that hand held.

It held what he took to be a linen face towel, with its fringed ends clustered together so that the pendent body of the fabric made a pouch; and this pouch most unmistakably held something of ponderable weight and size.

Laban did not stop to fathom the meaning of the thing. The city, in a way, had already drained his shallower reservoirs of wonder. He merely saw that his door had been quietly opened and that some unknown young woman—for that rounded small arm could belong only to the young—was thrusting in to him something equally unknown. And that impressed him as the important point—it was something, not taken from him, but being brought to him. So he crossed to the door, which still stood slightly ajar, took the clustered ends of the towel from the waiting white fingers and saw the rounded bare arm slowly withdrawn and his door slowly closed again.

He turned, with judgment oddly suspended, and crossed to the glass-topped table on which his telephone transmitter stood. There he placed the improvised pouch which had so strangely come into his possession, and pulled the switch cord of the shaded desk lamp. As the ends of the towel fell away from the objects which it had concealed, a faint gasp, not so much of bewilderment as of incredulity, escaped him. For it seemed to be lightning striking twice in the same place. It was the accidental ludicrously repeating itself.

On the glass-covered table in front of him he caught sight of a flashing and glimmering jumble of gold and platinum and jewels. He saw three or four ropes of Oriental pearls tangled together like worms in a bait tin. He saw diamond bar pins and sunbursts of sapphires and a lavallière almost as long as a skipping rope, and bands of green gold circled with white diamonds and a dozen or two rings of every conceivable shape and character, and one tiny jeweled watch that seemed no bigger than a man's thumb nail. He saw a platinum heart-shaped brooch studded with brilliants, a small gold mesh bag with sapphires along its fantastically chased jaws, two diamond hairpins, half a dozen pearl studs, and even a pair of gold earrings with huge black pearls depending from them. They lay there, flashing and glowing and burning in a competitive riot of color and fire as the hard light of the electric bulb beat down on them.

Laban stood blinking at them for a full minute of meditative silence. The mystery of the thing was beyond his understanding, but he did not propose to play a blind part in the matter of their final disposition. He intended to know where he stood, this time, before other people's property passed lightly through his hands. So he remained there for a full minute, deep in thought.

Then he stepped back to the heavy bedpost and for the second time unscrewed the metal cap from its top. Then, handful by handful, he hurriedly dropped the jewelry into the hollow post. On top of that macaronic column of color and metal he wedged down his pocket handkerchief, he scarcely knew why, and proceeded to adjust the cap once more to its place.

He was bent low, tightening the second set screw with his broken knife blade, when he heard a short scream from the hall without. It was a woman's scream of terror, brief and high-pitched. It was followed by a faint sound of running feet and then the repeated muffled bark of a revolver.

Laban wheeled about, at that sound, with an unconscious bristling of the hair along the nape of his neck. He dropped the knife into his pocket and glanced quickly about the room. Then he turned towards the door again, deciding to get it double-locked as quickly as possible, for that sound of pistol shots was a matter not altogether to his liking.

But Laban did not lock his door. For before he was halfway over to it that door once more moved slowly and silently inward and a young woman in an orange cloak thrown over a conspicuously *décolleté* dinner gown of yellow silk sidled in through the aperture. She made her appearance with her back towards Laban, intently watching the hallway from which she was retreating.

He had time enough to remark her white and rounded arms, the rice-powdered shoulder blades that made him think of a pair of gull wings, the poise of the small head on the full but slender neck, the small head bent slightly to one side in a singularly birdlike attitude of attention. He stood there watching her as she swung the door shut and listened, for a waiting minute or two, with her ear almost against the panel. He could see her shoulders heave with a sigh of relief, apparently, as the moments dragged away. Then she lifted a hand, still without a glance behind her, and cautiously locked the door with its safety latch. Then, with a second audible sigh of relief, she wheeled slowly about and stood with her back to the door.

Her eye, the moment she did so, fell on the young man standing so close to her. And Laban, before she had sufficiently collected herself to address him, had ample opportunity for a quick but comprehensive inspection of the intruder's face. She was dark, with seal brown eyes, a red and slightly willful mouth, and an adorable small nose as tiptilted as a trillium petal. Her hair was a dusky brown, and the elaborateness with which it was coiffured added a touch of maturity to the otherwise girlish face. But what most impressed him, and at the same time most appealed to him, was the ivory smoothness of her skin, a

(Continued on Page 80)

Airplane view by The Fairchild Aerial Camera Corp.

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(Continued from Page 48)

creamy and flowerlike fineness of texture that in some way seemed to imply a corresponding fineness of character. It succeeded in giving her an air of delicacy that amounted almost to fragility.

Yet she was far from fragile. He could see that from the careless vigor of her movements as she stepped back to the door, made sure it was locked and again directed her attention towards the young man so fixedly confronting her. He could tell it, too, from the quick audacities that clustered about the willfully curved mouth as she stared at him, not with disapprobation, as though she recognized in him an enemy not greatly to be feared.

"Rather rummy, isn't it?" she observed, showing her teeth in a smile that was not so mirthful as she might have wished.

"Decidedly so," agreed Laban, backing discreetly away as she advanced into the room.

"May I sit down?" she asked.

Without more ado, and before her involuntary host could speak, she dropped into a chair.

Then the seal brown eyes circled the room. They went from point to point with a slow and studious stare. Then they rested once more on the young man standing beside the glass-topped table.

"Where's the junk?" she asked with an obvious effort at carelessness.

But instead of answering that question, Laban decided to ask one of his own.

"What were those shots?" he demanded.

The severity of his face tended to amuse the young lady inspecting it. But she declined to give way to laughter.

"That was the house detective trying to stop the hold-up man before he got down the service elevator."

"What hold-up man?"

"The one who just lined up the women in the Louis Quinze ballroom and made them drop that jewelry into his hat." She stopped and stared about with a slight look of worry on her young face. "By the way, you've got it all right, haven't you?"

"I've got it," acknowledged Laban.

The unlooked-for coolness in his voice seemed to puzzle her. She studied his face intently. He had the feeling of being measured by an invisible yardstick. Her own face, he noticed, had a touch of hardness in its more sober moments. But the willful young lips were laughing again, and again she exhaled her odd impression of inextinguishable youth.

"It looked exactly like the third act of a play," she babbled on, "until an extremely stout lady in sequins swooned and went down like a flour sack. She did that when the hold-up man pushed his gun barrel against her flesh and told her to move a little quicker. She had a lavalliere, you see, that she did hate to give up. But the line broke, in the excitement when she went down, and that meant he had to herd 'em all back into one corner of the ballroom again. I ducked under the portière where he'd stuck his hatful of loot until he got their hands up again. I'd just time to empty the hat into my skirt as I ran. He knew what had happened by then and tried to come after me. So I went into a perfectly horrid man's suite, who saw me taking one of his hand towels. Then I decided that whatever happened I wouldn't let a thief carry off a fortune in hair ornaments and all that sort of thing. And I knew you were honest and ——"

"How did you know I was honest?" interrupted Laban.

"By your face," was her prompt and somewhat discomfiting reply. "I'd seen you coming up to your room, and I remembered the number."

Laban blushed in spite of himself. But his embarrassment was eclipsed by a sudden movement from the girl, who had risen from her chair. She seemed to have remembered something. She stared with wide and bewildered eyes at the room door that she had so recently locked with her own hand.

"But what are we to do with it?" she asked, without looking at the slightly abashed young man who now stood closer beside her.

Her eye traveled to the telephone instrument on the little square table and her thoughtful young face was clouded with a look of worry.

"If that phone should ring," she suddenly warned Laban, "don't answer it. Don't dare to answer it!"

"Why not?" asked the youth.

But she did not reply to his question. Her eyes were once more on the locked door.

"S'posing the house detective should come," she said in a lower tone. "What could we do?"

Laban also wanted to know what they could do.

The girl crossed the room to where the Not To Be Disturbed sign hung on one side of the dresser mirror. She thrust the square of cardboard into the young man's hand.

"Put this under the clip on the outside of your door," she commanded. "But be sure there's nobody outside when you open that door."

Laban went to the door and listened. Then he cautiously threw off the safety catch, listened again and turned the knob. His pulse quickened as he swung the door an inch or two back, peered out and made sure that no interloper stood on his threshold. His fingers were shaking a little as he stepped out and thrust the card under the metal clip between the two polished panels.

"Now lock the door again," he heard the girl saying in a stage whisper.

He did as she commanded. Then he turned and faced her. He noticed the new lines of resolution about the audacious young mouth.

"Now where are the jewels?" she asked with a matter-of-factness that he vaguely resented. It seemed to be hurrying things too precipitately towards a conclusion he preferred to see postponed. It seemed to shake the pollen of romance from a situation not yet in full flower.

His hesitation did not escape her, and she looked sharply up at him.

"You've got them safe here, haven't you?" she once more demanded.

"I've got them," he acknowledged.

"Then what are you waiting for?"

"I'd rather like to know what you're going to do with them."

"I'll show you," was her prompt reply. "But first we must ——"

Her words trailed off into silence. Then she moved a step or two closer to her companion. For quietly but clearly through the silence he could hear a series of small metallic sounds. And these sounds were made by some unknown person fitting or attempting to fit a pass-key into the locked door of his room. He even started towards the door. But the girl held him back.

"It's all right," she whispered. "But if they knock, don't answer. Don't answer on any account!"

They heard the key being withdrawn again. The safety catch had saved them. They waited, with the girl's fingers still clutching at the youth's sleeve. But no knock sounded on the door.

"That might be a maid," whispered Laban.

But the girl beside him, who had been covertly studying his face, shook her head in dissent. Then she still again slowly and studiously inspected the room.

"I don't like those windows open," she whispered; but for the second time she held him back as he made a move forward to close them.

"Wait!" she told him, and he did as she asked. By this time, apparently, he was getting used to her commands.

She stood in an attitude of listening for a minute or two, and then turned to him again.

"Where are the jewels?" she asked, still speaking in little more than a whisper; but still again she stopped him before he could move from her side.

"Turn out the lights," she whispered.

"Why?" he asked.

Her fingers, he noticed, were catching at the flap of his side pocket. There was something childlike in their clutch. The girl, he remembered, did not care to lose him in the darkness.

He switched out the light above the writing table and the two wall lights on either side of his dresser. When he pushed the button that extinguished the bulbs over the imitation marble dome that hung from the ceiling the room was in total darkness. This promptly threw into relief the two semiluminous squares of the still-open windows. He was about to move forward towards these windows when he was arrested by a muffled gasp from the girl at his side.

He thought for a moment that it was some unknown enemy back at his door again. But as he felt his companion's fingers tighten on his arm he realized that the menace lay at the other end of the room, the end towards which she was staring so intently through the darkness. His own eyes followed the obvious direction of her gaze, and as he looked he saw a moving silhouette darken for a moment the luminous parallelogram of one open window. A moving shadow seemed to slide in over the wide sill. It was followed by a second shadow and the muffled small noise of a moving object coming into contact with a carpeted floor. Then came a low "Sh-h-h!" of warning, a faint whisper or two in a tongue that Laban could not understand, and an ominous stretch of unbroken silence that sent half a hundred mouse feet of apprehension up and down the young man's backbone.

So preoccupied was he with that silence that it was several seconds before he became conscious of the girl's steady tug at his arm. But he finally surrendered to that unremitting pull at his coat sleeve and fell back with her, step by step, towards the door. Then he felt her stop suddenly at a repeated click close beside them. He was not sure whether this meant the cocking of a revolver or the pump of a shell into an automatic chamber. But it was unmistakably and acutely disturbing, as disturbing as the faint double knock which the next moment sounded on the wall somewhere behind him. Before he could wheel about, however, he heard the snap of a light switch.

He was dazed the next moment by the flood of light from the near-marble bowl above his head; and he stood there, blinking rather stupidly at what confronted him.

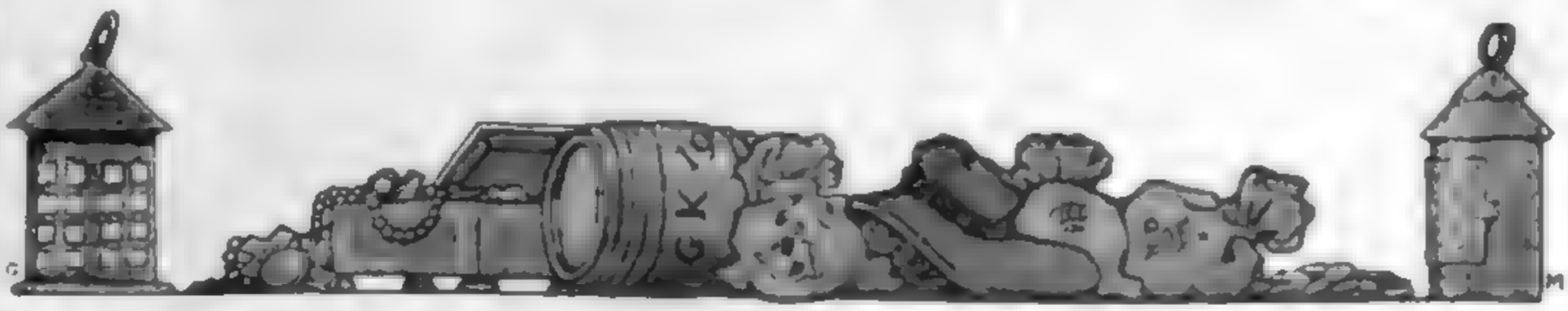
He saw himself between two swarthy and lean-faced men, watching him with an intentness so singular that it impressed him as catlike. He failed to see, in that first bewildered stare at them, the blue-barreled automatic which each man held poised in his raised right hand. But he had small chance to speculate on that tableau, for almost simultaneously each man took a step or two closer to him and the girl at his side.

"Stick up your hands," commanded the taller of the two, with the barrel end of his automatic making an ugly O in Laban's face. "Get them up, both of you! And get them up quick!"

He spoke with a slightly foreign intonation, but the young Westerner, at the time, was giving more thought to the message than to his method of speech.

"Now back up against the wall," was the next quietly worded command.

Laban, as he complied with that order, noticed that the girl's gaze was fixed on his face as though by her eyes and her eyes alone she was attempting to impart some message to him. But a brusque hand pushed her body flat against the room wall and all she could do the next moment was to direct a resentful stare towards her captor. And it was towards her, this time, that he directed the ugly blue-barreled pistol. *(Continued on Page 52)*



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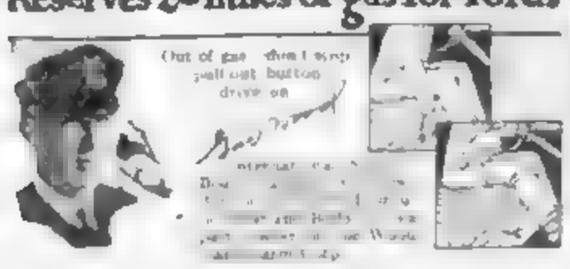

(Continued from Page 50)

"Where's that stuff?" he demanded, with his swarthy thin face thrust forward like a fighting cock's.

"I don't know what you're talking about," protested the girl.

She tried to speak quietly. But her voice was tremulous, and her face, by this time, was as white as chalk.

"Where's that stuff?" coldly repeated the man with the automatic.

The malevolence of that ratlike face with the set jaw seemed too much for the girl. She shrank a little closer in under Laban's helpless shoulder.

"I don't know where it is," she finally admitted. "And when I tell you that, I'm speaking the truth."

A short bark of contempt broke from the man confronting her. And for the third time, and just as coldly as before, he repeated his demand. Only this time he pressed the blue metal of his pistol end against the yielding white flesh of her bare shoulder. She cringed back from it, with terror in her eyes. But she did not altogether give up.

"I tell you I don't know!" she cried. "It was taken out of my hand as I stood out there in that hall. I never even saw the man who took it. But it was taken from me, I tell you. Where it went I don't ——"

That was as far as she got. The man silenced her with a gesture of impatience at the same moment that he called sharply over his shoulder to the confederate on guard at the far end of the room. The words that he spoke were meaningless to Laban, but they had the effect of bringing the second intruder's automatic ponderably closer to the young Westerner's midriff. Then Laban saw that the taller man was making a series of quick but dexterous passes about the shrinking body of the young woman beside him. He was searching her clothing for the loot which he apparently still suspected she held hidden about her, and that was an affront which Laban promptly resented. He resented it so acutely, in fact, that he quite forgot about the ugly blue-nosed pistol pointing at his breastbone and the earlier mandate to keep his hands above his head and his back to the wall.

"Keep your hands off that woman!" he shouted as he flung a reckless arm out between her and her persecutor.

The swarthy-faced one stopped short, clearly stunned by an impertinence so unlooked for. Then he thrust a face venomous with hate closer to the face of the indignant-eyed young man.

"Do you want a hole through your head?" he quietly intoned through his yellow teeth. He spoke softly, but there was a deadly intentness in every accent. "For it's what you'll get, you rabbit, if you try another move like that!"

So fortified was he with the knowledge of his own power that he no longer looked at the youth with his back to the wall. His eyes were already on the white-faced woman again, the white-faced woman who shrank back from the explorative hand that was already thrust out to resume its padding about her body. The owner of this hand accordingly failed to notice the short squint of appraisal in Laban's eyes and the sudden tensing of his jaw muscles. And being without knowledge of those things, he was without due warning of what was about to befall him.

For the youth against the wall, the next moment, exploded into sudden action. He knocked aside the pistol hand at the same moment that he flung himself bodily upon the holder of that pistol. The two bodies locked together, swayed and went over, striking and clawing and parrying as they went.

But it was a hopeless struggle. The smaller man in the background was too quick for Laban. He did not fire, as the breathless girl seemed to fear. He merely dropped to his knees and pinioned first the one hand and then the other of the still foolishly struggling Laban. In another twenty seconds the two of them had him in chancery. They had him garroted and helpless and were expeditiously thrusting him through the opened door of his clothes closet. There the taller man held him down while the other without hesitation or ceremony flung the startled girl in through the same door, which the next moment was swung shut and locked from the outside.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB

(Continued from Page 32)

But on that October night in 1903 I was bound for them with a bundle of words, and a driver and a presiding officer besides, all atop of a truck bedecked with reformers' banners and drawn by a horse who knew better. As we rattled up to the corner two or three of the local huskies gave a hitch to their overalls and approached. When the presiding officer, on the tail of the truck, began bawling out his introductory remarks other natives drew near. The driver had turned the horse around. From his hand a stick of red fire drooped over the animal's despondent flanks. And in my head the stump speech was humming—my first speech!

Then I realized that I was about to go on. As the bawler ascended the sounding grade of his peroration the crowd at the corner still grew. I had never before visited that particular corner, so it was gratifying to realize how wisely the goo-goos at headquarters had picked the place. The only thing that puzzled me was the constant reaching down on the part of my auditors, as though they were picking up things. Ah! The bawler pointed toward me.

"Now, my fellow citizens," he shouted, "I have the distinguished honor of introducing to you that peerless orator, that true patriot, the Honorable Henry Curran!"

The Case of Pickles

He drew back as I advanced to the tail of the truck. I raised my hand for silence. A gentle whiz by my right ear suggested that something was passing. A turnip touched my left temple and bounded off. On the truck beside me fell a paving block, in a slow arc. As I looked reproachfully down upon it, a moist handful of river-front real estate whistled above my head toward the driver. Yes, they had been picking up things. With a spontaneous gesture I turned around.

"Whip up, Bill!" I cried to the driver.

But he was already on his way. In a shower of tributes we rattled off behind the plunging horse. It was the shortest speech I ever made.

Of course I tried again, at other corners. In all, I made sixteen speeches. My candidate was beaten by 64,000 votes. You can figure it out for yourself.

All in all, it was just arrant foolishness to send a greenhorn to a neighborhood where he was unknown. At best there is not one campaign speech in ten that changes a single vote. They are just part of the circus. And unless they are handled properly they do more harm than good

The next time I left my easy-chair in the grand stand it was in company with a friend who had volunteered to watch at the polls Sherlock Jones, we'll call him Sherlock was a high-minded fellow who had been filled up with tales of impending election frauds—colonization, guerrillas, sleepers, dead men's names and what not. Not that guerrillas were unknown in New York that year. But Sherlock's knowledge of them was entirely theoretical. He had listened to two talks of instruction on the subject and had read in the papers some racy pen pictures of what a guerrilla looks like in action.

The goo-goos sent him to a polling place in a Harlem barber shop—five miles from where he lived—and in the afternoon I dropped in as an observer. Sherlock had said something about the guerrillas rushing the place in the last hour. As a good friend I stood by to help stem the rush.

At ten minutes past four a poor little cuss opened the door timidly as a bell tinkled overhead. His tired eyes and drawn cheeks drooped with humility. He was undersized, unassuming and unshaven. One barber looked up, then down again contemptuously. The underdone one asked for a ballot

"Name?" snapped the clerk.

"Theodore Pickles."

Sherlock looked up as he nudged me. Yes, it was a curious name. The smell of the guerrilla was in the wind. Sherlock looked quickly down at his list. The expected had happened! Opposite the name of Theodore Pickles appeared a mysterious mark that meant "suspicious."

As Pickles unfolded the humble story of his life and lodging, my friend broke in with a sharp challenge. There was some question about the length of time that Pickles had lived in his hall room on the third-floor back. The law called for thirty days. All that Pickles could prove was twenty-eight.

"Well, do you want to arrest him?" asked the clerk, when Pickles had hesitatingly voted, despite the challenge.

"Yes, I must," said Sherlock firmly, remembering his instructions.

So off we went to the magistrate's court, Pickles and the cop and Sherlock, with a fast-growing flock of the neighbors joining me as I fell in behind.

"Guess the goo-goos got him," volunteered the first recruit over his pipe.

"Looks like it," I said.

"Poor fish—he don't know how to vote anyhow."

By the time we reached the courthouse we were a regiment.

"Aw, the poor little feller!" said a large woman as we filed in. Sherlock looked uncomfortable, but steadfast.

In five minutes the magistrate had dismissed the case

"I don't believe there was any wrongful intent," he said as he looked down at Pickles and then smiled quizzically at Sherlock. "Perhaps you were a little hasty, Mr. Jones," he added indulgently. "It's going pretty far to arrest a man, you know."

"Yes, sir," murmured Sherlock, crestfallen.

At the door the neighbors surrounded Pickles with a new respect in their eyes. For Pickles had been arrested and discharged! Until that time he had plodded humbly along, to and from his third-floor back, a poor little weed in a backwater of life, a modest minnow in the neighborhood pool—until now, in a flash, he was famous! Aye, Pickles was a hero and he looked it! Arrested and discharged—his eyes sparkled.

One of his new admirers came wildly to Sherlock. "Say, looka here," he demanded, "are you workin' fer Biggs?"

"Yes," said Sherlock uncertainly. Biggs was his candidate.

"Well, so am I, an'—do yer know whatcha done? Do yer know how that poor fish voted?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't."

"He voted for Biggs!"

It was ten minutes before Sherlock recovered. Then I followed him sadly out of Harlem.

Where the Resolutions Go

A year later Sherlock relapsed into inexpensive membership in a club devoted to the cause of good government. There he found men he knew, from all parts of the city, and every month they met contentedly and highly resolved something. Good men they were, and earnestly trying to help. When copies of their highly worded resolutions reached the aldermen Sherlock and his friends thought they had done something. There are no wastebaskets in the aldermanic chamber. But there are handy corners. I was an alderman. I know. Then why reck of receptacles? Nor did they, those monthly patriots. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to meet and resolve. For all I know they are still meeting and resolving once a month. And the janitor of the City Hall still stoops at the corners as he picks up their eloquent resolutions.

In New York there are clubs, leagues, societies and associations galore, all devoted to the cause of good government and all composed of some of the finest men and women in the town. I am not referring now to local improvement associations or to bodies bent on the enactment of some particular measure. Those outfits know what they want and go after it. Usually they get it. They are symbols and engines of the desires of a particular part of the electorate, and their efforts and lobbies—whether good or bad, vocal for a minority or token of a majority—are a part of the play of public opinion that gradually crystallizes into law. They have axes to grind and they grind them.

The clubs I have in mind are the varied brands of organizations that speak for no

Continued on Page 54

QUIET—LONG-WEARING—ECONOMICAL—SAFE

These are the important advantages of the new Goodyear Cord Tire with the beveled All-Weather Tread

The beveled All-Weather Tread on the new Goodyear Cord is made from an improved rubber compound.

That means longer wear.

The sidewalls of this new tire are thicker and tougher than before.

That means greater curb and rut resistance.

The clean-cut rugged blocks of the tread are reinforced at the base by heavy rubber ribs.

That means a stauncher tread, and quieter, smoother running.

The blocks which line the tread on either side are beveled at the outer edge.

That means a more even distribution of the load over the carcass, and less vibration and strain.

The carcass is made from high grade long-staple cotton, and embodies the patented Goodyear principle of group-ply construction.

That means maximum strength, endurance, resilience and serviceability.

More uniform pressure is insured by the double molded process employed.

That means stronger unions between the plies of the carcass and between carcass and tread.

The tire as a whole is the finest that Goodyear has ever sold.

That means extreme quality and economy.

It preserves without sacrifice the advantages of the famous All-Weather Tread.

That means slipless, slideless, skidless travel, and safety.

You want this new Goodyear Cord with the beveled All-Weather Tread—ask for it by name.

Get it from your Goodyear Service Station Dealer, who will help you get from it all the mileage built into it at the factory.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

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Puzzle?

What is it that

—kills flies and mosquitoes by the roomful?

—brings roaches and waterbugs out of hiding—then kills them?

—kills moths and their eggs—will not stain fabrics?

—kills fleas on dogs—no harm to dog?

—kills lice on poultry or cattle—no stain to feathers or hair?

—kills ants and most other insects?

—is safe to use because non-poisonous?

—is easy to use because applied with a sprayer?

—has a pleasant odor which disappears in fifteen minutes?

—works quickly, cleanly, leaving no stain—nothing to clean up?

—is 100% active—contains no inert ingredients?

—is guaranteed by the makers to be and do all of the above?

That's easy! There's only one answer to all that.

Flyosan!

safe insecticide

In less than four years Flyosan has become the largest selling household insecticide in the world!

If your drug, grocery or hardware store does not have Flyosan, fill out and mail us the coupon below. Your money back if Flyosan does not do all we claim for it.

Colonial Chemical Corporation
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Flyosan
SAFE INSECTICIDE

Kills Flies by the Roomful
—Mosquitoes, too

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Colonial Chemical Corp., Reading, Pa.
Enclosed find $1 00 ($1 25 west of Rockies and Canada) for which please send me a complete Flyosan outfit (pint can and sprayer).

My dealer's name and address is _____

My Name _____

Address _____ June 30

(Continued from Page 52)

locality, no interest, no measure; whose voices are raised only for good government, generally and indefinitely. It is one of that kind that my friend Sherlock joined. They are a distinct part of the city life's and they all do some good. They educate and interest their members in government, and that is good. Further, they inform their members about candidates and officials, and listen to addresses by those performers. That is good too. They also—some of them—keep careful and common-sense watch on local legislative and executive action, and attack effectively when it is bad and help enormously when it is good. That is their best accomplishment of all. But there they stop, for the most part.

What they don't do, but could do, is to recruit their members into one of the great party organizations—I don't care which one—where the wheel-horse work of putting in the whole pivotal personnel of our government, from the President of the United States down, is actually begun, carried on and ended. In that they take little interest. Yet some of these clubs are frankly partisan. They are even called Demublican or Repocratic, but still they fail to lift a finger to get their people into the party organizations. They are far too busy with their own club affairs, deciding who shall be president or toastmaster, forming friendships, feuds and cabals among themselves. They are off the target all the time, firing into the rarefied air of their own little circles, shunning party work, shunning even their own neighbors. For usually their members come from no one neighborhood, but spring from every corner of the city, from Riverdale to Tottenville, as they hurry in to some central point, there to meet only their chosen friends, who all vote and think alike already. Little cozy corners, safe within their own walls!

In a party organization the corner stone is the neighborhood, with all its people, of every kind—the block you live in, the street where you reside; above all, the folks who live alongside of you. Politics begin at home. That is my experience of them, and that is sense and citizenship and the rule of a hundred years all over the broad land.

Yet the officers of most of these general political clubs would feel hurt and humiliated if you told them their best service lay in sluicing their members into the work of the parties of their choice. Sometimes the distress is due to a shrewd fear that the member thus recruited into party work may drop the general club as a thing of lesser value. Sometimes that happens. The generals don't like to lose their armies. It was only the other day that the newspapers printed a suggestion that women should have nothing to do with political parties, but should form organizations of their own outside the parties. Yes? Is that wise? Is that playing the game? Is it quite fair to women?

Enrolling the Callers

As I look back over the antics of the nice clubs and all the other ineffectual ways in which good American men and women have sought to help in politics, I am more struck with two prime ways of not doing it: The first is the neophyte's sudden fever of activity in campaign time, to the exclusion of the rest of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. There are very few votes in those October fevers. The real work is usually well out of the way by that time. Only the circus is left—and the count. The second is the overlooking of the neighbors in the block as the well-intending volunteer hurries away to a headquarters, there to partake in broadcasting the electorate at long range. Headquarters never needs him. Valuable time is lost there in telling him so. But the neighborhood does need him—badly—and it wants him, too, if he only knew it. It wants both him and her.

Both of these mistakes I made during the eleven years of my party disfranchisement. The climax came in 1909, when Otto T. Bannard ran for mayor of New York. He was not elected, but a very fine act of instant self-sacrifice on his part insured the success of the rest of his ticket.

Early in October I hurried away from my own neighborhood and became secretary of a hand-picked organization at headquarters—the big G. H. Q.—known as the Bannard Campaign Club. The club's job was to take care of the citizens who were beginning to rush in and ask what they could do. Anybody could have been secretary. Our method was to enroll the callers in the club and then get rid of them as soon as possible. That is all there was to it, at the beginning. We had to form a busting big club, just to protect the candidate's ears and right hand from the avalanche of earnest October volunteers, so that he might have some time left for campaigning; just to protect from useless talk the time of the dozen experienced men who were competently handling the whole headquarters end of the campaign.

But our work was smooth, if I do say it, for we had been well advised. We cajoled the citizens, we listened and shook hands, we clutched at the few whispered tips of information that looked like live ones, and we sent all comers away happy. Also, we extracted badly needed campaign contributions from some of our visitors with such success that we soon became a reservoir for the real work of the campaign to draw upon. When that phase of our activities became generally known we had to go to work all over again, standing off banner men, button men, hardened stump speakers, individuals who "controlled" blocks of votes in far nooks, and, all day and every day, the smooth-tongued gentry who guaranteed the Siamese vote or the Patagonian vote entire, served up in ice on a silver platter and solid for our candidate, if only we would stake the spokesman to a couple of hundred bucks and no questions asked.

Double-Barreled Oratory

So our front-door duties grew, and in addition we even wrote campaign ads and held meetings, to help out the real workers. The meetings were not expected to make votes. The custom was to rent a vacant corner store for a day, flank it with banners and a band at high noon, and then rush in—twenty or thirty of us—and fill up the empty camp chairs that stared at the half dozen misguided people who had already seeped in of their own free will. Thereupon the candidate appeared and spoke—and they always liked him, those who saw and heard him. But the point of the meeting was its use as a forum for a speech that was already mimeographed and on its way to the evening papers. That provided a daily discharge of double-barreled oratory—one barrel in the evening papers, and the other, when the regular night speech was made, in the papers of next morning. In each case the ammunition was in the form of a speech, with its livelier reading value as contrasted with statements and interviews. Of course we of the campaign club had nothing to do with the speeches. We merely supplied the noonday megaphone, at very slight expense. And each day we operated at a different corner, jumping about the town in the most dazzling circus fashion.

This was all highly harmless and entertaining, but our greatest value lay in the handsome way we stroked the backs—and occasionally the pocketbooks—of the volunteers as they visited headquarters. Only one citizen, so far as I can remember, did aught but beam on us and grit his teeth at the diabolical doings of our opponents as he left our handshaking sanctuary. That one was the sponsor for the solid Sulu vote, on the occasion of his twentieth penniless departure. He said we had no heart.

But the question that bothered us then and that has bothered us ever since was: What became of the volunteering citizens when they left us? Where did they go? The answer to that question is the point of this article. A part of the answer is the present political whereabouts of John Citizen, whom I sent last January, and with great satisfaction to himself—to go see Tom Donovan at the district club in Doolittle Street and join up. Another part of the answer is what happened to me, fourteen years ahead of John.

For we knew very well, in our campaign club, that there was splendid human material for political usefulness coming into our door every day, and we were intensely anxious to put that material to work. We entertained our volunteer visitors—oh, yes—and accepted contributions if they wanted to give them. But we did more than that. We gave to every one of them the name and address of his election-district captain and begged him to report to that captain for work in his own neighborhood. It was no light task to assemble the boundaries of twenty-five hundred election districts scattered throughout the city, to determine the exact street numbers included in each, and affix the name and address of the respective responsible captains. But we did it. And when the visitor gave us his own name and address, we shot his captain's whereabouts back at him without a second's delay. If he wanted to go to work he knew where to go. I wonder how many of them went. If a dozen did it I should feel that my month was well spent. If a hundred did it I should call our little campaign club a rip-roaring success.

The day after election I did it myself. While half the town was celebrating and the other half was wringing its hands I stole off to a little red brick building on Eighth Avenue that housed my party's district club. In the back room at the head of the narrow stairs a philosophical gentleman whom I had never seen before was putting coal in the round stove. He was alone. As he leaned back and puffed at his pipe he turned his head leisurely toward where I stood hesitating in the doorway.

"Cold day," he ventured.

"Yes—may I come in?"

"Pull up a chair." He motioned toward an armchair worn smooth by a generation of politicians.

I told him what I wanted to do.

"Well, that's all right," he reflected. "Just give me your name and address. Later on I'll ask you for three dollars. That's dues for the year. Have to elect you a member first, you know"—he smiled—"but we'll do that next week."

"Thank you."

"But come in any time. Might warm yourself a little now if you like." He looked out the window at the raw November sky. "Chilly," he added.

It was—but not inside. There I was welcome. Before we got through I told him all about the campaign club.

"Have a good time?" he asked indulgently.

"Yes, but ——"

And then we went over the "but," from beginning to end. He told me a great deal that I didn't know. With what I had to say he was patient. The one thing in my recital that really interested him was my casual remark that I had sought out my own election-district captain, in an odd moment snatched from the headquarters visitors.

"Oh, yes"—he brightened up at once—"fellow that keeps the little bookstore!"

"Yes; he nearly sold me a first edition. Next time I think he'll sell it."

A Club Without a Blackball

Next time he did. That was next day. But the look at the little shop was worth it. And the friendship that followed was worth far more. So is my friendship with the man of the stove, despite the severities of his present job as a city paymaster. He is a gentle soul who was never meant to go hopping about the city loaded with dollars and guns as he squares Father Knickerbocker with the help. He belongs to the stove, where his philosophy has a chance to warm and expand. And there I miss him when he is out paying. But he is as good a paymaster as he is a politician. And we are friends.

It was in 1909, then, that I finally left the grand stand and got on the field with the rest of the team, that I shook myself free of the bushes on the bank of the political stream and dived into the center of the ol' swimmin' hole of American politics. At last I had joined one of the great American political armies that play the game of politics and give us all the government we get, good or bad. That was fourteen years ago. I wish it had been twenty-five years ago.

But it was a help to John Citizen to have his question answered right off the bat when he asked me where to go to do something about politics. That much is clear gain. It has been a help to others too. Every week or so someone stops me and says, "Look here, I'd like to do something, but I don't know where to go. How do I start?"

Then I tell him, just as we told them all at the campaign club. Just as I told John Citizen. And sometimes he goes and does what I tell him.

The other day a second question was plumped at me. "How do I know they'll take me in?" asked the inquirer. "Isn't it a close corporation, hard to break into?"

Never! It is the wide-openest game in all the world—the one club that never used a blackball! Knock and enter—you're welcome! More welcome than you are to all

(Continued on Page 57)

I've noticed that the last few times I've seen you—
you've been smoking a pipe

Yes—I enjoy it very much especially since I've been smoking this aged in wood tobacco.

It's undoubtedly better.

mild—
fine flavor—
smokes cool

aged in wood

that's why

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

465 Okays

What Automotive Manufacturers say about the Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart

Following the annual meeting of the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers, the 1923 recommendations were immediately mailed to all manufacturers of automobiles, automobile engines, motor trucks, and farm tractors.

Each manufacturer was advised of the grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil recommended for his automotive unit, the grade for summer and the grade for winter.

Approval of these recommendations has been received from 465 automotive manufacturers and in many cases they paid high tribute to both the Chart and Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Don't say,
"Give me a quart of oil"

The Chart is of full value only as you use the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil which it specifies for your car. In Gargoyle Mobiloil you secure an oil which is produced only from crude stocks chosen solely for their *lubricating* value—not gasoline yield.

We believe that the entire automotive industry backs us in urging you not to buy "loose" oil indiscriminately by the quart. You cannot always be sure either of high-grade oil or scientifically-correct body.

If the partial Chart at the right does not include your car, write to our nearest branch for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication," which includes the complete list of recommendations. The complete Chart is also on the walls of dealers who sell Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

Chart of Recommendations
(Abbreviated Edition)
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below
How to Read the Charts
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic
Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.
This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.
1923
1922
1921
1920
1919
Makes of Engines
(recommendations shown separately for convenience)
Transmission and Differential
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)*	Boston	Chicago
Philadelphia	Detroit	Pittsburgh
Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan
Milwaukee	Des Moines	Dallas
Buffalo	Rochester	Oklahoma City

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 54)

the semipolitical outfits that roost across the way and do their knocking over there! More welcome than you ever thought!

One of my friends found this out for himself a few years ago. He is now a college professor—and if you can spot him he will verify this story—but then he was just a new resident of his district. He had moved in only a week before, and literally he knew not a soul in the district. He was a stranger, lonely and alone. But he wanted to do something in politics—just on the side, so that it would not interfere with his job. Back in the country, before he moved into the big city—and in this case the big city was not New York—he had understood that politics meant one of the two big parties and nothing else. That was the way they played it, back there. Also he knew a few of the ropes. So he asked the cop on the corner the name and home of the Demublican district leader and a few searching questions besides, and then went around to call on the leader that night.

"Good evening, Mr. Boggs," said the young countryman as he placed his hat on the leader's table. "I am Nathan Noggs, of 23 Eucalyptus Avenue, and I'd like to join your organization and help in the work."

"Very good," said Boggs. "Sit down."

"I hear you're electing eight additional district committeemen next week," pursued Noggs.

"Yes-s-s?"

"Now I've been talking about that with a great many of my friends in the neighborhood and we want to take a real helping hand here. In short, Mr. Boggs, we want to be represented on that ticket."

"Huh?"

"Yes—represented. We're all with you and ready to work. No rivalry. None of us wants to be leader. You're our man if you'll take us in—right. Look me up and find out for yourself if you like."

Noggs Gets Away With It

"Ahum!" Boggs covered his surprise with a cough. He was none too strong a leader. "Ahum! I'm sorry, young man, but our slate's made up. Election is only a week off, and I couldn't throw out a man, once I'd promised him—now could I? Sorry. Very sorry. Wish you'd come around sooner. We want young men like you."

The new Mr. Noggs reached for his hat. "I'm sorry, too," he said as he stood up, "because I shall be compelled to put up an opposing ticket."

Boggs gave a slight start, but the poor hick from the country went on: "Yes, it's too bad. And I know it's short notice. But my friends are in earnest and they will not be denied. Nothing personal, you understand. No ill will, Mr. Boggs. Just a friendly contest. I'll bid you good ——"

"Hey, wait a minute, wait a minute!" Boggs got up out of his chair. "Perhaps here, gimme your hat—there!" He put the hick's hat back on his table. "There, there! Now let us talk it over a little more. We don't want any fightin' here. Perhaps ——"

When they finished talking it over, Boggs had allowed his visitor the privilege of naming three out of the eight new committeemen.

"Thank you," said Noggs solemnly as he went out the door. "I'll see my friends about which three will go on, and hand you the names tomorrow night."

"All right. Give 'em all my best regards," called Boggs as his guest went down the steps. "Tell 'em they're all welcome, the whole lot of 'em."

"Yes, I will. Thank you again."

And Nathan Noggs, guileless hick that he was, started out to make some friends. He had one of the three names. That was his own. But the two others? Before another nightfall he must scrape acquaintance with at least two strangers who would stand the gaff. He scraped. The next evening Boggs had three brand-new committeemen handed to him. One of them was Noggs.

Not so hard, that breaking in? Of course I don't expect any of you to get away with all that. It almost makes me blush to recount it. But not so with Noggs. He glories in it. Says the last thing any leader wants is a fight in his own family, and sees no reason why he shouldn't capitalize that sort of anxiety to a reasonable degree—three out of eight, say. Yes. In Noggs' home state they are politicians before they open their eyes. I know that state.

And now that we're in the district club and under way, what is it like? And what do we do? I hope we don't do what a very intelligent friend of mine did the first evening he visited his club. He entered alone. There was a meeting on, and he slipped into a back seat where he could see and hear and size it all up. On the platform at the end of the narrow room the alderman was making a speech. It was June, and hot. Scattered among the camp chairs were the remnants of the faithful, sweating quietly and bearing up. Already the alderman had spoken for thirty minutes. As he spied my friend he hurled his claptrap climax clear down the room and into the newcomer's lap.

"The people are moving!" he cried, crushing a handkerchief to his brow and pointing at my friend. They were—all over the room. "I see them coming," he went on, "coming to join the noble army of our great party. Every night they throng this club. Every day they rise to shout the plaudits of our great party. There is a spirit of unrest abroad."

The spirit had backed into the hot room, but the alderman went on, darkly, with hand upraised for hush.

"Yes, a spirit of unrest. Our institoo-tions are in danger. But there is our great party. The nation sees and knows we stand where we always stood. The nation is safe, in the hands of our great party. I thank you."

With a sigh of relief and two handclaps from the faithful, the alderman sat down. But the newcomer was on his way. Swiftly and deftly my friend had escaped into the night.

Next day he stopped me in the street. "Of all the rot!" he exploded. He had resigned from the club that morning. "You think I'm going to waste my time listening to that sort of junk?" For a month he would hardly speak to me.

Well, that is the sort of junk you get—sometimes—at the district club. At other times it is quite the opposite—a clear-sighted discussion of an important subject, based on a keen knowledge of history, politics and people—above all, people—that goes to the root of the problem and is able to give cards and spades to all the arguments my friend ever dug out of his law books. It may cut either way—that district-club discussion—to one extreme or the other or anywhere between the two. It is just what the people there make of it, no more, no less. And so, in the last analysis, is our government of these United States of America. The district club is one of the contributing far corners, one of the corners that officials listen to.

The Army of Politics

I wish my friend had stayed. I know the alderman wanted him. So did the leader. And all the faithful. In every district they want brains and sympathy, insight and tolerance, head and heart, as much as they can get it. They can all do better than they do, and most of them want to be shown how, and helped to it. The few that don't should be invaded, fought, thrown out and replaced--unless they will come around. And those few will usually come around, in the face of enough disinterested determination. They will give in rather than go—if it pays to give in. Witness Boggs!

Now my friend has nothing on that alderman in the way of heart and well-doing for the less fortunate of the district's people, day in and day out, the year around. But he has the best of him in gray matter, and the alderman knows that very well. Then why not chip in a little, instead of turning and running at the first sound of oratorical anguish? Where do we get if he turns and runs because the new environment does not just suit him? Because he thinks he is above it? Because aldermen are sometimes fatheads? Because, anyhow, it's a dirty game, politics! Where do we get?

Do we handle our own business in that way? Was the Army like that, in the war? In war and business we have won out. Yet peace has her problems as well as war, government as well as business, and nowadays all four of them get so near together that most of the time they overlap. Perhaps it will pay from now on to play this game of American life all four ways to the middle, if we can—war when we must, to keep the peace; and politics on the side always, to keep good the government our fathers gave us, for the sake of our business, our self-respect and the welfare of our children in the days to come.

In this man's army of politics—this woman's army, too, all over since 1920—there are several thousand political district clubs or committees in each of the great parties, scattered from one coast to the other. They cover the country. One of them covers the house you live in, another takes in my flat in New York. They are the collective controlling units in the political factory that turns out our governing personnel, in city and county, state and nation. They may be in wards, districts, precincts or counties. That is a matter of boundaries and terminology. But they are there, at your doorstep or within reach. Quiet or noisy, strong or weak, dead or alive, they are there, and their doors are open. Why not drop in and have a look?

Over my way the district club was only two blocks off. I spotted it and joined it, went to meetings now and then, got acquainted, and enjoyed it. But particularly I stuck to the captain of my own election district—the little subdivision of the assembly district wherein I lived. For he is the man who knows and does the most. He is on the ground, in the field, in direct contact with the voters—he and she now—the man captain with the men and the woman captain with the women—though it is not always a Quaker meeting. Sometimes their paths cross!

The Leaven in the Lump

Those two are the company commanders, in army parlance. They know the neighbors, their needs, affiliations, lives. They know—if they are on their job. And on every one of the three hundred sixty-five days in the year they are in some way in touch with one or more of the neighbors, helping them in government matters and in all manner of other matters where help is needed; winning their confidence and gratitude, extending and cementing their acquaintance. Where they are not wanted they do not intrude. Where they are wanted they are ready, with a natural human interest in other human beings. Without that quality they do not last as captains, for without it they are no good. The human factor is first—in politics at least—and, I rather think, in everything else. In politics it is essential. That was the first thing I learned, in my own election district, as one of four lieutenants to my election district captain.

"But," you will say, "what has this business of one fellow helping another got to do with the tariff, free silver, direct primaries, the league of nations and high taxes? What has it got to do with good government, with the issues of the day, whatever they are?"

It had so much to do with them, in my experience, that I want to take a bit of the next article in this series to tie it up to those issues according to the facts.

Of course I know very well that this personal, human side of politics is not the whole of politics, just as the work of the party organization is not the only factor on Election Day. But those two factors count for so much more than some people think that they demand explanation. And they are the very phases of the game that are today the most neglected by the country's best business ability and finest talent for leadership. Comparatively speaking, they are out in the cold. Where business and the professions recruit the best of us into their ranks, in the millions, where January highbrow politics and October circus politics take a little spare time from a few thousands out of the millions, we find the personal and party work of politics—which forms the backbone of the game—left to shift for itself, the sport of mercenary bosses, clever demagogues and political cowards.

We are lucky to get along as well as we do.

The few men and women who leaven the lump with a little principle, who add patriotic foresight and community comprehension to the daily touch of heart and hand, are the exceptions that prove the rule. They are golden in the good they accomplish. But we need more of them. Like the old Harry we need more. And that is why I sent John Citizen around to Doolittle Street to join his assembly-district club and tie up to his election-district captain. The highbrow clubrooms and the campaign headquarters suites will always be well populated. John Citizen is needed by none of those outfits.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of five articles by Mr. Curran. The concluding article will appear in an early issue.

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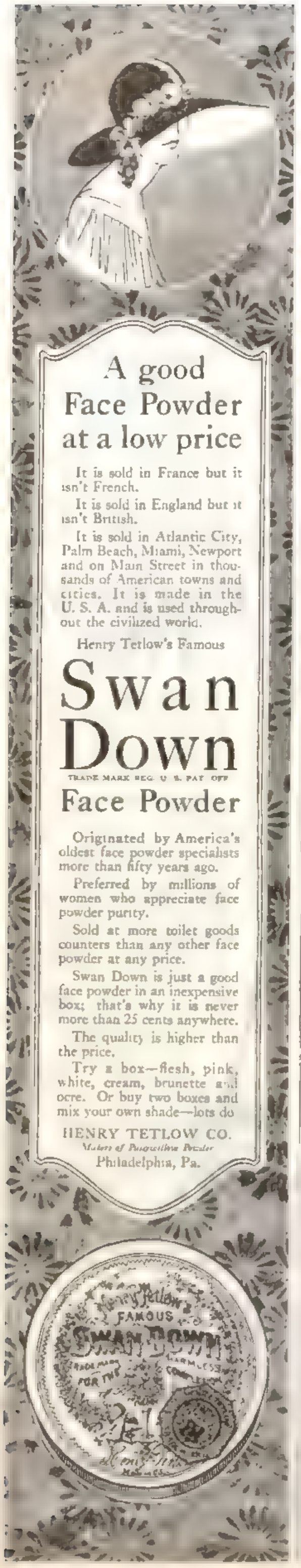
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HOT-WEATHER HOKUM

(Continued from Page 7)

he can for the country, according to his lights, coming to his office on a morning to find himself visited by a group of these loyal and devoted followers and supporters, and, after the time of day has been passed pleasantly, asked this rather imperative question: "None hold you in higher esteem than do we, Mister President, and none look with greater admiration and approval on your unceasing efforts to do all you can for the American people; but it now seems opportune to inquire of you what you are going to do for us."

Naturally, with that sort of an opening, a specific conversation might ensue, based on a counter query as to the necessity of doing anything; and in that conversation, it is not beyond the bounds of supposition to fancy, there could be developed, provided it were ever held, such salient facts as these: There was a large gesture for disarmament, but that gesture seems to be arrested in midair; it has not been possible to reduce taxes to any helpful extent; the new tariff has had reactions that are hurtful rather than helpful; the farmers, who, with their affiliations, comprise 60 per cent of the voting population, cannot get living prices for their produce but are compelled to pay high prices for all they consume; the cost of living is mounting every day; a congressional opposition has developed that looks perilous to any party policies or plans, and will be most dangerous in the next Congress; unless you take some steps to relieve the situation you may well expect not only opposition to your renomination in the convention but a third party split-off, which will defeat you. And so on.

Desperate Remedies

Naturally, again, this conversation, if it had been held, might result in a presidential checking-up of the propositions laid down, might go to the length of the sending out of trusty scouts to make sure, and might also show that there is considerable basis for the conditions set forth. Then what? Here we go now into the realms of the hypothetical: It might—might, mark you—result in the conclusion that the greatest source of potential disaffection is the farmer, and the farmer is first to be considered. The farmer needs a world market. To get the farmer a world market we must be of the world and not of ourselves only. To be of the world we must join in world affairs. The quickest way to join in world affairs is to affiliate with the League of Nations. We cannot do that for various reasons, all political. But there is the International Court. We can join that without stultifying ourselves as to the League. That would edge us into world affairs. It might be a good enough edge to hold the farmers until after election—might. Well, as the saying is, "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies"; and, not to put too fine a point on it, as the other saying is, "Politics makes strange bedfellows." Interesting hypothesis—eh, what? Cheerio!

And so, as this is written long before the President begins his trip to Alaska, with a few stops at way stations, we shall watch his progress with interest and listen to his speeches with attention. Likewise we shall watch those Progressives and die-hards and all the rest who are shouting their determination to trail after him and undo whatever he may do. And these will be Republicans also; men of the President's own party. As he will be doing his best for the country, so, too, will they be doing their bests for the country. It may be a bit intricate for the country to understand just what the best best is; but no doubt we shall muddle through somehow. A lot of people have done their bests for this country in the past, to say nothing of doing the country for their bests, and we still survive. We are a hardy people.

This, in our explorations into the politics of the period, brings us to the Progressive bloc, formed after the dire results of the last election had presented such an opportunity for Progressivism as it has not had since Colonel Roosevelt left it flat in 1916. The Progressive bloc appears to be under the captain-generalcy of Senator La Follette, with those other potential captains-general, Borah and Johnson, somewhat remiss in joining the colors. Indeed, there are signs that Borah and Johnson are somewhat individualistic in their Progressivism, and intend to be their own blocs.

Looking at this triangle from the lower and earthy levels of American politics rather than through the rarefied atmosphere in which this Progressivism exists and operates, it would seem to the observer that all three of them, La Follette, Borah and Johnson, are candidates for President; but that, of course, is the mundane view. Possibly only one of them is a candidate for President and the other two are working in their mysterious ways that one's nomination to bring about. It may be so.

That may be the answer to the Progressive bloc, to Borah's threats of a third party and to Johnson's giving Europe the cynical once-over. When the time comes, likely as not, Borah and Johnson will present the kingly crown to La Follette, or La Follette and Borah perform the same kindly office for Johnson, or Johnson and La Follette insist that the honor shall be Borah's. The movie rights of either of those ceremonies will be worth a large sum.

Apart from Senator Borah's several violent eruptions after the International Court plan was first proposed by President Harding, and the powerful statement of Senator Johnson, in France, when asked for his opinion of La Belle Madelon, "I, sir, am an American," the Progressive bloc and Senator La Follette appear to be most active. The subject of railroad valuations, not only a perennial subject but an eternal enterprise, has been discussed; and Representative James A. Frear, of Wisconsin, who appears to be the executive officer for the bloc, and has been and therefore is likely to be a member of the Ways and Means Committee in the House, where taxes are laid, has burst into flame with a taxation-revision plan that speaks well for the earnestness of the bloc—very well, indeed, eloquently in fact—at this somewhat remote distance from possible action. Mr. Frear has it in mind to pass a constitutional amendment to reach stock dividends; to place a tax on undistributed profits retroactive to 1919, to restore a modified excess-profits tax; heavily to increase the inheritance tax; to impose a gift tax to prevent dodging of the inheritance taxes, and to throw open all tax records so he who comes may read what is in them set down.

New Party Possibilities

That, as all will admit, is a nifty little tax program. The only thing lacking, it would seem, is a provision for a constitutional amendment providing that state, municipal and county bonds, now income-tax exempt, shall be no longer exempt, with a retroactive provision to such a date as may be decided upon. It was put out at an interesting and effective moment, a few days after March fifteenth, when we were all groaning over the first payments on our 1922 income tax, and it shows, among other things, that some slight knowledge of political hokum is not foreign even to the Progressive bloc. Invitations to the ceremonies incident to the final enactment of this program into law will not be issued for some little time. But we have the program, and that helps some; and the Progressive bloc has welkin-ringing material sufficient for all its members, who as welkin ringers yield the palm to none.

It must not be assumed that the Progressive bloc will stand on this tax program as sufficient for its summer hokum. They have many other interesting specimens in their side show that will be placed on exhibition from time to time—the railroad octopus, the corporation monster, the money devil, the Wall Street dragon, the special-interest ogre, and others numerously mentioned, somewhat moth-eaten, mangy and aged, to be sure, but still good for hokum purposes. And it will be most educational to observe whether Senator La Follette will be sole barker for the show, or whether Senators Borah and Johnson will spel. him from time to time. Likely as not there will be three shows and three barkers, and the sad verse is that there is but one nomination for President, regular, and but one irregular; so, even at the best, one of the trio must be disappointed. Unless, to be sure, the disappointed one starts a fourth party. And why not? The interests of the people are sacred and must be defended.

Admitting, even applauding, the aims and aspirations of the Progressive bloc, the bed-rock fact still remains that the real reason Progressivism was dragged from its niche in the political mausoleum, dusted off, spruced up and given a few shots of nitroglycerin and digitalis is because some Progressive desires to change his address on March 4, 1925, to No. 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C., where a large, white and comfortable residence is situated. Or several.

Wherefore, the amateur of politics may well rise up and ask, How come? If Warren G. Harding and his friends and supporters are Republicans, how can Robert M. La Follette and his friends and supporters or William E. Borah and his followers be Republicans? The answer is that, under the present system, any person who can get a Republican nomination is a Republican, any man who can carry a Republican primary is thus given full party credentials; and the same thing holds for the Democratic Party. The reason is that instead of being organized, disciplined, effective political bodies, with authority and significance, the two old parties are mere ghosts of parties, and any sort of a medium can come along and materialize whatever he chooses out of them.

The Song of the Hokum Bird

In the days of real organization, the Republican Party, say, could decree that Senator La Follette is not a Republican and utilize its machinery to enforce the decree; but now, if every old-line Republican Republican in the country were to join in one loud declaration that La Follette is without the pale, all La Follette would have to do would be to ticket himself as a Republican, carry his primary, and the Republicans could decree until doomsday without the slightest effect on the status of La Follette. And it is so with the Democrats. Note the strenuous efforts of Mr. Wilson, who surely typifies all there is to Democracy, to oust Senator Reed, of Missouri, from the party. And note that Senator Reed is still a Democrat, unterrified and unafraid, because he carried a Democratic primary.

How are you going to reconcile Lodge and Borah, or Hearst and Wilson? Yet Borah is officially listed as Lodge is and Hearst often appears as a Democratic candidate. There is no line of demarcation. That sort of thing is old stuff. Politics in this country has become an enterprise for privateers instead of the business of chartered companies. Therefore, we note the worry and anxiety of the friends of Mr. Harding; therefore, we observe the operations of the Progressive bloc; therefore, we see Borah rampaging around the country; therefore, we watch Senator Johnson with interest; therefore, we keep an eye on Henry Ford; therefore, we are heedful of Bryan, and mark the goings and comings of various others. Therefore, also, the hokum bird sits in every political bush and sings its siren song.

It is a maxim of big business that you never can tell what a loser will do, and presidential politics is pretty big business. So, assume that Senator La Follette or Senator Borah is actively a candidate before the next Republican national convention. Now the chances are that the Administration, unless some dire calamity occurs, or the President runs wild on foreign policies, can control enough votes to renominate the President. As it stands, that is about a seven-to-five proposition. Maybe two to one. Or suppose Borah makes his try, and gets nowhere. Then what? Will either, or both, follow the example of Roosevelt in 1912, and run as a third-party candidate? There is nothing to prevent that step, if it seems desirable, and everything to advance it, especially if the hokum takes during the coming year.

Indeed, it would seem to be the square thing to do to make no bones about this third-party business, and form one, and try conclusions, inasmuch as these men are so far from the stated policies of the President and so evidently in revolt against what remains of regular Republicanism. But that isn't politics. Revolts in politics are post affairs, not ante. Progressivism doesn't leave the old home until it has been told it can't have the white meat and must take the neck or nothing.

With this interesting situation in development we turn to the Democrats, who are potentially in similar case. Numerous ambitious exponents of whatever there is

(Continued on Page 61)

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(Continued from Page 58)

left of Democracy to expone have dug themselves out from under the wreckage of 1920 and are making hokum for 1924. They profess to see an easy victory, owing to the numerous derelictions they point out in the Harding Administration; and already there are a dozen or so of them earnestly endeavoring to show that the logic of the situation is nowhere so precisely located as in the particular aspirant who has the floor for the moment.

All is merry and bright with the Democratic candidates for the nomination save in one regard. There is a cloud on the horizon of each and every one of them no bigger than a lizzie, but that is pretty big. Every time one of them walks abroad he sees the sinister shadow of Henry Ford across his path. What is Henry going to do? Will he run? Can he win? Henry says no; his friends say yes. Appearances, signs, portents all point to Henry as getting into the game. They say Henry doesn't worry them. They say he can't win. They laugh scornfully at the idea. But the shadow of Henry is ever upon them, the ear of Henry is ever in their hearts, the menace of Henry makes their blood run cold. For when it comes to hokum Henry has them all in the kindergarten; when it comes to hokum Henry rises above them as the Woolworth Building towers over a pushcart peddler who has toy balloons for sale.

Henry moving mysteriously about and ever and anon giving vent to such fetching ideas as increasing the circulation of legal tender to a most gratifying figure per cap by the simple expedient of making fertilizer the basis of currency; Henry raising wages every alternate Tuesday; Henry vowing that the railroads are national highways and that they should be controlled by the people, but carefully refraining from the suggestion that any other vast industry should be nationalized, such as automobiles, for example; Henry lining up the Southern States with his Muscle Shoals project, and reaching out here and there with alluring schemes to alleviate the hard lot of the horny-handed tillers of the soil; Henry placing his products within the reach of the poorest purse; Henry, the incomparable merchant and the doubly incomparable securer of publicity for himself—there is Henry.

Huh, say these frightened ones, Ford isn't a Democrat. What of it? He doesn't have to be. Henry is what may be called a versatile party man. He ran for senator in Michigan in 1918 on both the Republican and Democratic tickets, and he may make it more difficult by running for President in the primaries next year on both tickets. There's no way to guess Henry, especially in his politics.

Of course, if Henry shows formidably in the Democratic primaries it isn't likely that he will get anywhere in the convention, for there are several expert gentlemen situated in Illinois, Indiana, New York and in one or two other places who will see to it that more than one-third of the delegates in the Democratic national convention are stacked up so Henry will not be able to get his two-thirds. That can be arranged, and will be. So the menace of Henry, so far as the convention is concerned, is subject to treatment. But—and this is the horrid thought—suppose Henry decides to run independently. The expert gentlemen in Illinois, Indiana, New York and elsewhere can't block that. They cannot even delay it. If Henry feels like it he can run independently, finance his campaign without any outside assistance whatsoever, and what he would do to the others in the race is too sorrowful to contemplate. Not that Henry might be elected. Not that. But he might prevent the election of some other patriot or patriots, and that is what is harrowing the souls of all these lads who think the Democratic nomination will be a cinch for election in November, 1924.

Meantime, in off moments, and with the Democrats particularly, great attention is being paid to the forthcoming platform, which shows how great is the spell of hokum over the politician; for the party platform is the apotheosis of all the political hokum there is. It is the supreme achievement, the final word. I sat with a man not long ago who has a good chance of getting the Democratic nomination, and he discussed the platform. What about the League of Nations? What about our international relations? What about this and what about that? And especially, what about the dominant question of wet or dry? We spoke of the repeal of the enforcement law in New York State, where Governor Al Smith has presidential aspirations, or his friends have them for him, and to the proposal of Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, a former chairman of the Democratic National Committee, that the states should decide the question, and to various other brands of wet and dry policies that are discussed, and agreed that of all hokum that hokum is the silliest, and for this reason:

No political convention will have the nerve to propose anything much more than a straddle on prohibition, and it will be a hard job to straddle, and probably an impossible one. In the recent election in Los Angeles, already referred to, one of the congressional candidates ran on a frankly wet ticket. Now, Los Angeles is a city where the Volstead Law is held in as low esteem as in any other, but this candidate didn't get enough votes to fill a pipe.

Notwithstanding, they will talk about it unceasingly, and they will talk unceasingly on all these other subjects. Meanwhile the issues on which the next presidential campaign will be fought—that is, the subsidiary issues, for prices, taxes and wages will remain the basic issues—will not develop for a long time. But we'll have the talk just the same. We Americans certainly are gluttons for punishment.

MAHOGANY

(Continued from Page 21)

Everybody knows when it's Indian Summer—except my wife."

This he addressed to Francis Jammes.

"This is Indian Summer today," she reiterated. "There may be a foot of snow by Thanksgiving; black frost anyhow."

"I didn't say it always came, did I?" Kastner demanded. "Some years there ain't any. But if it does come, if there's an Indian Summer at all, why, it's in November!"

"What's this then?" she inquired.

"It's nothing more than a hot spell; that's what it is, and you ought to know it. Ask anybody—ask him." Kastner indicated Francis Jammes.

"I couldn't tell you," Jammes hurriedly replied. "I live in the city, where it's just hot or cold, and nothing else. I doubt if anyone there ever heard of Indian Summer. But I must say this feels and looks like what I imagine it is."

"We have breakfast early," Mrs. Kastner warned him; "at half past six."

"But then you'll get to bed early too."

"Not always," she replied. "We sit up right often till ten o'clock. This is not like being on a farm."

Jammes saw that it couldn't be.

"Oh, no," she proceeded; "the life here at Nantbrook Corner is something very different. We're only two doors from the post office, for one, and a lot of strangers pass along the road."

"Not so many," her husband objected; "not more than six or seven automobiles in a day—if that many."

"Now, then," she responded sharply, "how many go by a farmhouse kitchen window? Tell me that. How many, I'd like to know?"

"Of course," he was forced to admit, "it's not like being right out in the country. There's a good deal to look at here, and a lot of people to talk to with all the houses together."

"Too many," Mrs. Kastner commented.

"She thinks I run to the post office too much," he explained. "But I tell her I got to be with men some of the day. I want to hear what's going on. And I notice" - he turned to her - "you're pretty eager to hear what was told."

"It's worse in that post office with those men than it is across a back fence," she declared. "You wouldn't know what they talk about; but mostly scandal, I guess."

"Would it be possible for me to stay here a week?" Francis Jammes asked outright.

"I don't know that it wouldn't," she replied. "You appear to be a sensible person. Will you keep the automobile?"

When she learned that, emphatically, he wouldn't her disappointment was plain.

At night, again, it grew cold, and Francis Jammes was glad to sit beside the stove in the kitchen. There was a round clock on the wall with a loud, decided tick; a minute or two before the hour it made audible preparation for striking; and when it was twenty minutes to ten the stove was shaken down for the night, the draft was checked and a fresh bucket of coal brought in from a shed. Jammes' room was back under the eaves. It had a low-post poplar bed, a hanging corner cupboard, a case of drawers with the legs gone, a washstand with nothing in the world to recommend it and two good but commonplace wooden chairs with three splats each. Jammes, after the simplest possible expedient, got between two feather beds and slept, as he might have expected, very badly indeed.

There was an amazing variety of noises in the old roof low over his head—a rustling and minute squeaking and the creaking of ancient pegged boards. But from without there wasn't a sound; the stillness was absolute. Though Jammes had the window shut, there were wide cracks through which the air came sharp and fragrant, a fragrance of apples and smoke and vegetation pinched by frost. It was precisely like the smell of chrysanthemums, he thought. How different it was from the scent of spring! He passed from this to damning the feather bed under him—before the next night he'd have that out—and then the morning grew bright about him, and the air warm.

It was possible to sit on the shallow porch, by the oak and the branching roads, all day. Jammes hardly stirred. Nicholl Kastner was painting the chairs behind the house; his wife could be heard inside; but Francis Jammes did nothing. He hardly thought. The blue haze deepened, perceptible even in the near-by hollows, and farther away the trees swam as though there were a blurring of his sight. It was warmer than yesterday, the sunlight was more golden, diffused rather than bright. A mellow glow, rich and without shadows, enveloped the countryside.

At supper Kastner gave it as his opinion that it would be easy to mistake these days for Indian Summer. Now, if they were on a month —— But his wife made no reply. She was, she said a little later, too busy with the pan of soda biscuits to talk nonsense. But afterward, when Nicholl lamented the fact that the local schools were, one by one, being closed and the children taken to a central point, she declared that he was nothing but an old fool. What, she demanded, had any child learned from the school Minninger taught below the ford? He took some drug, and Nicholl Kastner knew it; more often than not the teacher was too queer for words.

"I don't like it just the same," Nicholl insisted. "Nothing's left of anything. People don't know such a thunder of a lot after they've been to college, and what they do know don't seem to get them along. Now you"—he turned to Jammes—"you never went beyond high school, you say; and yet here you are able to sit a week whenever you've a like to. But I don't know as I heard what you did."

"I buy old furniture," Jammes explained.

"Antiques! Then that's how you came to bring me those chairs. I guess you'll sell them for a powerful price when I've spruced them all up. Well, I want to tell you this"—Kastner pounded the arm of his chair—"I've been right around here for sixty years or worse and I never saw a good antique piece; not what you would call choice and people pay for."

"Probably," Francis Jammes asserted—"probably you've had your hands on more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth. Do you remember any small hickory benches?"

"With hard seats and fancy spindles in the back? Maybe twenty," Kastner admitted.

"What do you mean by fancy spindles?"

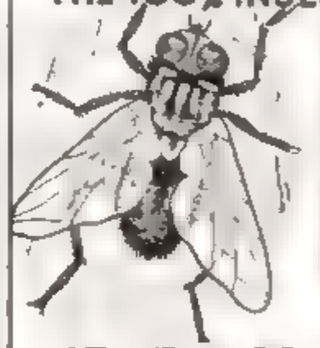
"Why, cut with flowers like but flat, and some the shape of a long carrot. I've grained many a one."

"Well, with plain spindles it's easy to get a hundred dollars for one; and with fancy spindles, at Scarn's Auction Gallery, I don't know what they would fetch—another hundred at least. And that dresser behind you—did you put the doors on it?"

"Yes, sir; and I made a good job. It was nothing but open when I got it. I paid four dollars and carted it myself."

WAR ON FLIES

THE 100% INSECT POWDER



Here is a clean, odorless powder which quickly rids your home of annoying, filthy flies and other insect pests. It's known as WAR ON FLIES and comes in a handy bellows-shaped tube. By simply pressing on the sides of the box the powder floats into the air and in ten minutes all insects are dead.

Not a Liquid

KILLS

WAR-ON-FLIES will not damage draperies, wall paper or furnishings. It is harmless to man, fowl or pet, but sure death to all insect pests. Separate sprayer not necessary.

ROACHES FLIES, ANTS MOSQUITOES BED BUGS FLEAS ETC.

The Federal Insecticide Act of 1910 requires that the percentage of active ingredients and inactive ingredients must be placed on the label of every box of insecticide. On each box of WAR-ON-FLIES you will find "100% Active"—no cheap substitutes used.

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If your grocer or druggist cannot supply you, mail one dollar with the coupon for our big introductory box and handy metal powder gun. If not satisfied after fair trial, return the package and your dollar will be refunded.

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Dealer, Your Jobber has WAR-ON-FLIES in stock, or will quickly secure it for you.

Commercial Chemical Co., Memphis, Tenn.
I enclose [illegible] for which send me postpaid [illegible] WAR-ON-FLIES and handy metal powder gun.

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(Print name and address plainly)

Summer Suppers

Which every child should get

You want children to eat more whole wheat and more milk. Then on every occasion serve Quaker Puffed Wheat in milk.

These are steam exploded grains—toasted, flimsy, flavory—puffed to 8 times normal size.

Crisp and airy, they crush at a touch, and children revel in them. No dish could be more welcome for supper, between meals or at bedtime.

Minerals—vitamines—bran

It means whole wheat with its 12 minerals, essential to the growing child. Millions of children suffer for lack of some of them.

It supplies the needed bran.

The food cells are broken, so digestion is made easy. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. The elements are fitted to feed.

It makes whole wheat a confection, so children will eat an abundance. And it makes the milk dish so inviting that children get plenty of vitamines.

Prof. Anderson, by inventing Puffed Grains, has brought to millions new delights and better foods. Enjoy them to the full in summer.

Ways to serve Quaker Puffed Rice

With cream and sugar, Puffed Rice forms the finest breakfast dainty children ever knew.

Then mix Puffed Rice in every dish of berries.

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children to eat in place of confections.

Use like nut meats as a garnish on ice cream

Use in home candy making.

Recipe on package.

The Quaker Oats Company

"You cut the sides flat to fit the doors and took off the cornice."

"Both of those things. The sides did have fancy curves, but they were no good to fit a door to. I saw a closed one like this at Emaus and copied it in my head."

"Open, the way you found it, and with the fancy curves that wouldn't hold a door, I'd give you five hundred dollars for it," Francis Jammes went on.

"That's all very well—afterward," Mrs. Kastner broke in; "but I don't feel bad, and I wanted the dust off my plates. It's what we got now is important."

Jammes nodded without reply, and the next morning searched through the work shed behind the house. He discovered a rarely elaborate iron foot-scraper, scrolled and engraved, eleven rat-tail hinges—four had been taken from the lower part of the dresser in the kitchen—five drop handles made before 1700 and a brass dog's foot from the leg of a table. That specially interested him, since, instructively, it was a little later than the best period for such details. It was more conventional in form—better, really, æsthetically, than the attempted realism of earlier examples.

This miscellany he arranged, with an apparent informality, on the edge of the porch, and then waited at the farther end. After an hour a heavy closed car lurched rapidly by, taking the lower road and filling the air with the crystal water of the ford. Nothing else but local conveyances passed before dinner, and afterwards Francis Jammes was too sleepy to keep his place.

"Remember," he reiterated to Kastner, "the foot-scraper is seventy-five dollars." With a paint-smeared palm Nicholl Kastner pressed a smile back into his mouth. "That brass dog's foot is five dollars. It ought to be ten. And the rat-tail hinges . . . how many are there? Eleven? . . . fifty for eight and sixty-five for them all."

"Cents?" Kastner demanded.

"Dollars," Jammes told him literally.

"That'll make a hundred and forty-five dollars," Nicholl announced. The other, overcome with sleep, nodded.

"The five drop handles," he added, "I'd like to buy myself—say, for twenty-five dollars."

Kastner gave him a swift doubtful glance.

"That's fifteen dollars more than you're paying for a whole week's board," he commented; and when Francis Jammes heard his voice next, Kastner, in a triumphant tone, was calling for him to come to supper.

"You're not so far off as I thought," he admitted to Jammes in the kitchen. "A man stopped and bought all you laid out."

"For a hundred and sixty-five dollars?" Jammes asked.

"See here," Nicholl Kastner asserted, "he was an old man with a flower in his buttonhole and quicklike, and when he offered me fifty for the lot they were his. Then ——"

"He'll get a hundred dollars for the foot-scraper," Jammes decided.

"You seem to know all about him—in your sleep." Nicholl Kastner was satirical.

"Tomorrow the week will be up."

Francis Jammes made this observation with mingled regret and a returning attention to what might have happened in town. It had been, at Nantbrook Corner, a time of unbroken serenity, filled with the peace of lost years; but, he told himself, he was ready to go. Perhaps already he had missed a rare find, a chance to possess—the Lord knew what! There were no duplicates, no second opportunities, to be had among the things he cared for. But there were no indications of such discovery in the city. Cardell had gone to New Orleans, where the corrupt French Empire still lingered in furniture; and the weather was so cold, gray and wind-sharp that Jammes was practically confined to his rooms.

He was, therefore, almost pleased when a ring came at his door, and, unusual for him, he went down with a certain promptness. It was Mrs. James North. She had, she explained, come to the city for a funeral, and naturally she stopped to see him.

"But," she added, "I've got something unfortunate to tell you. Do you remember the Phyfe table you wanted me to buy?" Suddenly fearful of what might follow, he kept all signs of recognition from his manner. "Well, it was stolen."

Francis Jammes was inexpressibly relieved.

"Stolen!" he exclaimed, in an interest born of his relief.

"Yes," she replied. "But I must tell you about it from the start. In the first place, it was horribly expensive ——"

"I warned you of that," he reminded her.

"I know, but it went to eleven hundred dollars."

He asked who bid against her.

"Oh, two or three people—Mrs. Waitman and Brabney, the dealer; but the one who lasted longest I never saw before. I hardly saw him then really. He was in the back of the room, and you know how those people bid -you're as bad as any—sometimes with just a pencil or a handkerchief. He wasn't young -I caught that—and rather jaunty on the whole. But that isn't important. I didn't, as it turned out, pay all of it. How badly I'm telling you! I only had four hundred dollars with me. When I got home Ella had a degree or two of fever, and, of course, Mr. North was totally upset. Men are too ridiculous about their children! -I let the table stay on at the Larz place for another day, and when I sent for it they told the man that I had already taken it away. Somebody had paid the seven hundred dollars left, brought the receipted bill to the back, and gone off with my table."

"It was unusually good," Jammes assured her, now that all responsibility was removed from him. "But everybody misses things one way or another. I can remember violet Stiegel salts at a dollar a matched pair, and a yellow pitcher -the unknown color—for three dollars. I once watched a set of fourteen cabriole walnut Chippendale chairs get themselves sold for a hundred and thirty dollars."

"I want my table!" Mrs. North exclaimed. "You're a sort of magician—can't you get it for me?"

There was no reasonable chance of that, he told her. The individual who bought it—certainly not the one who stole it from the Larz Galleries—might even have known the circumstances by which it had become his. "Antique collectors are like that," Jammes asserted darkly.

He was sorry she had lost the table, he reflected when she had gone. But, after all, she had forgotten about it; the child's unimportant sickness had taken its place in her mind.

How long it was after this that a letter arrived from Mrs. North he couldn't remember—Francis Jammes had only a vague idea of the passage of time—but two months and more had gone at least. He wondered, in the train to New York, what it was she wanted. She showed him at once

"My Phyfe table! Isn't it thrilling? A dealer had it in Boston, and the man he wrote to knew that I had had one."

"What did you pay for it this time?" Francis Jammes inquired.

"I won't tell," she answered promptly; "no one else but the dealer knows."

It was late afternoon, of course. There were artificial lights in the room, and that would account for a slight difference, not in color, but in—in—he didn't know what. Jammes had never been able to identify his reactions to furniture. Anyhow, the table wasn't quite so ingratiating as he had remembered. What was it he had thought of in connection with its surface?—black cherries dissolved in sugar. No, it wasn't so remarkable, after all. But still, he reflected, it was authentic; it was the table he had seen and it was Phyfe's. The acanthus had the correct differentiation of grooves and ridges; as it should be, it was flattened. And then he examined the dog's feet.

It was a long while before he rose; and then, clouded with speculation, silent, he sank into a chair. A swift concern took possession of Mrs. North, and she begged him to tell her everything—whatever that might be—at once.

"But it's mine, isn't it?" she cried.

"I'm sorry," he told her; "it isn't. It's far more important than that."

This only annoyed her.

"I don't suppose you could be wrong," she observed; "but I would be obliged if you'd tell me just a little about my own property."

"If you'll notice the dog's feet," he replied, "you will see that they are very good. I mean in design; they've been conventionalized just enough. Phyfe's were more realistic. The feet on the table you bought and weren't able to pay for had single hairs cut on them. These are treated more broadly ——"

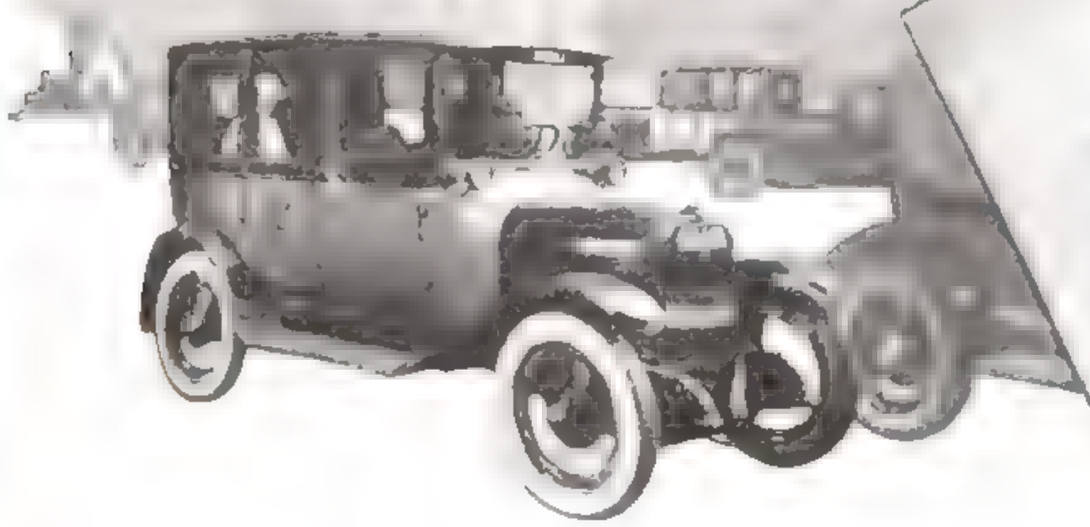
He broke off, again lost in thought.

"Yes?" she insisted further.

"One of these feet I found myself among some old brass and iron back in the country.

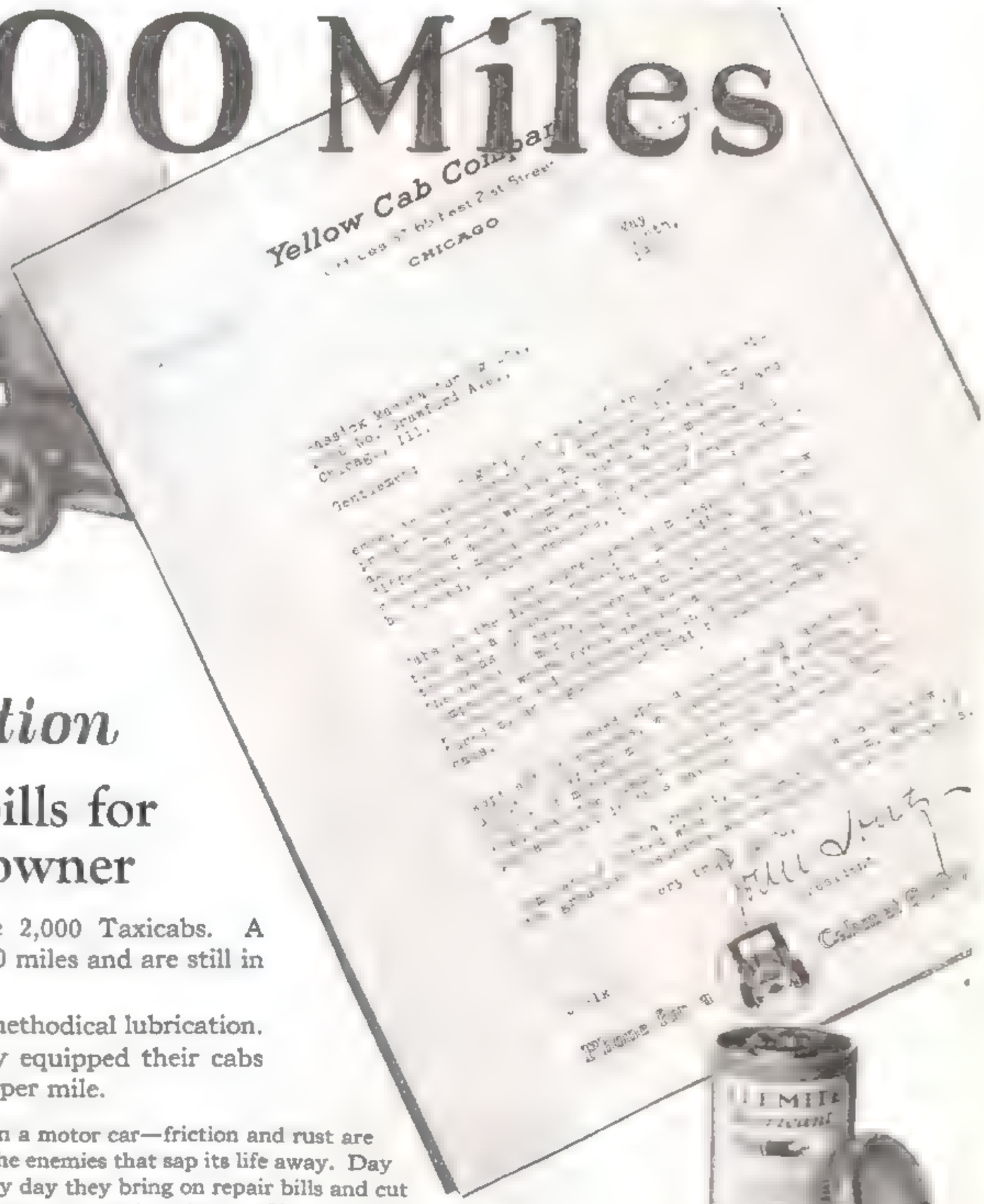
(Continued on Page 64

300,000 Miles



and still in Good Condition

—a lesson in repair bills for every motor car owner



The Yellow Cab Company of Chicago operate 2,000 Taxicabs. A great number of these cabs have run over 300,000 miles and are still in good condition.

This long life, they say, is due mainly to regular methodical lubrication. You will note also in their letter that since they equipped their cabs with Alemite, they have cut operating costs 1¾c per mile.

Their problem is the same as yours—except on a larger scale—to keep down repairs and upkeep. They have saved a million dollars per year. Figure this same saving applied to your own mileage—it will save you $70 to $180 per season.

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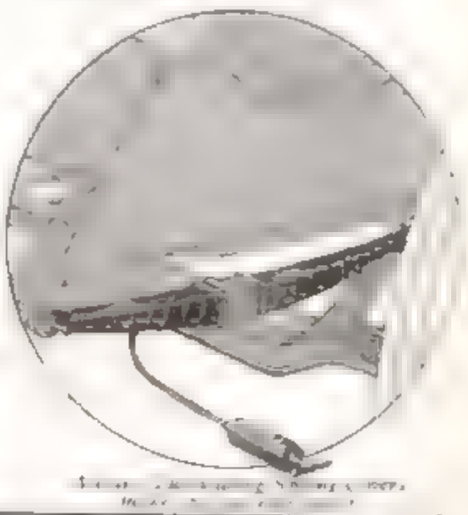
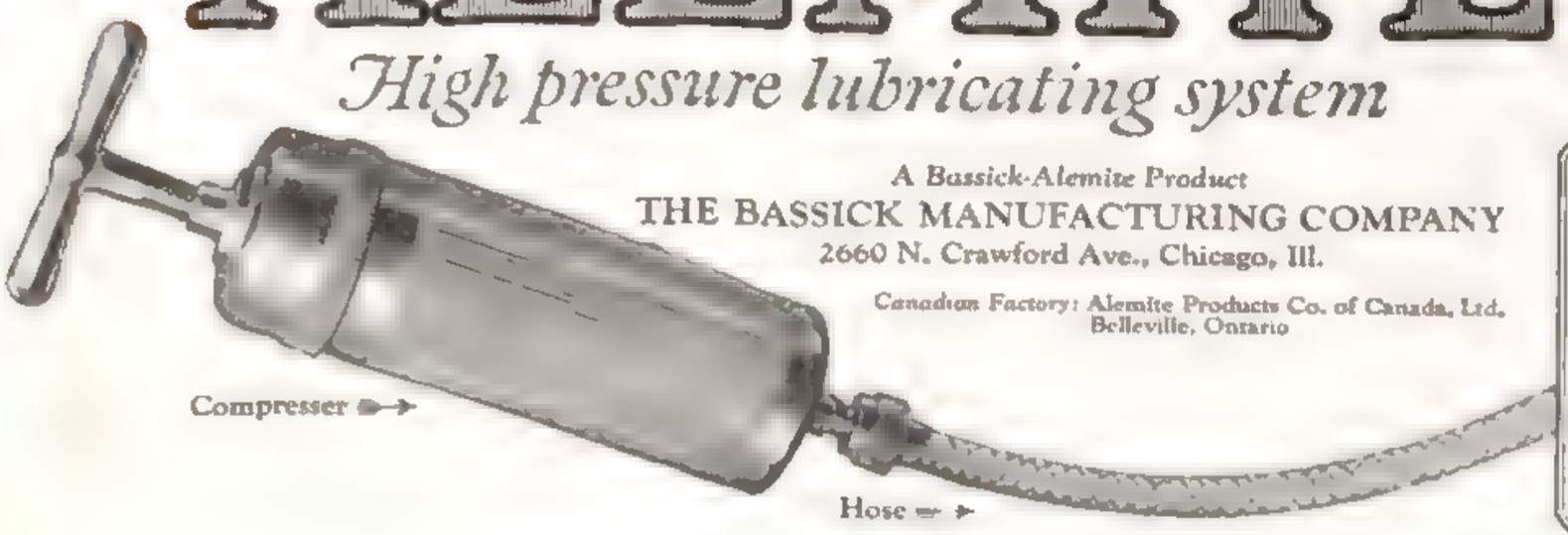
OIL OR GREASE

The Alemite High-Pressure Lubricating System can be used with either oil or grease. But for best results we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure, solidified oil especially adapted for our System—has all the virtues of oil, but is sufficiently solid to "stay put"



ALEMITE

High pressure lubricating system



Fitting

A *Bassick-Alemite Product*

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Belleville, Ontario

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2660 North Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

My car is_____ is not_____ Alemite equipped. Please send me complete information and a diagram regarding the use of Alemite high-pressure lubricating system on my car

Name _____

Address _____

Make and Model of Car _____

Dealer's Name _____

(Continued from Page 62)

I was staying with the man who had it; it was sold while I was there."

"Well, then"—her impatience again threatened to become irritable—"who got it? We ought to be able to follow that."

"I don't know," he admitted. "I was asleep."

"But couldn't this be genuine?" She laid a hand on the sofa table. "Perhaps only the feet were put back."

"That might be so," he agreed; "but it isn't. The surface is wrong; it isn't quite deep enough, and there are some other things."

But he would say nothing more, and specially he wouldn't wait for dinner or until tomorrow. He had to get back, he repeated decidedly. He was, privately, upset, disturbed. Why hadn't he stayed on the porch with Kastner's brasses and iron? And what first connection had there been between the dog's foot he positively identified and this table in New York?

It was a magnificent piece of forgery. The inlaying, the carving, the delicate proportion of the curves, were perfect. He had only hesitated at the surface, the color; but he might easily have persuaded himself that that, too, was good, the result of age. No one was infallible. Through how many hands had the brass foot passed in its course from Nantbrook Corner to Mrs. North? Clearly the other three feet on the table had been copied from it. They all, certainly, should have been new, precisely alike in metal.

There, anyhow, Francis Jammes pointed out to Cardell, a mistake had been made. They were in Cardell's antique store, and Jammes had exhaustively explained every detail of the confusion in Duncan Phyfe sofa tables.

"The color was the same, but three of the feet had been lacquered and rubbed. You could have seen that."

Cardell begged him not to be so prodigal of his good opinion.

"Then," he returned, "it was made at one time—the feet weren't just added to a good table. No one would have risked that for some brasses. Too much was tied up."

"What does that show?" Jammes asked impatiently. "I told you to begin with the table was a copy. I want to put it all together. You see, the man who got the dog's foot at Nantbrook—while I was asleep, damn it!—might have done the whole thing."

"That isn't likely," Cardell declared. "Your first idea was better. Well, people have no business to fool with Phyfe. I wouldn't guarantee a chair leg. Do you realize little of anything is good? Less than that. And by 'good' I'm willing to include minor restorations—I'm not so hard as you are—inlaying and maybe some veneering on an edge or even a door in a sideboard."

Cardell only exasperated Francis Jammes by this gratuitous display of virtuosity, and he said so.

"You didn't examine it." He had gone back to the imitation Phyfe table. "You haven't an idea how remarkable it was. It's a marvel. No one made it in England. I got that right away—the grain wasn't raised in hot water. It was just careful enough."

"What about these cup plates?" Cardell laid out six in clouded green.

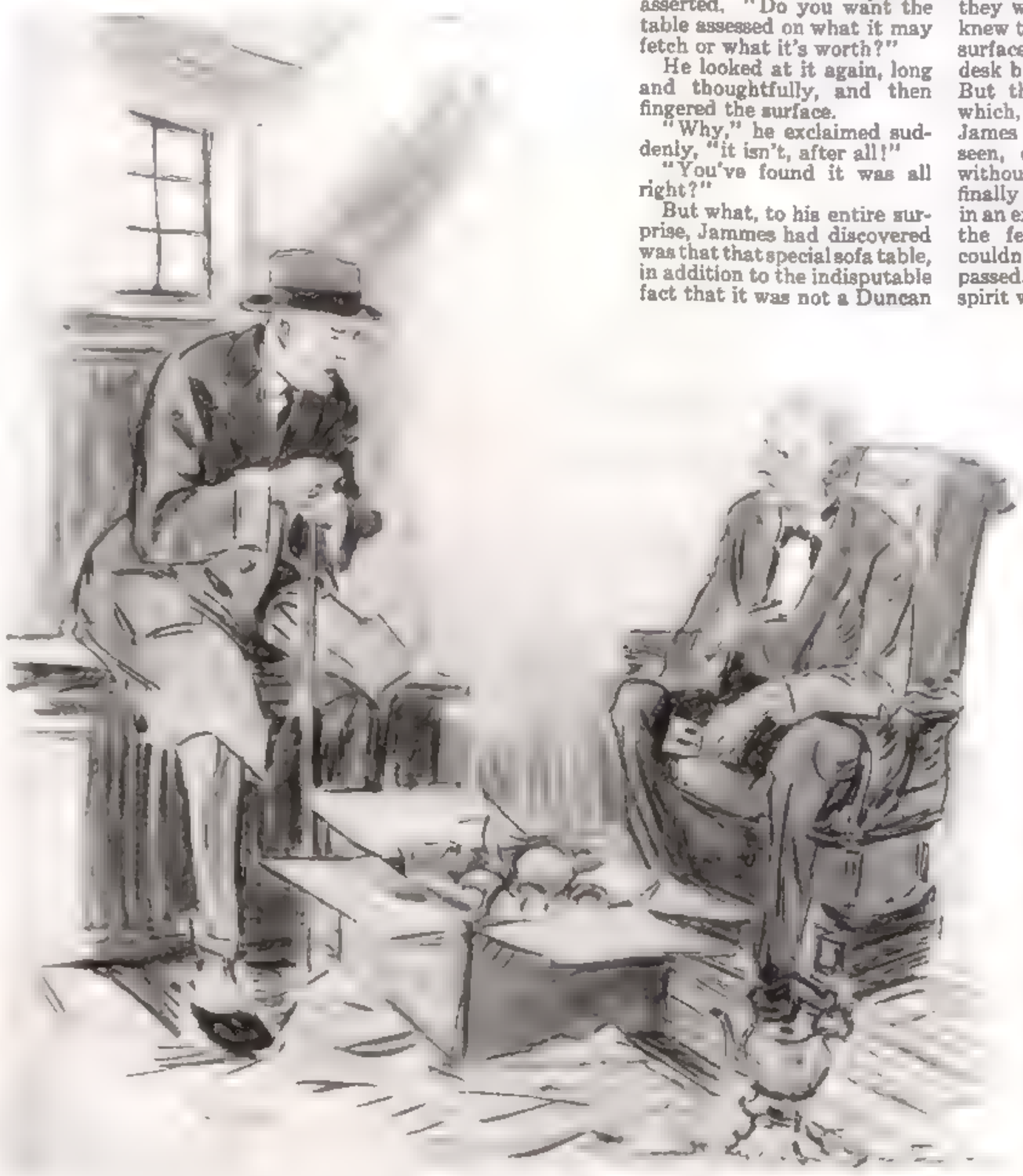
"I'd like to take it apart," the other replied. "I've seen one or two other jobs as good and I want to compare them."

"I hope you'll know all about it before I see you again," was Cardell's comment. "You're so thorough you make me tired following your thought. If I see any Phyfe sofa tables I'll telegraph you. There was something else —— Oh, yes, Mrs. Royer came in the other day, and she's a grand girl. Whoever is advising her has it right. She's been out West selling the things from a late Empire room in that Virginia house. There's the place now for what you call Victorian. But I wish she'd sold me the decorations. There were lustres and girandoles and ormolu and Parian lamps—colored Parian, Jammes! It seems she's selling things here and there, extra pieces; and there'll be a few soon at the Larz Galleries."

"I suppose you asked her to go to lunch again and she still had another engagement."

"I did, but there wasn't another engagement. She just said she never went, and smiled. I have an idea she won't be a widow much longer. I asked her why she didn't ask about you this time"—pleasure spread over his face—"and she said she liked furniture antique, but not opinions."

Francis Jammes made no reply; really it didn't matter what Mrs. Royer liked; but he decided that she was undependable, tricky. The William and Mary highboy he had so nearly bought from her showed him that—the woman knew it wasn't authentic. He had no reason for this conclusion; but it was correct, he knew; all reference to his feelings showed him that. So she had been selling her mid-Victorian furniture in the West. At any rate, that would be genuine. It was cheaper to buy actual American Empire pieces than to imitate them. The woman, of course, had good things and bad; and, selling here and there examples from her house, she was undoubtedly slipping in questionable furniture. In that way, before she was done, as many chairs would have been advertised as coming from her place as the Half Moon had apparently brought Dutchmen to the Hudson. She had become a dealer—that's what had happened to her.



"I'll Buy It All, Jammes," He Said, "and Give You a Half Again What You Paid for It"

He thought of Mrs. Royer again, later, while he was appraising the furniture of a house on the Maryland shore. It was just such a place, he told himself, as a Virginia estate might be. Jammes persuaded himself that he could smell the whisky toddy in the dining room. It was all Hepplewhite there, but walnut; and the pattern of the sideboard legs, with five sides, absorbed him, since it permitted an unusual arrangement, flush and sunken, in the middle doors. It was a room of aristocratic habit—the carved swags of flowers on the delicate chairs, the knife boxes like polished vases, the cellarets with copper compartments, were all indefinably saturated with a long gentility. Everything in the house, Francis Jammes concluded, was beyond question delightful; and then, in a little reception room, he saw a sofa table with brass dog's feet.

"Duncan Phyfe," an interested relative informed him. Jammes bent, fingering the conventionalized surface of the brasses.

"When was that brought here?" he demanded.

The young man beside him was embarrassed.

"It didn't belong in the house originally," he admitted; "it came from another family place."

"I dare say," Jammes agreed, "in a New York store. I know who sent it there."

"As I told you," the younger man repeated, "it belonged to a connection of ours. She wanted to sell it; and since this sale promised to bring good prices, we saw no reason why she shouldn't run it in."

"She's done that," Jammes asserted. "Do you want the table assessed on what it may fetch or what it's worth?"

He looked at it again, long and thoughtfully, and then fingered the surface.

"Why," he exclaimed suddenly, "it isn't, after all!"

"You've found it was all right?"

But what, to his entire surprise, Jammes had discovered was that that special sofa table, in addition to the indisputable fact that it was not a Duncan Phyfe, he had never seen before. It was Mrs. North's, of course, he first decided. The proportions, the line, the color, were—almost—identical; but, among other differences, the four brass dog's feet perfectly matched.

"I should very much like to know whose this is," he said.

"That's impossible," he was informed; "entirely. I'd be obliged if you'd say nothing about what you do know. After all, there's no crime adding a chair or a table to the lot here. Unless you want to say this isn't good ——"

He paused, sharply interrogating Francis Jammes. Obviously he believed in the sofa table; and if he weren't careful, he, Jammes, would be committed to a public opinion in exceptionally unpleasant circumstances.

"I am not a judge of Adam mahogany," he said at last. "I know nothing about pseudo-classic influences."

There, he told Cardell the following day, the table was; run, it might be, in the mold of the other two, the genuine and the spurious. Cardell insisted that he should have found out who owned it.

"You could have got it from a servant, or come out flat about the imposition. If you don't know, who does? Certainly no one there could contradict you. I used to think you were modest, but now I believe it's only conceit—you couldn't stand being wrong."

"I couldn't stand bribing servants," Francis Jammes returned. "The same person made both."

"Well, what is there to prohibit him?" Cardell asked. "You can't be jailed for copying old furniture. You'll admit—I've heard you—that the copies are better than what's around now."

There should, Francis Jammes decided, be a heavy penalty—a long term in jail—for falsely imitating early American furniture. It was, he insisted, no better than forging the country's credit, its good name. It was a peculiarly dangerous form of lying. There was no reason why copies of old things shouldn't be made; indeed, as Cardell had reminded him, he had said that they were often admirable. Yet everyone knew that they were worth nothing—a fine surface couldn't be copied. He recalled the desk box that had so nearly deceived him. But there was the Duncan Phyfe table which, for a few hours, had belonged to Mrs. James North—the copies of that he had seen, extraordinary as they were, even without their significant brasses, wouldn't finally have imposed on him. They weren't in an exact sense, copies at all. They hadn't the feeling of the original; and they couldn't—for what they were—be surpassed. The form was all there, but the spirit was out of them.

He thought of Mrs. North frequently, and always he was a little disturbed by the misadventure that—in a way through him—had happened to her. He was, he felt, obligated there; he owed her a vague quantity outside any actual engagement; and when a letter came from her for the purpose of telling him she had sent a friend to him for advice—he needn't really worry; it was about old furniture—and the friend herself soon followed, a Mrs. Thomas Leaming, wholly against his habit and convictions, he went to see Mrs. Leaming at her hotel.

He found her unsettling, for though her exterior was all that he specially distrusted—the painted cheeks and cigarettes, oppressive pearls, bracelets of expensive colored stones, ornamental legs—her slightly rough, overbearing voice and simple manner he decidedly liked. She gave him some excellent Scotch whisky from a large gold flask and there were particular cigars which she kept, Mrs. Leaming explained, for friends she knew.

"I've been to Charleston," she told Francis Jammes when she had placed him in a chair with a table convenient at his hand; "you know the old hotel there. I had Room 339. I was waiting for Mr. Leaming, you see—we were going South on a ketch. I wasn't too well, and he didn't want me to go around Cape Fear, and so I left him at Beaufort. All that isn't a bit important, but the number of my room is—339. And there was a chair in it. I noticed it specially, because I thought it was the ugliest I'd ever seen—all over knobs and solemn carving and a stiff cane back.

"Well, my dear Mr. Jammes, I saw one precisely—precisely!—like it at the Metropolitan Museum. I told Alice North—she's so crazy about furniture—and she gasped something that had to do with the seventeenth century. She wanted to go to Charleston at once, but I made her wait. After all, I found it; and Mr. Leaming's father is as bad about chairs as Alice. I said it was mine and I'd get it; and then, before I did anything, she made me come to you. She said if it was what she thought it was there simply mustn't be a mistake. America—it was Alice's idea—was full of people looking for that one chair; millionaires and state societies and patriotic members of the commonwealth."

There was, Jammes realized, only one thing to do; and, at first, it filled him with a weary resentment. And then it occurred to him that it would be warm, that there were palms at Charleston.

Continued on Page 69

"Got any tips, Tommy?"
"Well, they say Kelly is a good bet in the third race."
"That sounds good to me. I'd bet on a Kelly any time."

THE motorist who drives on Kelly Cords soon learns that they can be depended upon in every way. They are able to get a grip on almost any kind of road; they can stand a tremendous amount of hard usage; and, best of all, they consistently deliver long, trouble-free mileage.

It costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.

TEXACO

MILEAGE GOES UP

The volatility of Texaco Gasoline means that its power is readily *available*. It will vaporize rapidly, ignite instantly, deliver its energy generously, and consume completely.

The unmistakable *results*, as you observe them from the driver's seat, are livelier responsiveness—quicker pick-up—maximum power and increased mileage.

That is what you buy when you sound your horn alongside any Texaco Gasoline pump, anywhere in the United States, from ocean to ocean and from border to border.

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THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.

Texaco Petroleum Products

Run it with Texaco Gasoline

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Purity in a motor oil means that the refining processes have been *thorough*. The substances that form hard carbon, and tend to defeat the very purpose of lubricating oil, have been eliminated.

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THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.

Texaco Petroleum Products

Save it with Texaco Motor Oil

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Now *in* Tubes!

Stacomb

35¢

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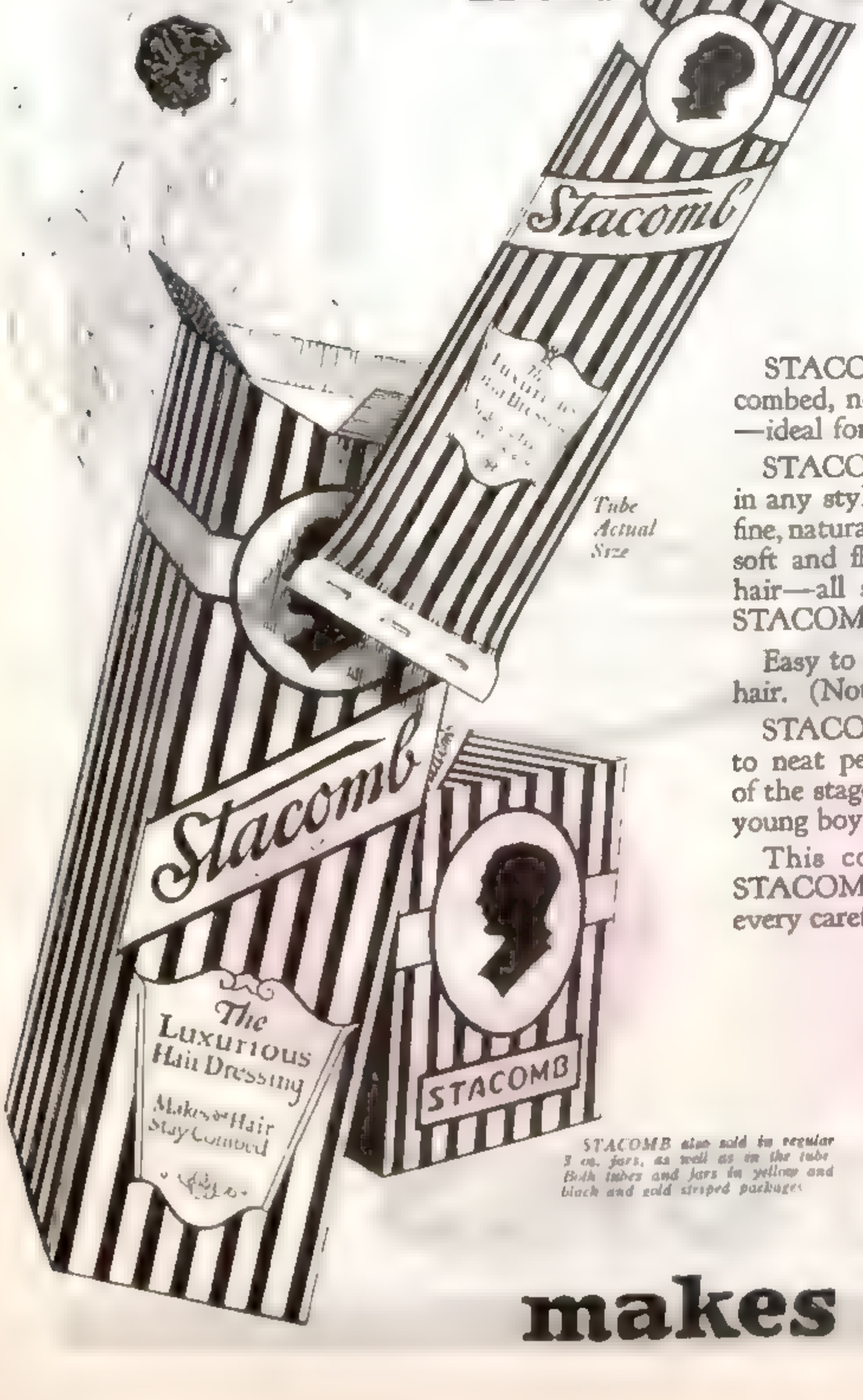
Men, women and children—all find STACOMB most effective in keeping the hair in place—young boys especially, who are just training the hair to stay combed right.



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STACOMB, to make the hair stay combed, now comes in handy tubes—ideal for traveling or use at home.

STACOMB keeps the hair combed in any style you like, bringing out a fine, natural lustre. Stiff and wiry hair, soft and fluffy hair, dry and brittle hair—all stay neatly combed with STACOMB. Ideal after a shampoo.

Easy to use—merely rub into the hair. (Not a liquid.)

STACOMB adds the final touch to neat personal appearance. Stars of the stage and screen, business men, young boys and women, all prefer it.

This compact, handy tube of STACOMB is a necessary part of every careful man's toilet equipment.

Try a tube and you too will use it always.

For sale at your druggist's or wherever toilet goods are sold.

Ask your barber for a STACOMB rub.

Stacomb is Made for This Kind of Hair—

1. Too stiff and wiry.
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6. Hair that is too apt to ruffle at a touch.
7. Hair that won't stay combed for any reason.

STANDARD LABORATORIES, INC., Los Angeles, California

Demand

Stacomb

The **Original**—*has never been equalled*

makes hair stay combed

(Continued from Page 64)

"I'd better go soon," he said after a pause, a sip at his glass and a delightful inhalation of the cigar.

Mrs. Leaming replied: "Alice North thought you might. And don't hurry back. Get the chair, if you like it, and send it up to me; but don't come yourself—for two weeks. You can be looking around for things. Old Mr. Leaming's collection is going to the university at Madison."

"If I have any prospect of finding what you'd care to have I'll stay for a little," he said remotely. "Nearly everything has been picked up, I've heard, in the Carolinas. I must tell you I have no interest in association pieces. And the chair in the hotel—there's no doubt but it's from Michigan."

However, it was his duty to find that out; and, at the old Bay Hotel, he wondered if it were possible to ask for Room 339. He decided against that positive move, and for a short vain moment hoped that extraordinary luck might come to his aid; but Room 641 was given him. In it, at least, there was no furniture earlier than 1870. It was afternoon and, tired after the long hours in the train, he put off until tomorrow his serious purpose in Charleston.

It was languorously warm, the palms on the Battery were without motion, and the bench where he sat, gazing out over the tranquil water, was enveloped in a pale sunlight like a shawl of spun silk. The rigor of winter melted out of his knees, the stiffness of age was assuaged; a mild philosophical detachment, a pleasure in mere suspended animation, took the place of his customary rebellious mood. He had never felt so potently the atmosphere of place; the individuality of a city was more strongly and dramatically emphasized, more uniquely self-contained, than the being of any personage. He was aware of long houses set with a gable on the street and long upper porches overhanging closed tangles of flowers. There was, around him, an air of tea roses, of formal white and scarlet camellias and cape jasmine. What was the name of that little yellow climbing rose?

With the sun low, a wind began, a ruffling breath across the bay and a dry rustle among the palms, and Francis Jammes walked slowly back to the hotel. He found a courtyard with green grass and trellises, flowers and a fountain; and he sat there, too, on a rigid cast-iron bench. The white inner walls of the hotel lost their definition, the paths wavered a little, evening came. Tomorrow would be soon enough for what he had to do; and after supper—it was still warm in spite of a steady buffeting wind—he wandered into a magical region of cotton warehouses. They were low, without windows, and old brick work could be no more beautiful. Francis Jammes had a limeade in a little various corner store, another in a drug store and a third by the hotel. He had never tasted a more refreshing drink. The limes, too, had a flavor of place, of still hotter climates and the shipping—paint-blistered schooners from Brazil—along the Charleston wharves. It had been a port for the landing of the rare close-grained logs of the tropics, of mahogany.

The halls of the hotel, high with Turkey-red carpets and haircloth sofas at stiff intervals, were like corridors opening on long perspectives of the past—a past, here, of rum punches and gambling; of spare, intolerant gentlemen in white linen, with dark faces under wide planters' hats; an age when men's dress trousers were bright blue and the stems of the flowers of their gallantry wrapped in lace paper; cotton plantations and the negroes in the gray acres of cotton; passions and bitterness and ceremonial pistols. Cherokee roses! That was the name he had tried to recall—walls of them, yellow and fragrant.

The following morning at breakfast Francis Jammes saw a figure, a man, who puzzled him from a sense of familiarity. He was no longer young, though his clothes made attempt to assist such a vain illusion, and a red flower was freshly fixed at his buttonhole. They left the dining room together, it happened; and, meeting at the door, stopped instinctively.

"My name is Gravers," the other told Jammes, "I've seen you, but I don't know where. Perhaps you can remember ——"

Jammes had a sudden sensation of intense sandy heat, small wooden houses in a blazing sun, a local throng at a country sale.

"My memory is unaccountable," he replied rigidly.

It was the man—whose dress and manner he had so instinctively disliked—who had bid against him for the curly maple headboard he had returned to its proper bed.

"Well, it's strange," Gravers insisted, "since I don't think you belong here any more than I do." He turned and stayed at Jammes' shoulder. "If you're not in a hurry," he rambled on, "suppose we sit here. Take a cigar. It's a Porto Rico, but I like them."

Jammes found himself sitting, cutting the end from a dark, roughly made cigar—those were remarkably fine that Mrs. Leaming kept for her friends—and wondering why he had agreed to any of this. He didn't like Gravers better close than far. Actually Jammes suspected him of cologne—and it was devilish strange about the headboard. Gravers asked what he did.

"Oh, principally nothing. It's pleasant here—warm."

"You're right, certainly; you hit the nail on the head. We're both a little, just a shade, past doing things. There's a time to sit where it's warm, with a cigar, and very properly too. I don't do anything myself—at least next to nothing."

He stopped to brush ashes from his figured waistcoat. Jammes waited, interested; but when Gravers spoke again it was not about himself.

"Amusing old hotel. I call it the Ark, with those passages. But I've been here before, and I suppose you have?"

"Never," Francis Jammes replied. An answer, he saw, had been arranged for.

"You won't like the rooms, nothing modern about them; but some are better than others. Now, in this hotel don't get too high up."

"The room I have does very well," Francis Jammes idly told him.

"Perhaps it's near mine."

"The sixth floor."

Francis Jammes, behind a veil of smoke, distinctly got the impression that Gravers wanted to know where his room was. He pinched his thin lips in thought, narrowed his eyes as against the cigar smoke.

"No," Gravers relaxed, "I'm on the second, hardly above the street. I won't be there long, though. I came to attend to a small thing, and that's about wound up—by tomorrow. Have you been around any? Nice old town. A man could pick up some good things here yet—I mean like furniture." Jammes raised his brows. "I see it in the stores," Gravers continued; "and if you bought right I always thought money would be made."

"Aren't there enough antique dealers now?" Jammes demanded acrimoniously. He sank back in the chair, reabsorbed in his cigar.

"Oh, they're cuckoo!" the other exclaimed. "What I could tell you about them!" Nothing would have better suited Francis Jammes; but, suddenly, Gravers didn't. He wouldn't. Jammes even reminded him slightly.

Japanese Gardens, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia

"You were talking of antique dealers ——"

"Was I? Breath wasted. But it's just like any other business, I reckon. I only thought perhaps something might be made; but it's all been gone into, of course."

Jammes rose.

"I want to see about my trunk," he said ungraciously, and he went directly to where he found an assistant porter at leisure. He spoke to him for a few moments.

The young man in a denim blouse listened attentively, and then Jammes moved away. Half an hour later he put down a newspaper and entered an elevator. But, in place of going to the sixth flight, he left it at the fourth and gave himself the trouble of walking down a flight. There he happened just to meet the porter he had spoken with, and they were joined by a chambermaid, who knocked lightly, once, at Room 339. They waited, there was no answer, and she opened the door.

The chair he had come to see had been gilded, but one glance was sufficient to show him the rose-leaf carving on the legs, the spiral turnings, the treatment of the acanthus on the front stretcher. Chairs, then, had definitely left the period of mushroom knobs and weighty turning; caning had made its appearance. It was, naturally, English, contemporaneous with the second Charles. He moved away thoughtfully, while the chambermaid locked the door.

He did nothing, nothing in the world, for the rest of the day. Jammes sat in the sun, on the Battery, by sibilant palm trees, and he was late for supper. Quite the first thing he saw, afterwards, was Gravers; and, strangely enough, apparently he, Francis Jammes, was not the less willing of the two to meet. No fresh cigar, however, was forthcoming.

"We might as well sit as stand," Gravers observed.

It was evident that he was in what could almost be described as a short temper. He admitted this, really. No, things had gone very bad indeed. Even his flower seemed a little wilted. He had been disappointed in getting something. All the rascals in the world weren't in New York City.

Was that, Jammes asked, his home?

"No," Gravers replied moodily, and after a perceptible pause added the single word "Virginia."

"I hear there are a lot of things like old furniture there," Jammes proceeded conversationally; following that subject, it appeared, from the comments made by Gravers the evening before.

"Almost none left," Gravers declared. "The dealers have moved it North. If it was only twenty years ago with what we know now!" Even Jammes was lost in the vision created by that vain and tantalizing wish. "But you can't tell where good pieces will turn up," Gravers further instructed him. "Last year there was a ship running out of Charleston with a secretary in the cabin by Thomas Chippendale."

There wasn't a flicker of interest, or even of attention, on Francis Jammes' countenance.

"And not long ago I saw as good a piece, and American, in a town on the Mississippi. What was the—the carpenter's name? Duncan—that was it—Duncan Phyfe. A long high table you might use back of a settee."

"But that was a copy," Jammes asserted contemptuously.

Instantly, however, inwardly infuriated at his stupidity in expressing any opinion, he suppressed all animation. But Gravers, it was immediately plain, hadn't noticed his tone.

"Not at all," he answered; "it was original, the brass feet like a dog's and all."

"If it is," said Jammes with a general skepticism, "why, I'll buy it."

"Then you own a Phyfe sofa table right now!" Gravers cried. "I'll hold you to that—I'd like to do the man who has it, in Vicksburg, a favor."

How much would it be, Francis Jammes demanded. Seven hundred dollars—it was Gravers' memory. Of course, he couldn't be exact. He wasn't in the antique furniture business, was he? The other only supposed not. After dinner Jammes telegraphed Mrs. Thomas Leaming her chair had left, and would she tell Mrs. North he was sending her a table she knew about toward the end of the week.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr Hergesheimer. The fourth will appear in an early issue

Why Burn Trash in the Cellar Furnace?

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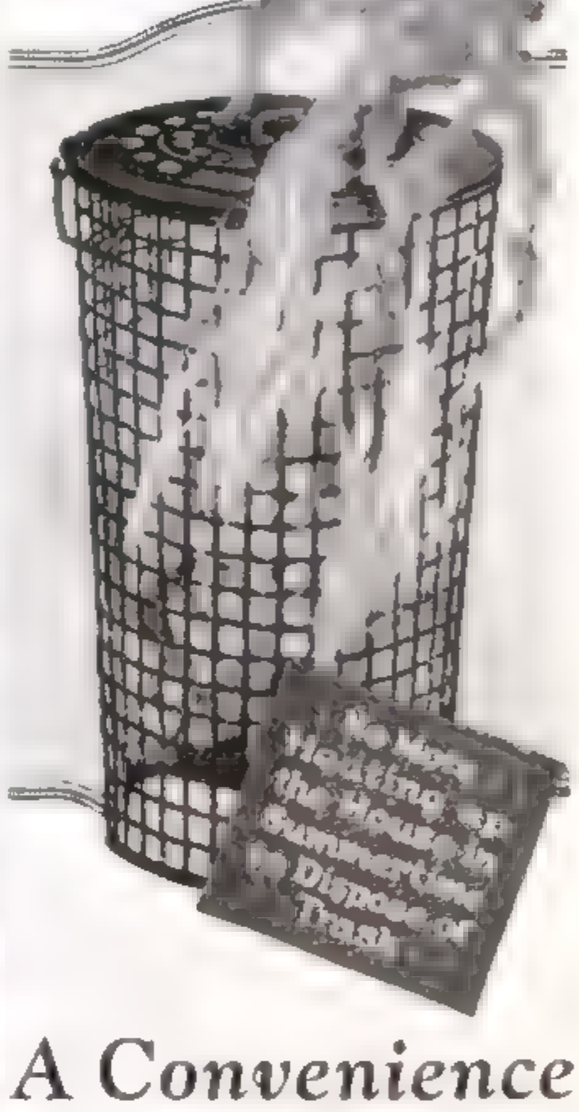

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to sell a Shaving Cream

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

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BABS THE UNBEATABLE

Continued from Page 34

"Don't be a brute," she interrupted.

They were headed towards the hangars, where Murphy greeted her with a wary, unconvincing "Pleased to meet you."

The Jones Cyclone reposed in solitary state in the center of one hangar. It was a winged projectile, designed solely for speed, every unnecessary ounce of weight stripped from it, strutted and braced for a minimum of head resistance.

They paused in the doorway and, from the corners of his eyes, Skip watched Babs Temple's face. Her red lips were drawn for an "Oh-h-h" which didn't come. Instead, two small hands reached up and grasped the brim of her hat, pulled it to a new angle savagely. An emotional crisis usually struck Babs in some such way.

Skip stepped forward, took the tail skid in one hand and lifted the Cyclone fuselage so that the plane was in flight level. It was as though he held in his hand some strange new gun; as though the plane were being aimed for a breathless rush through the end wall of the hangar and out into space.

As he lowered the tail he glanced at her and smiled. But Babs didn't see; her attention was concentrated upon the Cyclone.

"I'm going to learn how to fly," she announced eventually.

It was merely a flat assertion, a statement of inalterable fact.

"You're going over to the cedar grove and do some thinking," added Skip. "Come on."

"Do you think it's safe?" Babs asked plaintively. "I haven't thought for a long time, and I don't know what the consequences will be."

She came quite close to him, looked up, eyes pleading softly from beneath dark lashes. Babs was good at that, and it seldom failed to work. Skip appeared to be unmoved. The girl sighed. "Bring on the cedar grove," she said mournfully.

A half hour later, Babs, sitting disconsolately, legs crossed, chin in her hands, saw Skip come from the hangar and go into the house without so much as a glance in her direction. She waited a minute, arose, brushed off her breeches, slapped on the hat and strode to the hangar. Murphy was varnishing the struts of the Cyclone.

"I'm good at doing that," she announced, standing beside him.

"Are you?" replied Murphy. He spat tobacco juice. "So'm I," he added.

There was silence. She waited, close to him, watching intently, quite obviously in awe of the art with which he wielded a varnish brush. She knew that Murphy's eyes wavered from the strut for a sidelong glance at her, but she did not stir. Murphy was beginning to weaken. Eyes wavered a second time.

"And do you like flying?" asked the man presently. She glanced up and nodded expressively. Murphy spat more tobacco juice. "So do I," he admitted.

"Skip's going to teach me how," announced Babs. "I've decided to stay here for a couple of weeks." Murphy paused in his varnishing, dumfounded. She reached for the brush and he surrendered it. "And you'll have to teach me how to do things like this—how to take care of a plane."

"Don't take too much on the brush," advised Murphy. "And then take a nice, long, easy, even stroke, so's it spreads thin. That's right."

It was after luncheon when Babs and Skip sat together in the cedar grove.

"All right," said the girl, in a faint voice which denoted hurt acquiescence. "Why don't you just take me to the railroad station? You could put an express tag on me—addressed to Monty Schuyler. I thought you didn't like him."

"But, don't you see," pleaded Skip, "that they're going to be worried stiff? They'll have the whole country upset. They'll be terribly worried."

A small white hand came over to rest on his arm.

"It's their turn to worry," she said earnestly. "I don't care. If you knew what I've been through in the last four months you'd understand. Don't take me back there and give me to Monty!" The hand, at which he was stealing a glance, left his arm swiftly and yanked at a weed. "Gee! I wish I had someone who'd stick by me! It's darn hard for a girl to stand out against the whole mob."

"I'll stick!" said Skip abruptly.

Silence overcame them, and they sat there staring across the field. Babs shifted her position quickly, so that she was facing him. In a sudden access of gratitude, her cool hand slipped into his in a firm clasp.

"You're the sort who'll stick to the end, once you've decided," she began. "So am I. And there aren't any too darn many of us left either!" She arose. "Guess I'll go over to the hangar and help Murph with the varnishing. Coming?"

"I'll be over after a while," he answered.

"Have you got an extra pair of overalls around?"

"Murph'll give you a pair."

He watched the slim, boyish figure of Babs Temple until it disappeared into the cavernous hangar. For many minutes he sat there, eyes still upon the hangar, then he arose and followed.

That part of the public which concerned itself with the mystery of Babs Temple's disappearance was left to form its own conclusions on the day that had been set for the wedding. It was understood that a letter, written upon the stationery of the Hotel Copley-Plaza, in Boston, had been received by Mrs. James Whigmore Temple from her daughter. To the press, Mrs. Temple's attorney denied that there had been any demand for ransom, which was as far as he would go in the matter.

That afternoon, from Newport, Monty Schuyler's yacht, flying its owner's flag, left upon what was judged to be a considerable cruise. In any event, she was provisioned hurriedly for a voyage of several weeks. Once outside the range of reporters and photographers, Monty emerged from his cabin and slumped down into a chair upon the after deck. He sat there, alternately gnawing at his fat underlip and sipping cognac, until his valet helped him to bed.

The force of detectives concentrated upon Boston.

Several months before, Skip Jones had slipped some of the hotel stationery into his valise, intending to write letters while on the train. It was that stationery which Babs found in the farmhouse when she decided that the time had come for her to write to her mother. Skip flew to Boston, put the letter in a box, bought a lip stick, compact powder, hairpins, a comb, one dozen hair nets, a toothbrush and three pairs of stockings, size eight and a half. With those things stowed in his pockets, he flew back to his field.

The letter had been nothing more than a brief, definite refusal to marry Monteith Schuyler, ending with an assurance that she was perfectly well and happy.

From the window of her room Babs watched the two big trucks bearing the Cyclone—wrapped with the tenderness of an infant and stowed in six crates—labor down the road towards the railroad station and become lost in the night. While the drivers were about she had remained in hiding. Murphy had stolen up to say good-by, and now she was waiting impatiently for Skip to tell her that she might come out. It was difficult to obey orders with good grace; quite contrary to Nature. Babs frowned. He had told her to stay there until he called.

At last Skip's voice sounded at the foot of the stairs: "All right, Babs. Your dinner's ready."

Dinner! Nothing could be of less importance than dinner! She curbed a little fit of exasperation, and—after a final inspection in the mirror to make sure that her nose wasn't shiny—appeared in the dining room, smiling. For the last half hour she had been fixing her hair; and all day long she had been careful not to soil the white blouse, her only blouse, just so that she would look fresh and pretty for this last evening.

Some of the details of life had been difficult during the past two weeks. Each night Mrs. Kraft had washed her things, and each morning ironed them; but, with so much varnish and grease in one's life, the hazards of appearing fresh at dinner were great. As it was, a cluster of pink sweet peas hid an irremediable smudge.

It was a deeply preoccupied Skip who held her chair, as though his mind were with the trucks bearing the Cyclone. He sat down across the table from her at an

Continued on Page 72

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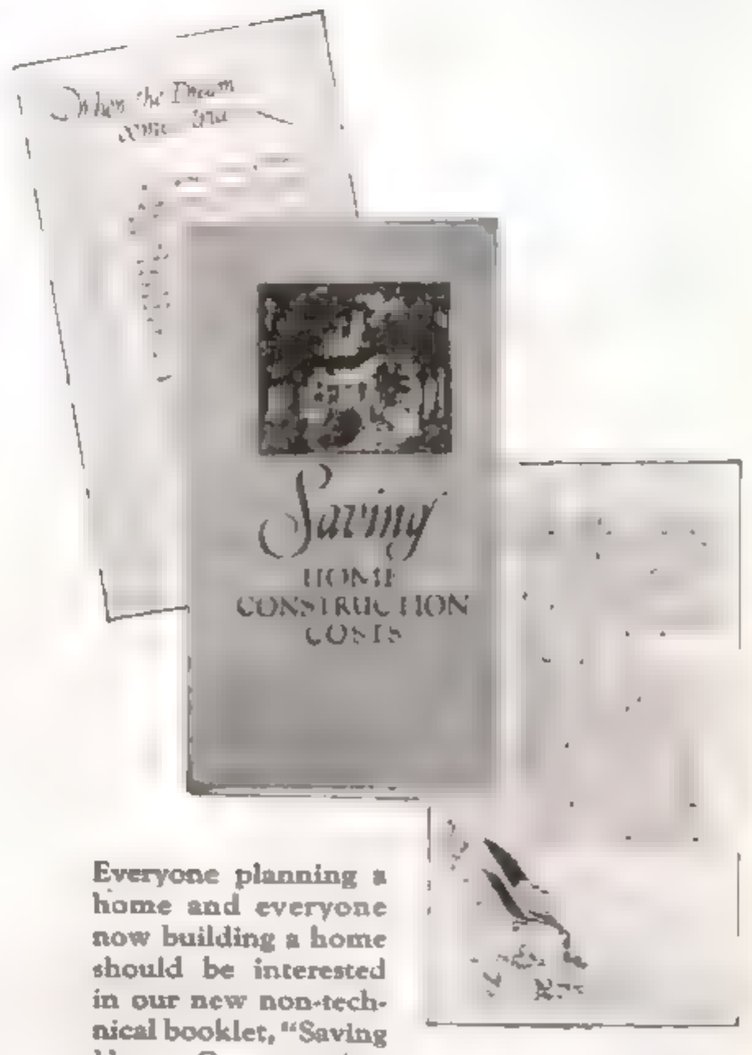

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Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Club, Salt Lake City, Utah

(Continued from Page 70)

empty place. That meant, she said to herself, that he had already eaten, with Murph and the drivers. Brute!

"I'm not hungry," she said indifferently; but she was thinking, "Oh, for a pretty frock! That Nile green one, or that coral one with silver beads." Then his eyes would open wide, lose that far-away look and focus upon her.

"Did everything go all right?" she asked.

"Huh?" He glanced up, caught her question as if in echo, and said, "Oh, yes—yes."

His gaze faltered and dropped again to the cloth. Babs nibbled at food, took a sip of tea which was entirely too hot. She glared at the top of that black, curly head across the table.

"What do you plan to do, Babs?" he asked at last.

"Why—I don't know. Whatever you say." It cost an effort to be meek; but there was a sincere desire back of it to do as he wanted her to do—and a surging hope that it might agree with her own ideas. She appeared quite helplessly feminine when she asked, "What do you think I'd better do, Skip?"

He had been fearing that she would put it up to him in some such way as that; leave it for him to decide, when he didn't know even what to do with himself; and he didn't want to decide. First of all, he had the race ahead of him, the purpose of a whole year's work; and then—and then, what? More than anything else—and this was one thing he knew beyond all shadow of doubt—he would like to come back here with the Davidson Cup and find Babs Temple, still in riding breeches, boots and China silk blouse.

"Monty Schuyler's shoved off for Europe," he brought himself to say at last. It seemed to him that his voice sounded dry and expressionless. "I presume that means you're out of the woods. Perhaps you'd better make it up with your mother now."

His words didn't convince him; but an "Oh!" escaped from Babs' lips. He looked up, but she was busily engaged with food.

Without raising her eyes, she said, "You mean that I ought to go back home?"

There was faint accusation in her tone. Skip nodded.

"I think you've stirred up enough trouble for one small girl. Don't you?"

Their eyes met, and they studied each other, deliberately, thoughtfully, quite unconscious of the moments that passed. Her face, in the mellow lamplight, wore a poignantly beseeching expression, lips slightly parted, eyes lustrous and soft. Against the dark wall her hair shone radiantly. On the table her hands rested, palms upward and slim fingers extended. At the corners of Skip's mouth there was a little quirk that might have come from some deeply humorous thought or from some stabbing, unexpected little pain.

"I s'pose so," she replied, quietly, abjectly. She nodded and her hands closed. "I'd better go back. You're right." Then: "Skip, would you mind if I stayed just one more day?" She smiled brightly, in one of those quick, volatile changes of expression. "I really should do that thinking, you know."

Skip arose suddenly, paused.

"Of course—I'd like to have you stay, like to think of you here." There appeared to follow some quick juggling of thoughts, and Babs' heart leaped. Then he said: "I've got to see that the hangars are all secure, and I'll get the flivver ready so that you can drive it home—when you decide to go. I'm leaving at five tomorrow morning," he added; "and so I probably shan't see you again—before I leave."

Babs, too, arose. She had planned to be up to see him off.

"I—I have a little headache, and I think I'll go to bed," she said.

It entered her head that this was the first time in her life that she had ever retreated under cover of a headache; it seemed as old-fashioned as fainting. Her mother was always having headaches.

"I s'pose it's good-by, then," continued Babs evenly. A small, hot hand crept into his. "I won't even try to tell you how thankful I am to you. I'll never forget. Good luck in the Cyclone. I wish I could see the race."

"Good-by. Sometime—we'll see each other again."

She nodded. Skip turned and left the room.

Huddled upon her bed, face buried in the pillow, Babs set her teeth and let the tears come. Not a sob escaped her, and she told herself that she wouldn't really cry for any man—not even Skip. But emotions ventured so close to that verge where she might no longer be Babs the unbeatable that she arose quickly, cleared her throat and uttered a distinct, though tremulous, "Damn!" Standing there in the darkness, unbowed, she summoned all her forces to meet the future. Instead of gayety in the curve of her lips, there was a curiously bitter expression.

On a box behind the hangars Skip Jones sat with his pipe clutched in his teeth. Try as he would to keep his mind on the one main purpose in life—the Davidson Cup—his thoughts kept slipping, and always in one direction—to Babs Temple.

In a way he could not fathom he was afraid of Babs. By the time midnight came he had acknowledged to himself that he was in love with her; but still he was afraid of her. She seemed, in a fashion he was powerless to understand, so much stronger than himself; so ruthless, like a shining little bullet. Deliberately she had made him love her. And why? Was it, he asked himself, just because she wanted every man at her heels? After the race he would see her again; and perhaps, from this conflict of emotions, he might be able to select the truth. For several minutes he stood looking at her darkened window, pondering. He wondered if she had any idea how close he had come to sweeping her into his arms as they stood there in the dining room.

"Better pile into bed," he muttered savagely. "Time enough to think about girls after the race." The effort to classify her as a girl was false, and he knew it.

In any event, his thoughts ran on, Monty Schuyler was eliminated. Monty! The mere thought of Babs married to Monty made hot revolt surge through him again.

At the field in Cleveland eighteen sleek planes crouched like animals waiting to spring into the air. Skip, leaning against the fuselage of the Cyclone, was talking to Dahl, his most dangerous opponent. Dahl's Bobcat stood next in line.

"What have you got in that tin can of yours?" asked the other pilot.

"Two-cylinder, two-cycle engine," responded Skip. "Secondhand. Used to be in a motorboat."

He grinned and turned to look across the fence, where the largest part of the crowd stood tiptoed, craning for a glimpse of the two planes which were touted to provide the race. Dahl had won the year before at Chicago, and Skip had made a close second, with a laughable gap between them and the third plane.

"Got any money up?" asked Dahl.

"Not a cent. You?"

Dahl shook his head.

"How about it?"

An official approached them, crying through a megaphone, "Pilots to the judges' stand! Pilots to the judges' stand!"

Skip looked at his watch.

"Where's Murphy?" he demanded of no one in particular; then to Dahl, "I'm on! How much? Thousand? Two?"

"Right!"

The crowd, as the pilots shook hands, divined what was happening and let out a yell. Then, in the midst of it, there was an upheaval. Murphy came plunging through, vaulted the fence. In his hand he held a newspaper.

"Skip," he exclaimed, "look-a-here!"

He spread the paper open. Across the front page of the blatant early edition ran a single headline:

BABS TEMPLE FOUND!

Then in sprawling headlines that dwindled down to a short dispatch:

SOCIETY BUD, MISSING TWO WEEKS, RETURNS—REFUSES TO CLEAR MYSTERY BEFORE DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE—GUARDED BY MOTHER AND ATTORNEY—RUMOR SAYS WILL MARRY MONTY SCHUYLER ABROAD—ATTEMPT TO SAIL IN SECRET ABOARD LINER DUNARIA

Again that cry, "Pilots to the judges' stand!"

Skip went forward, reading. Reporters had discovered that Babs and her mother had boarded the Dunaria early in the morning, secluding themselves in their cabin to await the sailing of the vessel at three o'clock in the afternoon. They had denied themselves to interviewers; but their identity had been admitted, finally, by the purser, later by an attorney. It was thought probable that she would join Monteith Schuyler and be married in Europe.

The warm-up bugle sounded and Skip went back to the plane. The newspaper fluttered away in the wind stream. Skip squirmed into his seat, ears taking in the heartening blast of the engine, while he studied dials and fastened straps.

He motioned Murphy to him and yelled above the noise, "Get ready to gas 'er—fast as all hell—after the race! Telephone Bellefonte to stand by with gas!"

Comprehension flowed slowly over Murphy's face, and he nodded, clapped Skip on the shoulder. The bugle sounded again, its notes shrill and piping in the thunder of eighteen engines.

To the right, the first plane rushed forward and swooped off the ground; then the second. Nerves that had seemed unbearable were becoming calm now. Skip throttled the motor and nodded to Murphy, who removed the blocks from the wheels and stretched out his arms to signal "All clear!" Dahl's Bobcat leaped into the air; then the official, with his flag suspended, stood before the Cyclone. The flag dropped and the Cyclone went hurtling forward, skimmed the ground and shot up in a long zoom for altitude.

Skip, crouched, tensed, sat quietly, feeling his plane as though his nerves ran to every part of it, rejoicing with an engine that seemed to exult in its power. His eyes shifted slowly from the Bobcat, directly before him, to the red barn that marked the first turn of the triangular course.

Dahl took the turn with a good margin and settled into his second leg. Skip literally hit the turn, banked over and pulled in so sharply that the act of turning was a concussion that deprived him of breath. There was no softening slip skyward to ease the strain. The Cyclone had turned squarely, blocked its momentum in the old direction with the strength of its wings, gone into the second leg with only an instant of throttling. He had made a leap towards Dahl.

Again that dismembering, racking sensation of turning. On the first lap he came in to the judges' stand so close behind the Bobcat that his plane felt the propeller wash, so he pulled up slightly and took a higher altitude. They went neck and neck for the first turn. By the slow measure of inches, Skip was working ahead.

At the turn Skip laid his plane over and pulled in brutally, while Dahl swept out, as though he were on the end of a string, and slipped in behind him, squarely in the wash.

It was Skip's race, barring engine trouble, cutting corners and accidents. The Cyclone was faster on straightaway, and he himself was faster on the turns. Ahead of him streamed the planes which had started first. One of them went down, turned over and broke into flames that sent a wavering black cloud into the sky. A black ambulance, waddling like a beetle, crawled across the field.

At one turn Skip cut under an army plane which preceded him, and sat gazing up while the other pilot, unaware of their proximity, slued down into the course, barely missing a collision.

On the ground the crowd yelled and whooped as he brought the Cyclone into the last lap. Far on the other side of the course, Dahl's Bobcat was coming, a brilliant second, a game second. But second! Skip throttled down to relieve the engine of the sharp cruelty of continuous effort. Then the judges' stand again. He swept down, turned sharply and landed. Murphy, arms waving, yelling like a maniac, rushed forward to guide the plane in taxi-ing. As the noise of the motor died away the cries of spectators came to Skip's ears as a strange, unrelated chaos of sound.

People were shaking his hand, photographers were maneuvering, shouting angrily at those who stepped in their way, and with it all Skip was yelling, "Slap it in, Murph! Slap it in!"

Dizzy, breathless, weak in the knees, he wanted someone to get coffee for him. It was nightmarish. He was dragged to the judges' stand.

Then Dahl came up, hand outstretched. As confusion cleared away, Skip found himself posing with a gold cup in one hand and a check, the prize of five thousand dollars, in the other. Then Dahl's check was thrust into his hand.

One of the last planes in the air came a cropper in landing, turned over. In the confusion Skip, gold cup under one arm, made his get-away.

"Ready!" yelled Murphy. "Telephoned Bellefonte! Expecting you!"

(Continued on Page 75

An Unusual Mark

The dual function of a trade mark is to be pleasing and to be conspicuous, because it should serve as a one-glance identification of a product, a policy, a company, or a store.

The Seiberling trade mark has been highly commended by those who are supposed to know such things. It has also served its purpose, for it has assisted in gaining public recognition of Seiberling Cords as being in the front rank of the "quality group" of high-grade tires in one short year.

SEIBERLING CORDS

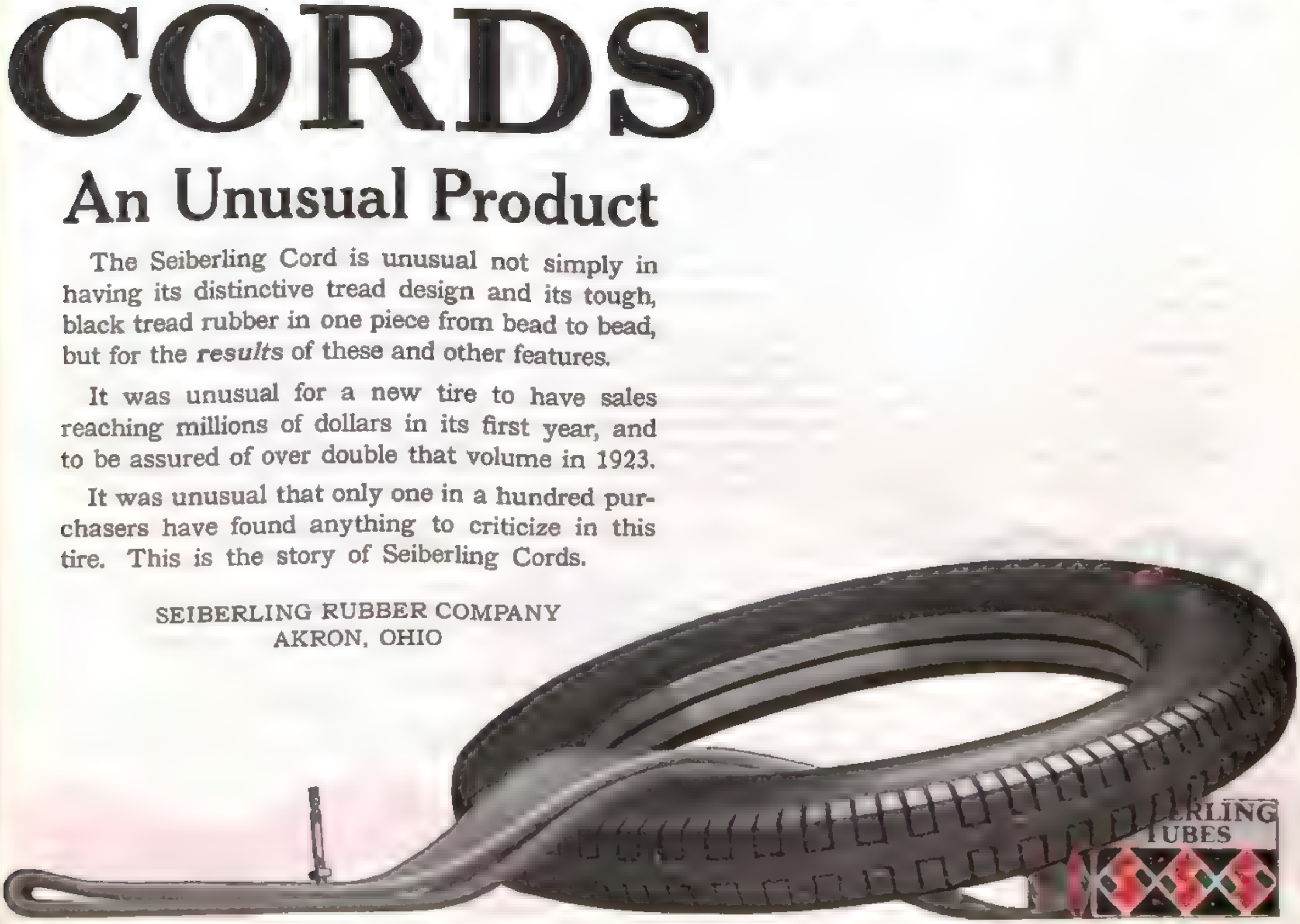
An Unusual Product

The Seiberling Cord is unusual not simply in having its distinctive tread design and its tough, black tread rubber in one piece from bead to bead, but for the *results* of these and other features.

It was unusual for a new tire to have sales reaching millions of dollars in its first year, and to be assured of over double that volume in 1923.

It was unusual that only one in a hundred purchasers have found anything to criticize in this tire. This is the story of Seiberling Cords.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO



Photograph ©

Conquering the Everglades

The "Caterpillar's" field of usefulness is by no means limited to road work. There is a "Caterpillar" of size and capacity for every power need. On farm or ranch, in the mining, oil and lumber industries, for snow removal and other civic work—wherever tractive power and endurance are at a premium, the "Caterpillar" has no real competitor

Through the very heart of the Florida Everglades, world-famed as an impenetrable swamp, indomitable road-makers are now pushing the Tamiami Trail. Starting from Tampa on the Gulf, this 250-mile motor highway will run southward to Marco and then swing fearlessly into the Everglades, terminating at the magic city of Miami.

The boards of trade of Tampa and other cities, the Tamiami Trail Association, county officials, citrus growers and other interests along the route are keenly concerned in the early completion of this trail at the lowest possible cost. That's why "Caterpillars" are indispensable on this job. Mr. C. T. Friend, chairman of the county commissioners at Tampa, says: "Our third "Caterpillar" is now at work, grading the Hillsborough County end of the Tamiami Trail. From the standpoint of upkeep, service and general satisfaction, we feel that our investment in these remarkable machines has been a mighty good one."

"Caterpillars" alone have the traction demanded for uninterrupted operation over the sandy, boggy places and other difficult terrain encountered. Their superior speed and endurance means, too, that this highway *is* being completed in the shortest time and at the lowest possible cost. Our booklet, *"Caterpillar" Performance*, will be sent upon request. Write for it today.

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Continued from Page 72

Skip, the Davidson Cup clutched under his left elbow, pulled the Cyclone into the air once more.

Free of the confusion of the earth, with the blue lake and green fields slipping beneath him, Skip shifted in his seat and sniffed at the biting wind. The race, victory achieved, became an event of singular unimportance. He became almost sorry that he had stopped for the race, used the strength of his engine in gaining something which was, after all, just a gold cup, a check and a small share of glory. Strange that he hadn't thought of that before.

He glanced at his watch—10:50, and the Dunaria was to sail at three o'clock. Four hundred and thirty-five miles of flying, and then a trip from Mineola to the pier by automobile. He did some quick figuring. If he kept an average speed of one hundred and sixty, he would land at Mineola, after stopping once for gas at Bellefonte, at two o'clock. That would give him an hour.

His hand itched to draw the throttle open to its limit, to use all the speed the Cyclone could make. But that was dangerous; too much chance of overstraining the motor and never reaching Mineola. Instead, he pulled to a higher altitude, found a wind which was favorable.

It was agonizing to sit there, motionless, unable to throw his muscles into the tack, feigning patience, minute after minute, waiting while a world slid beneath him.

Bellefonte! The gas tank waiting, the water hose manned, oil ready and a mail pilot, just arrived on his western trip, to give him information on the weather.

"Better keep a little south," he warned. "Ground mist. Keep pretty well in towards Philly and you'll be clear of it."

It took the Cyclone a scant five minutes to drink in her new supply; then into the air again. Skip debated whether he should hit a course over the mist, depending upon instinct to carry him straight between that layer of white which blanketed the earth and the blue sky, or bear off to the south where landmarks would guide him. He had no compass. Discretion, born of long experience, guided the plane southward.

Philadelphia, a tumbling of gray buildings wreathed in smoke, stretching away to green suburbs, lay to one side, when suddenly the huge motor coughed and sputtered. Skip's heart leaped and seemed to drop downward in some black, bottomless well. His eyes sought the pressure gauge. The needle was dropping slowly. A hand flashed to the valve of the emergency tank, turned it and began frantic work with the pump. The needle merely flickered weakly in its sinking.

All his senses, concentrated painfully upon the fact that within five minutes the Cyclone must be upon the ground, either whole or a wreck, recalled to his memory a deserted air-mail field near Bustleton, where he had landed once before. It was a dangerously small field for a fast plane, covered with tall weeds which might break a propeller. That meant a dead-stick landing—no motor to pull him out of it if his judgment in placing the plane was not perfect.

The Cyclone dragged to a stop within a few feet of a stone fence. Skip was on the ground searching for the trouble. Vibration, enemy of flight, had split the feed pipe, dumping the precious load of high-test gasoline into the air. One glance at it and Skip was off on the run to a telephone. First, an oil company, and an offer of a bonus of fifty dollars for the proper grade of gasoline. It was scarce, the man told him; difficult to get that quantity at short notice; the trucks were all out.

"One hundred dollars for you if you can get me that gas in thirty minutes," replied Skip. Can you do it?"

"I'll do my best," answered the man.

Next he hailed a car on the road and persuaded the driver to take him to the best garage. There, again, a bonus spoke louder than excuses. Fifteen minutes later he was back at the field with three mechanics, tools and pipe.

For ten minutes of Murphy he would have given the checks for seven thousand and thrown the Davidson Cup in for good measure. The mechanics were unfamiliar with planes, heavy-handed and bewildered. Skip did the work himself—hands steady and patient, but his breath coming as rapidly as if he were running. With the new pipe installed, he raced away to the telephone again. The man who was to get the gasoline was not there. Presumably he was on his way.

Skip paid the mechanics and waited in an agony of suspense. Minutes dragged along. With the remainder of the fuel in the gravity tank, he kept the engine warm. Two o'clock came—2:15. Again to the telephone.

"Just managed to get some!" said the man. "They're loading it now!"

It was three o'clock when the truck lumbered into the field. Three o'clock, and the Dunaria shoving off from her pier!

Caution, discretion, good judgment in piloting deserted him. He held the Cyclone's nose down into it and opened the throttle to the last notch. The plane, trembling, wires screaming, was more like some ruthlessly driven animal than a thing of metal, wood and fabric.

Then the gleam of sun upon water. Far to the left the spires of New York, stunted, ghostlike. Ahead of him the faint line of Long Island; and lost somewhere in that misty, blue horizon, the Dunaria with Babs Temple aboard her. His heart ached; and in its aching the determination to swing about for Mineola was somehow lost. If nothing more, he wanted her to know that he had tried to reach her. Then a radio message and the next boat for Europe.

Fuel was running low, and the Cyclone had stood up gamely under abuse that was too great. Yet he pushed on, now slightly throttled, but still shortening that gap by nearly three miles a minute.

Ahead of him four blotches of black smoke appeared in the mist. The first two were tramps, the third an incoming passenger boat; the fourth was an east-bound liner.

Handkerchiefs, hands, arms, hats fluttered at her rails as he swept down close to the starboard side and made out the word "Dunaria" on her bow. He shot ahead, turned, came back, gave the plane full throttle. The long sleek ship passed in a blur, shortened to the dimensions of a barge.

The engine of the Cyclone roared at its happiest, with a note of triumph greater than it had uttered as it thundered past the judges' stand.

"Good old bus!" muttered Skip.

A sudden quite new affection for this plane which he had created came to him. He pulled her straight upward into the sky, leveled off and spun about in four quick barrel turns; then, engine throttled, he glided down, as slowly as he could, along the length of the ship, eyes searching for some brief glimpse which would tell him that Babs Temple saw him.

Standing on a life craft, a slight figure in white, hat clutched in one hand, a yellow sweater in the other, waved like mad. He came back again, this time closer. Surely it was Babs! He raised one arm.

Back once more. Now the sweater and hat had disappeared, and she was standing, her arms outstretched high above her head, as though she were reaching for him.

In that instant something caught at Skip's heart, thrilled him, then left him as calm as though his mind had conceived some ordinary and simple feat. He crossed back and forth before the bows of the Dunaria six times, waving his hand. On the bridge he could see officers clustered. Then he turned eastward.

"I'm sorry, old Cyclone," he said.

With that he cut the contact, the engine stopped and he glided down towards the surface of the water.

Babs Temple launched herself upon the bridge of the Dunaria and stopped short before the man who wore the most gold braid.

"He's landing!" she announced.

As calmly as if this was a thing that occurred several times each voyage, the captain ordered the engines reversed, a lifeboat manned, and in the same unperturbed voice, he continued, "Passengers are not allowed upon the bridge, my dear young lady."

But Babs did not hear him. She was clutching the rail, jaw set, lips drawn. Her right hand loosened its grasp, wrapped about an imaginary control stick. It was Babs Temple who was bringing the Cyclone to the water, talking softly to it.

The Cyclone hovered over the surface, losing speed. The merest fraction of a moment before she would normally have settled had earth been beneath her, the plane's nose came up. In that instant she lost momentum and breathlessly hung there, suspended, then came down, tail first, dragging upon the water. Her lower wings slapped out white sheets of spray, crumpled and folded back. She bucked and twisted upon the waves, and her upper wings became silvery oblongs, half hidden by the green wash of sea water.

Skip was standing in his seat, facing the ship. With his left arm he waved carelessly while he watched the boat being lowered away; and a metallic something, clutched under his left arm, glinted yellow in the sunlight.

The lower wings, having absorbed the shock of landing, had left the upper wings undamaged as fairly air-tight compartments, which would sustain him for minutes. The Cyclone was nearly at the point of plunging bottomward when the boat came alongside. He clambered aboard, with one last look at those silver wings which had borne so much and so valiantly.

Mrs. James Whigmore Temple, upon a bed of seasickness—she was one of those whose seasickness begins when they engage passage—opened one eye warily and discovered Babs at the mirror, arranging her hair in a desperate hurry.

"What," demanded Mrs. Temple, "was that horrid noise? And why did the boat stop?"

There was in her voice the legitimate implication that Babs, having caused so much trouble in the past three weeks, might justly be charged with this latest outrage.

"It was Mrs. Jones' little boy Skip," mumbled the girl from that side of her mouth which was not embarrassed by hairpins. This was the first time the name of Skip Jones had been mentioned, for she had steadfastly refused to give any explanation of her disappearance. Mystery was such a convenient weapon. "He missed the boat, so he came out on his plane," she added. Then, just by way of putting up a lightning rod: "I lost my hat overboard."

Mrs. Temple sighed and closed the eye.

"What a silly thing to do!" she murmured.

"Wasn't it!" exclaimed Babs, not sure whether she was referring to the hat or to Skip's manner of boarding the boat.

She gave her hair that last deft upward movement with both hands and selected a toque of dull turquoise blue—because it accentuated the color of her eyes.

"Mother," she said as she was about to leave, "I'm going on deck now, and when I return I shall probably tell you"—she made a sweeping, eloquent gesture—"all! Something tells me that I won't be able to hold it much longer."

"All?" demanded Mrs. Temple, her voice a blend of unslaked curiosity and terrible apprehension. To know or not to know—she was by no means sure which would be worse. Babs nodded. Her exit was positively sinister.

In an elevator which soared from the depths of the Dunaria Skip had been spirited past Babs to the bridge, where he reported to the captain. And now, in the captain's cabin—a hot toddy upon the table and a steward begging him vainly to take off his wet clothes—Skip was pretending to curb impatience. A boy had been dispatched to find Miss Barbara Temple.

He paced the floor, wondering how he should act towards her, what he should say. For one thing, he must be stern. That was certain. Stern!

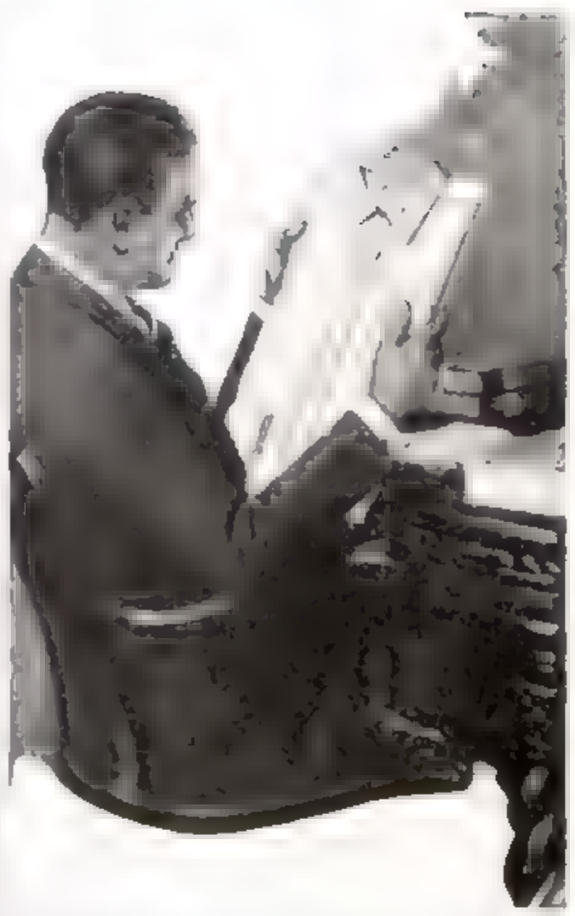
The door clicked open and she stood before him, so deliciously, radiantly pretty that his breath was checked.

"Skip," she said in a voice that was husky, "it was glorious! Oh, Skip!" She moved towards him. "You darn old nut!" There was a little sob in the words. "Why didn't you tell me that night in the farmhouse?" In some unaccountable fashion she found her way into his wet arms. A small hand came up, clutched at the top of her toque, cast it aside, and she burrowed her face and head in his shoulder. "Ge-e-e, I've been unhappy!" she sighed.

"Darling Babs!"

He lifted her face to his, gazed at her tearful eyes and tenderly curved mouth, wondering with some remote part of his brain why it was that he had been afraid of her. Then he remembered that he was to be stern, that one must be stern with Babs Temple. He kissed her.

The marriage, aboard the Dunaria, of Miss Barbara Temple to Mr. Winthrop Van Anden Schuyler Jones, known in aviation circles as Skip Jones—winner of the Davidson Cup, second cousin to Monteith Schuyler, joint heir with his sister, the Duchess of Tailbout, to the estate of his father, the late Commodore Winthrop Van Anden Jones—was something of a broadside. The reporter who had been hustled aboard the Dunaria to take the voyage in hopes of obtaining an exclusive account of Babs' disappearance quoted Mrs. James Whigmore Temple as saying, "It's all for the best, no doubt."



Dick Orr's last lesson in college was about shirts

"Professor Blake wasn't aiming at me," said Orr afterward, "but he taught me something, just the same.

"He said some of the class needed to spruce up their attire if they expected to get ahead in the world.

"One nervy chap broke in with: 'We can't all afford custom shirts like you, Professor.'

"'I don't wear custom shirts—I wear Emery; and every one of you can afford them,' was the reply.

"I had always admired Dr. Blake's shirts," Orr added, "so I bought a couple with the Emery label. He was right. They're as good in every way as custom shirts that cost lots of men double.

"You can bet I'll always look for the Emery label whenever I buy shirts."

Why Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made

Pattern in each shirt perfectly balanced—stripes matched in cuffs, front, etc.

Different sleeve lengths. Sleeve plackets buttoning above the cuff, to prevent gaping sleeve and make cuffs set right.

Pre-shrunk neckbands. Neck-band tab for inserting collar button in back.

Closely-stitched seams. Clear pearl buttons. Unbreakable buttonholes. And many other refinements of finish.

Emery shirts are sold at better class shops—$2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and up. If there is no Emery dealer near you, we will see that you are served promptly on receipt of money order and name of your dealer. Give neckband size, sleeve length and color preferences. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

GUN METAL

(Continued from Page 11)

He had captured the other's interest at last. Up and down the islands, Lem Hedrick had had a spell at most things—trader, pearl poacher, gold digger in the fevered welter of the Woodlark rush, even schoolteacher and government official under the sketchy administration of British Papua. He was no fool; he was only one of those who had missed and whose missing had been a somber and secret tragedy—some story of desperate need and disappointed hope that always drew his yearning gaze toward the far horizon.

"I'm agreeable. You needn't fret about me," he stated crisply. "I reckon I can stand prosperity if you can. You mean we've got to play square and divvy as we go, I take it, with no risk of a squabble."

"Aye; a divvy in plain sight, piece by piece on the open deck, each man to keep a key to his own berth on the cutter. Goin' ashore or standin' watch you to trust me and me to trust you. No liquor, no disputes. A straight course for Moresby as soon as we clean up, and a proper oath to keep all safe."

"An oath!" echoed Hedrick. "What kind of oath?" His usual skepticism struck in. "How do you know what kind of an oath would bind me?"

Mac's answer came pat.

"Because I remember you had a priest that day at hospital, Lem."

"Oh! And how do I know what binds you?"

"Because I was the lad that fetched the priest," concluded Mac simply as they eyed each other.

So they made their compact on Nbendi Island. It was a good compact, forehanded and complete as they could devise. It covered every contingency of good fortune, every step to cover their disposal of the treasure from the moment they should find it to the moment they should bank their shares with Burns-Philp at Port Moresby. It gave them a sense of companionship and a sense of safety they had lacked. Perhaps Lem Hedrick was even better pleased than McFhee himself. The weaker man, the more nervous temperament, he knew little of this gray-beard ruffian pal of his beyond the color of a violent and criminal past.

Their common satisfaction sustained them through the rest of the morning, through the hardest bout of work they had put in yet, until the shadows fell short and they waded alongshore to the spot where their cutter lay moored under the cliff and climbed aboard with grateful mind to tiffin. And there they found the monkey man laying out his tin dishes.

"Mac," exclaimed Hedrick, on a sudden thought, "look here! How about this chap?"

McFhee paused, scowling at the hatchway. "Who—Jackwo? Well, what about him?"

"I say, we can't bring him under oath."

It had the weight of a surprising idea. For the first time on their expedition—the first time in either's experience very likely—they considered a native by the light of a human problem.

"Where did he sign on from?" inquired Hedrick. "And what breed is he, anyhow?"

"I dunno. I got him along with the cutter. She'd been pearl shelling around the Louisiades somewhere last season. He's only a blasted black boy."

"A black boy can have notions of his own," observed Lem significantly. "What I'd like for information would be to hear his notion about gold."

"Gold! He never saw none. What notion could he have? We pay him in trade goods; ten shilling for three months—and he ain't worth it," growled Mac. "A bad cook, and the silliest laughin' idjit I ever did see—even for a nigger. You'll allow that yourself. Take a look at him now, would y'?"

They took a look at him. Below in the cuddy the monkey man was setting the table. Even grandfathers are accounted boys among the islands, and this specimen might have been anywhere between twenty and forty—a spindly, knob-muscled, active body with splay feet and a frizzled high mop of hair, with the usual simple taste in adornment. About his middle he wore two scant yards of red cotton print. Through one perforated ear he carried a broken clay pipe; through the distended lobe of the other, the half of a Petersen pill box. On his chest he sported a locket made from the battered dial of an ancient alarm clock. His skin was black—not ink black, nor soot black, but the exact shade of a polished rifle barrel.

All ordinary enough. What was not so ordinary, quite—what set him apart from type as an individual—was his face. He had the face of a comedian. Mostly your full-blooded Papuan does not laugh by his lone; mostly he maintains a reserved, even a repellent demeanor, until times of group excitement, when he makes up for it with boisterous mirth. This Jackwo could laugh. He was laughing now—like a clown, like a face-making ape. And as he went about his work he spun the plates on his finger, he clicked the forks like knuckle bones; anon he shuffled and hummed to some recondite rhythm. The two white men watched, as white men always scornfully have watched the uncomprehended gyrations of the inferior race.

"Just the same," remarked Lem, "if this is going to be a matter of brains, as you put it, I want to learn a bit more about friend Jackwo. You can't tell; he might be one of these wise mission niggers, with a Bible and a picklock. I've seen 'em."

"It's a fact."

"And besides, he's a prying sort—always monkeying with things; always playing and juggling like that. Suppose he gets monkeying with our stuff?"

"It's a fact! We can't take no such chances," admitted McFhee. "But we'll blame' soon find out how wise he is. . . . Hy-you, boy!" he roared and dropped down the hatch as a startling apparition that made the unfortunate Jackwo jump a foot high.

But all they could find out was no particular aid to the case. They had to carry on their inquiry in the barbarous locutions of *bêche de mer* English, with a vocabulary of some fifty words—thereabouts. One thing with another, they determined this much: That Jackwo was just what he appeared to be—a monkey man.

He came from the region of the Princess Marianne Straits, where folk live in treetop nests like the orang-utan of Borneo. He belonged to a branch called by traders the salt-water bushmen—some tribe driven in warfare to seek the seacoast, where he had been caught by a local chief and sold into service for half a case of tobacco. Since then he had wandered from Thursday Island to the Trobriands, as boat boy, cook and coolie; more or less protected in these days of antiblackbirding laws; more or less free under the white man's difficult mercies and the white man's ruthless exploitation.

Himself, he seemed harmless enough. That he bred from a cannibal strain; that his people were head-hunters and casual murderers in the same spirit that other people are birds' nest collectors or cricket players—these facts were familiar to Lem and Mac and bothered them not at all. For such is the Big Black Belt of the South Seas, the last primordial strip; entirely incredible to the rest of a world that yells for the police if a neighbor goes barefoot, but perfectly commonplace and with a singular innocency of its own for those who live there.

Not being suburbanites exactly, they were very slightly concerned in learning how much of a savage Jackwo had been. What they wished rather to learn was just how civilized he might be. And here, after all, they found themselves pretty much at fault.

"It comes to this," summed McFhee at last: "If he's a slick nigger, he's almighty slick; and if he's as slick as that ——"

He stopped. Lem Hedrick put a name to it, with an evil glint under his brows that made even McFhee blink.

"If he is, he won't last long. . . . Funny how quick these educated niggers drop off of fever. And who's to give a damn?"

"Ain't it too true!" agreed Mac.

There came an opportunity, however, to test their doubts in decisive fashion.

They had begun exploring toward the stern of the ancient wreck. She lay prow to shore, where she must have been run in from the cove. Already they had laid bare the forward part down to her fire-blackened ribs. They were using a device like a miner's cradle; a rude box with double handles in which they packed the wet sand a spadeful at a time until they had enough to carry aside and dump. By this careful method, in heavy labor, they proposed clearing her whole inner shell.

Along toward noon of the next day Hedrick saw Mac dive and fish and dabble under water. He bent like a peering walrus, then straightened, gave a grunted exclamation and offered a tiny object on his shovel tip, a thing like a small black poker chip. Lem snatched, and knew from the weight what it must be. They had one of Mendaña's gold pieces!

In the reeking heat, shaken and worn as they were, they might very well have gone mad with it. It meant the proof of calculations which at the best had been so obscure, the cashing of a bet which at the most had been so vastly improbable. They might have whooped and cheered and celebrated like haggard maniacs in their exultation, in the wide-flung opening of escape and fulfillment so rabidly desired. But they did not. A conscious constraint held them. If their cheeks flushed, if their fingers trembled a bit while they passed the thing back and forth, they remained alert and observant—each gauging the other's emotion. Two wary old hands, as before said.

The prize itself was a crude piece, about the size of a shilling, dimmed and incrusted

(Continued on Page 81)

Between Them They Applied the Acid Drop of Civilization to This Strange Racial Metal

FLORENCE
Oil Stoves *and* Ranges

MEN—Suppose you had a hot stove in your office all summer?

You know what you would do. But think of your wife—she can't let the fire out in her kitchen. Yet she needs a fire for only about two hours a day. A cool kitchen all summer is better for her than a vacation.

To-night tell your wife about the wickless Florence Oil Range. Tell her it burns with a blue flame just like a gas stove—that the large, powerful burners give clean, intense heat close up under the cooking—that she can regulate the heat by turning the lever under each burner.

When her cooking is done she can turn off the heat and do the rest of her work in a cool kitchen. Tell her that a Florence soon pays for itself through its economies—it burns kerosene, which is the cheapest fuel.

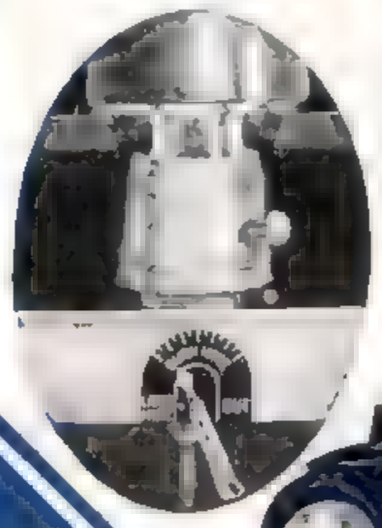
It is an ornament to the kitchen. The mantel back and chimneys are of beautiful porcelain enamel, while the rest of the stove is finished in a satiny, durable, baked-on enamel with nickel trim.

Your wife will find a Florence Oil Range filled with kerosene at some nearby furniture or hardware store. She can light it and see for herself how easy it is to regulate the flame to any degree of cooking heat.

Write for interesting booklet, "Pointing the Way to a Cool Kitchen." It is free.

LOOK closely at the single burner below.

Touch a match to the asbestos kindler, and you quickly have any degree of cooking heat you wish—intense, medium, or slow.

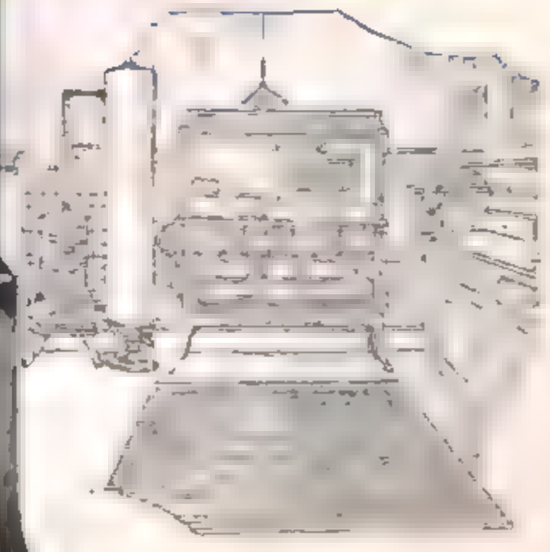


A REALLY worthwhile woman loves her kitchen. So she wants the best and most attractive cook stove possible to get.

The little sketch below shows the Florence Oil Range in the kitchen ready to use. It is beautiful to look at, sturdily built, and easy to operate.

Florence Leveler

This device has been attached to each foot of the Florence. By turning a screw the stove can be made perfectly level, no matter how uneven the floor.



Central Oil & Gas Stove Co., Dept. 510, Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Ranges, Florence Ovens, Florence Tank Water Heaters and Florence Room Heaters

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

More Heat—Less Care

The Mark of Quality

Firestone Cord

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Fire

Attainment through Faith

ANIMATED by firm belief in himself and in the importance of his work, Robert Fulton realized his dream, and proved to a dubious world that propulsion of vessels by steam-power was practical.

The possession of such resolute faith is a priceless asset to the individual or organization engaged in any service that entails creative effort. It is the impelling force that leads to greater attainment.

The Firestone Gum-Dipped Cord, familiar today to millions of car-owners, is the outcome of years of application and effort by an organization convinced of inevitable success.

The long mileage these tires deliver with such remarkable uniformity, is taken for granted everywhere. Yet it is but a few brief seasons since such records, as are now common among Firestone users, were unthought of.

With faith in their ability to attain a still higher degree of perfection in tire construction, the builders of Firestone Cords have labored arduously from the first and have seen their efforts crowned with unqualified success.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

The Mark of Quality

Firestone

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And Its Super-smooth Point Writes Without "First Aid"

THIS SUMMER—weigh anchor—but keep the Home touch via Parker Duofold. At any stop, at any post-card rack, this ready co-worker will dash off your "wish-you-were-here" to those you've left behind.

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We pay three times as much for Duofold's Native Tasmanian Iridium tip as the cost of iridium used in inferior points. No style of writing can distort it, hence a pen you can lend without fear.

Gain the thrill of the Duofold's *balanced swing*—gain the *writing urge* it brings to your hand. Step up to the first pen counter you come to and buy this Classic on 30 days' trial—lacquer-red with smart black tips, or flashing black all over. Neat gold pocket-clip or gold ring-end for ribbon or chain included free.

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Canadian Distributors: Buntin, Gillies & Company, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

(Continued from Page 76)

through the years. It bore no discernible stamp; very possibly had been the product of some makeshift mint in Peru, before the fated navigator set forth on his dream quest to found a colony and to carry trade beyond the world's end. But it was a button of pure gold, unmistakable; and McFhee put its value and its meaning quaintly.

"How," he asked, "are we goin' to divvy this?"

Lem answered with equal coolness: "We're not going to divvy. Let the divvying wait till we find the cache. But see here, Mac, we've got just what we need to try out the nigger."

"Jackwo ——"

"To try him out. We'll give it to him and see how he acts and what he does. Understand?—to check up his notion about gold."

Mac nodded grimly.

"That's brains!"

They gave over digging for the rest of the morning. They climbed aboard their cutter, where the monkey man was puttering about deck. And straightway, with word and gesture of an accompanying gift, Mac laid the gold piece on his palm. It made a curious moment for them all; for the whites, who sought to assay an alien nature; for the black, whose reaction involved his life.

Here stood Lem Hedrick—keen, fine-drawn and dangerous as the knife at his belt. Here stood McFhee—rugged type of the conquering caste, with lowered jaw and a regard fixed frowningly intent. Between them they applied the acid drop of civilization to this strange racial metal.

The driving sunlight, which struck sparks red-gilt from Lem's matted hair, silvery from Mac's bristled beard, was drowned in smooth luster on the swart limbs and features of Jackwo, the native, the cannibal, the monkey man.

He took the gold piece and examined it, wondering. First he snuffed at it. He bit it and wondered more. He held it flat in both palms and rubbed hard, and when he looked again it showed clean and bright as if scoured in shark skin. Whereat he laughed aloud.

He began to toss and catch it in the air, a little toss at a time. He juggled with it and its mellow twinkle seemed to give him mystic joy. For presently he balanced it on his thumb and with a wide, delighted sweep sent it spinning high over the cove. An instant it glittered against the blue; an instant it shot a golden streak between two gorgeous purple-winged, yellow-spotted butterflies that hovered far out. Then it went flashing down, down, and met the water with a tiny hiss, as if it had been white-hot; and the monkey man laughed and squirmed and danced on the deck.

Lem and Mac stayed silent some while. With a certain regret their gaze lingered on the small, widening ripples yonder. After a time Mac sighed.

"Well, so much for so much. Satisfied, Lem?"

"Let's hurry with the grub and get back to work," returned Hedrick curtly; and that was what they did, and the sum of their lives for the next three days.

They were perfectly confident now of their prospect. They grew to think of the treasure as something assured—almost as if they had put it away themselves. And this was natural, too; so it would have been with any tough, salted customers of their sort. Throughout the Black Belt the fable of the Isles of Solomon is gospel for old-timers. From Dorey to Samarai—all the way down the great archipelago that fringes the cruel sphinxlike unknown continent of Papua—men still keep the tradition. Men still find now and then the strangest evidence.

In the dwelling of a remote chief, in village clubhouses, perhaps—palaces among huts that amaze the scientist—they come upon a collection of smoked human heads laid up as a kind of local art exhibit. Heads of enemies, heads of hapless castaways from far tribes and far peoples—Chinese, Malays and Sulumen; gold seekers, labor stealers and pirates unnamed. And sometimes they find the head of a white man; and sometimes it is very ancient, indeed, with stiff hair and bearded lips and rings in the ears; with sunken eyes that looked upon these uncharted seas from caravel or galleon. Again, they meet with queer relics of armor and furnishing. There was a witch doctor on Malaita, slain in a punitive raid in '12, who wore a morion of Philip the Most Catholic King and went to battle with a Toledo blade.

Such yarns were currency to Lem and Mac. They knew of the early voyages. They had heard barroom versions of the disaster that overtook Mendaña in the Santa Cruz -his death, the dispersal and sufferings of his colonists and the subsequent wanderings of his pilot, Pedro de Quiros. In a way they had succeeded to those adventurers, to the ruthless spirit and the ruthless assumptions of those bold conquistadors who first felt the lure of the Pacific. In a way they were inheritors, and they went about to collect their rights.

Mac prodded into something the third day thereafter.

"Come across here!" he called. His iron control was not good enough to keep the hoarse quaver from his voice. As Lem surged the empty cradle to him, "This looks like the ticket!" he said.

Hip-deep, they could feel a rounded hummock in the sandy bottom. It occupied approximately the wide part of the vessel's frame amidships; just the place a bulky cargo should be stowed; just the position to which their plans had been tending. They scooped and churned until their shovels rang oddly.

"Coral?"

"Too hard."

"Rock ballast?"

"Too solid," affirmed Mac.

Actually, it seemed they had their trove. They made out the corrugations of some metallic surface. A chest would have suited them. A kettle full of doubloons might have met their fancy, or a heap of rough-cast bars. For that moment they tasted triumph as they scraped with foot and finger nail, and at last uncovered a narrow pyramid shape and groped along the length of it.

"Guns!" spluttered Hedrick. "Oh, damn the rotten luck. Nothing but three blinkin' old sunken guns! Is this the fine lay you brought us to?"

"Well, it's a lead, ain't it?" defended Mac. "It shows we're on the straight, anyhow. We'll have to move these things," he added.

"Move 'em your ruddy self!" flared Lem, and cursed him in an acid spurt that drove the blood from Mac's leathery cheek.

But the big fellow had a grip on himself. He turned doggedly to the task without answering. It was plain he had stated the fact. They could probe no further until these guns were lifted.

Long and long they sweated; many weary hours, while sunset grilled the cove with saffron; and later, by a moon that paled above them like a waning promise.

The old Spanish cannon were too firmly bedded to be budged without tackle, and that meant they must drag the cutter up and warp her through the mud and rig a purchase from her boom. They nearly tore out her rickety little windlass by the roots before the first load rose dripping from its berth of centuries. Thereafter they slung up the other two and got them stored side by side on deck, and then proceeded to pitch into the remaining portion of the wreck in a fury of haste and greed and apprehension.

Jackwo helped them. He helped perforce. If they did not spare themselves, they spared him even less. They had him to set the slings and tail at the ropes, to haul out and dump the cradle, for neither gold digger would leave off digging. They cuffed him if he came too close and damned him if he went too far. He obeyed, of course, as he always did. Probably he knew white masters well enough to know that he went in this moment with his life between his teeth. But it could have meant very little to him; he must have had such moments and such masters before.

Like grotesque marine animals, like dim forms of condemned monsters, grubbing, floundering, sobbing of breath, they toiled on. It was back-breaking work, heart-breaking work, done blindly, in the half light; done awkwardly, clumsily, savagely, because they were verging toward a crisis they could only postpone by frenzied, insensate effort. It continued until all three were wrung pithless; until the tools slipped from their hands and they crawled over the cutter's rail, exhausted, and fell and slept where they fell.

When the whites stirred next morning they were wakened by cheerful, customary clatter. In the galley Jackwo was already making music with his breakfast pans. The sun stood high, like a spot inside a blue porcelain bowl. Among the trees sounded the thin, shrill gossip of tropic bird life. A welcome waft of breeze brought spices of dew-fed jungle growths and set the cove twinkling like a faceted sapphire on an emerald girdle. It was a marvelous morning; the sort they had had ever since coming to Nbendi. Nothing was changed—and yet everything was changed. By its pure brilliance they took stock of what the night had left them.

Overside they could command the whole shell of the wreck. Through the water they could see how they had emptied its open hull from end to end. It was cleared out. Not a corner was left to explore; not a possible hiding place remained. And they had nothing from it—nothing to show for their venture but the salvaged relics lying there at their feet on the deck.

They could examine them now. Just three old guns; of the type known as falcons, possibly. Just three mud-smeared cylinders of gun metal, which when the incrustations had been cleaned away might fetch some trifling price as curios in a museum. Lem Hedrick kicked at them idly, without apparent feeling.

"Call it fifty pound for the lot—if we could find anybody to buy—and that's our fortune."

His tone was curiously level, detached, like that of a somnambulist. He started to tighten his belt. At the same time Mac's fist closed on the shaft of a long-handled spade leaning against the rail. He replied in the same note, flat and colorless, though with a certain quickness, too: "But there's still another chance. We ain't beat yet. We got to study out every chance to miss nothin'."

Each avoided looking at the other directly.

"What kind of a chance?" queried Lem.

Mac pointed out reasonably how they were bound to carry their search ashore. They had proved the Spanish map. Perhaps those seekers from Manila had moved the treasure themselves. Perhaps it might be waiting in full sight among their graves on the cliff.

Lem considered a space, and nodded.

So again they dodged the issue, and again they went on their mission together. They waded in through the mangroves. Up beyond, the ground rose steeply; they had a hard struggle to win the top. But it became evident they were helplessly at fault. In this rich basaltic soil the vegetation throve with hothouse vigor. It must have wiped out all traces of their predecessors with a vast green sponge. For they found no graves—and no treasure.

"We're done," said Lem Hedrick then.

He had reached the upper rock ridge. From there his gaze sought the horizon, the far line of the Pacific that bounded his hopes, and always had bounded them; a prison to which he was sentenced anew. Whatever his need, whatever the story of his past that had hunted him out as a failure and an exile—it came back to rend him now; it twisted his face with the torture of rage and despair.

"We're done! Account of you and your silly schemes. You muttonhead! You lop-eared flat!"

"Steady on!" growled Mac.

But Lem spun around and screamed a vile name. . . . These men had made a compact against success; they had forgotten to make one against ruin. They might have stood prosperity. They could not stand the bitterness of defeat. They were trembling, fevered, frayed out in nerve and fiber, and the weakness of the potential criminal, which has betrayed so many combinations of their sort, tripped them here past all provision. They spat at each other like crouching wild beasts.

"Do you talk to me?" roared McFhee. "No water-front slush can call me that. I ought never 'a' brought you. I ought 'a' known you for a dirty little quitter!"

It was the inevitable break. Lem made his gesture with a speed of light. But Mac was forewarned. Lem had hardly touched his knife when the big fellow caught him a clip with the edge of the spade; a terrible blow that slashed deep just above the shoulder. He went reeling back, drenched in a crimson flood. A tree kept him from falling; and bracing there, before Mac could swing up his weapon again, he threw. A flicker like the dart of a dragon fly, a sound like the plump punching of a melon rind, and McFhee rocked on his feet with eyes and mouth opened in ludicrous amazement, while he fumbled stupidly for the knife handle that nestled close under his ribs.

For a time there was no further movement, no word between the two men on the cliff, as if by incredulous immobility in the peace and warmth and dazzle, by silent sharing in the tropic vehemence of life all about them, they might presently restore themselves. It seemed impossible to die at such an instant in such a place. Yet they were dying. Lem had slipped down by the tree, feebly stanching with a reddened hand against his almost dissevered neck. Mac was crumpled on the rock ledge, trying to catch a painful breath. He spoke first.

"You—got me, Lem. But I—got you too. . . . Didn't I get you?" He had an odd, dispassionate anxiety about it.

"I reckon you did," agreed Lem shortly.

Mac philosophized.

"Just like Whitey Edwards and his pals. Just like the Spanisher gang. Gentlemen adventurers, d'y'see? Bound to count each other out. . . . Nobody left but the Chinyman or the nigger." He gave a grimace. "That nigger—pretty slick for him. He'll snaffle the dinghy later, and he'll sail back to his own island on his own business. . . . Likely he'll take our two heads for souvenirs. Pretty valyble, ours ought to be, Lem. . . . D'you think he'll take our heads along with him?"

"Yes," said Hedrick. "Yes, I reckon he will. . . . Can you see him down yonder, from where you are?"

"No."

"Try; it's worth it."

A certain urgency in his voice impelled Mac to try. With an effort he wriggled over a little so as to share Lem's angle. They stared over the edge of the cliff. The cove lay spread before them like the painted depth of a stage set, and there they had a full view of their cutter at her moorings just below. And there on the deck they had a full view of Jackwo, their roustabout, their helper, their monkey man.

He had finished with his breakfast layout apparently. While the smoke rose lazily from the galley pipe, he had cast about for amusement. He had lighted on the guns—the old Spanish guns. He had been prying at them, monkeying about them in his usual irresponsible way.

He had dug away the stopper of mud and rotted tampion from a muzzle. And now he had found something to occupy him. . . . With both hands he was throwing rouleaus of gold pieces out over the water.

A cloud of parrakeets and kingfishers swept from shore to shore, a vortex of bright green and cobalt and crimson specks. Among them and over them shone a brighter rain of golden confetti, all in the driving sunshine.

Meanwhile Jackwo was having the fun of his life. He would take a great fistful of Mendaña's treasure and rub it between his palms and toss and juggle. Then he would fling it with a wide sweep as high and as far as he could, laughing and whooping and dancing for sheer cosmic joyousness.

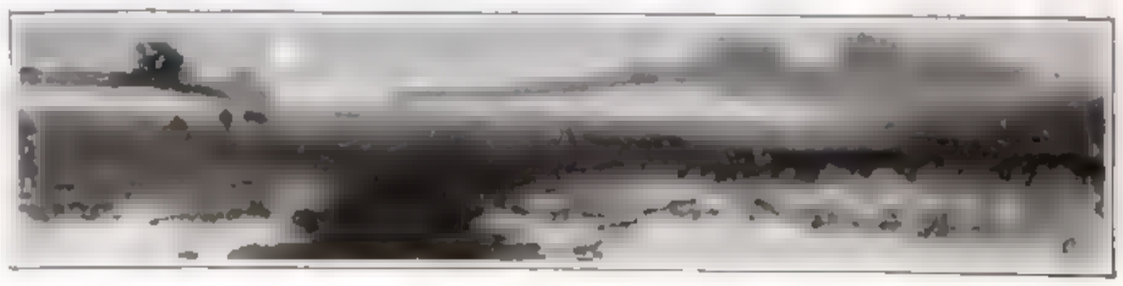
The dying men watched through an interval; the gilt-haired man and the silver-haired man watched the gun-metal man—as white men always have watched the unguessable activities and capacities of the inferior race.

Lem made his last comment, half choking.

"He will; I reckon he will take our heads. Why not? You know what they do with 'em before they smoke 'em, Mac? . . . They take the brains out!"

Something of the spirit of the old conquistadors belonged to these ruffians, something they inherited of the grim humor that saves and perhaps has saved from utter perdition the whole crew of wanderers, pirates and gold grabbers throughout the whole ironic history of the Pacific.

"Brains!" gasped McFhee. "Brains" . . . Oh, hell!"



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The porous KNITTED fabrics never become air-tight. They absorb and dissipate bodily moisture. They keep the wearer and his (or her) clothing dry, clean and comfortable.

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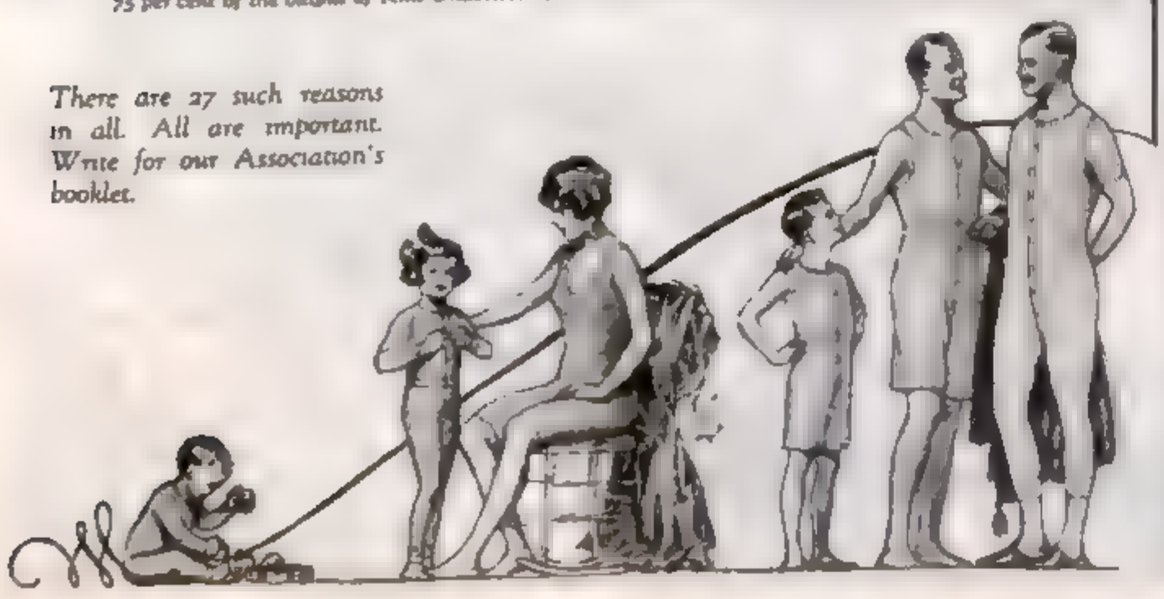


SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24

that looked to me like a band stand. Green park benches were scattered here and there, and on them I could see young men and women in rather affectionate attitudes.

"The honeymooners," said Smith with a broad grin, in reply to my question.

"I thought this was a desert island!" I exclaimed.

"It used to be," said Crusoe, and I thought I could detect a note of sadness in his voice. He pointed to the young couples on the benches. "I don't know what started this thing. I suppose that epidemic of shipwreck stories we had several years ago had something to do with it; Nedra, The Wings of the Morning—you know the sort of stuff. Anyway, they began to be wrecked in pairs. We have seventeen beautiful American heiresses here, six British earls, two dukes, a half dozen American journalists, a couple of countesses and a flock of minor nobility. It's quite an aristocratic bunch."

"Smith got the idea of the Desert Island House Development Company," said Crusoe. "They had to live somewhere, you know. All the available caves on the island were used to store the tools and weapons and other unnecessary junk that they used to bring with them, so we organized a stock company and put up these bungalows."

At one end of Selkirk Square, as I was informed the square was called, stood several large and imposing-looking marble buildings.

"This," said Crusoe proudly, indicating a handsome structure that resembled a Greek temple, "is the public library."

"Fifty thousand volumes, and still growing," said Smith.

"Where do you get your books?" I exclaimed. "There are no printing presses on your island."

"It's a sad story," said Crusoe. "This library is the result of what we old inhabitants call the Ten Books to Take on a Desert Island Invasion. It started about ten years ago and has kept up steadily ever since. About every two weeks a bunch of famous authors, professors, lawyers, statesmen and actors arrive—each one with his ten favorite books under his arm."

"That's why we had to build the hotel," said Smith. "At first the honeymooners took them in as boarders, but they began arriving too fast."

"I suppose they donate their books to the library after they've finished reading them," I said.

Robinson Crusoe and John Smith laughed heartily.

"They all land here with Shakspere and the Bible, and generally Plato and Homer, or some highbrow stuff like that," said Crusoe. "After they've been here about two days they ship their books over to the library and go around trying to borrow something to read."

"I have a copy of the Bible and a set of Shakspere," I said.

"That's all right," said Crusoe. "The librarian will send for them in the morning."

"Here we are," said Smith, as we arrived at a large white building a few doors from the library. "This is our hotel, The Admirable Crichton House. The Rotary Club is having a banquet here tonight, and we've reserved a seat at our table for you. See you later."

I went inside and registered.

—*Newman Levy.*

The Gloom of Youth

WHEN first our infant muse found out
The witching properties of rime—
That flout, for instance, rimes with doubt,
And ruthless time with love sublime,
We wrote a deal about despair,
And broken vows, and spirits wrung,
And fickle love as false as fair—
But that was when our muse was young!

In days when all the bloom was on,
Heroics for our natural tongue,
'Twas sweet our sad, sad lines to con—
But that was when our muse was young!
We love the sunshine now, and wreathe
Our verse with gay device and show;
The bloom wears off, but underneath
Life's mighty good—I'll tell you so!

—*Kent Denslow.*

An Aquarelle

O'ER the beach's distant reaches,
Far beyond the sea gull's screeches,
There I found a little mermaid, washed up by the billows' lave;
In the lee shore of the seashore,
On a tiny little wee shore,
I have put my little mermaid, in a pinky coral cave.

No one knows about my treasure
Or the measure of my pleasure
As I hurry down the twilight, and the starlets shine above;
And the sighing of the dying
Scented zephyrs that are flying
Seems the voice of my fair siren as she tells me of her love.

Then the smiling and beguiling
Of her lovely lips so wiling
Lure me gently, and sweet languors o'er my spirit softly creep;
With her gold hair streaming, gleaming—
I am seeming to be dreaming,
As she draws me downward, downward to the farthest shadowy deep.

We shall sever—never, never!
She shall be my own forever—
Till some final fiery spiral drain the ocean's mighty cup.
And if she then is with me, then,
Where the two of us will be then,
I have not the faintest notion—I just made this story up. —*Carolyn Wells.*

The Uplift Movement in Russia—Bolsheevik Version

Latex is brought from the "U. S." Rubber Plantations in steamers' tanks, from which it is pumped into tank cars and transported by rail to the Company's factories.

How the Far East *moved closer to the* U.S.A.

The Rubber Plantations of the United States Rubber Company are of direct practical interest to every user of rubber goods of any description.

UP to a few years ago, no American rubber manufacturer had any control over his supply of virgin rubber.

There was no command of quantity or quality.

But about 1908 the United States Rubber Company took the progressive step of establishing its own plantations.

Ideal rubber growing country was acquired in Sumatra and on the Malay Peninsula. 172 square miles of rolling country—rich and fertile beyond belief. Uniform rainfall—freedom from high winds—and a temperature that never falls below 70 degrees F.

*"U. S." Plantations Cover 110,000 Acres**

Today the plantations of this Company contain 5,000,000 rubber trees in bearing. Besides many thousands of acres now being brought under cultivation.

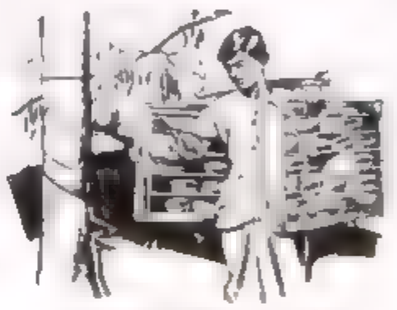
* * *

At the time, this move to control at least a substantial part of its rubber supply might have seemed merely a piece of foresight commensurate with the resources of the world's largest rubber organization.

But in the light of recent developments announced by this Company—this command of an unfailing source of pure rubber latex—the milky liquid that flows from the rubber tree when it is tapped—becomes of the greatest importance to all users of rubber products.

A receiving shed on one of the plantations.

These "U. S." developments are briefly as follows:



Collecting latex from the tapped rubber tree.

Sprayed Rubber—Instead of coagulating rubber out of the latex with smoke or chemicals—the only methods known heretofore—latex is sprayed in a snow-white mist into super-heated air. The water is driven out of it—nothing else.

Sprayed Rubber is pure and uniform in quality. It contains no acids, no smoke residues or foreign matter. It establishes a new and higher standard of quality for all articles made of or containing rubber.

The New *Web Cord*—which also depends on control of an adequate supply of pure rubber latex. *Web Cord* is impregnated through and through with pure rubber direct from the latex. It is the first true rubber-webbed cord structure. Free from cross tie-threads and all causes of flexion-resistance. Making a tire highly resistant to puncture, wear and internal disintegration.

A Tire With No Weak Spots

The New *Flat-Band Method* of Building a Cord Tire—ensuring *scientific precision.*

Each cord precise in length, angle, tension and service. This means a *balanced tire*—in which every part does its proportionate share of the work. There are no weak spots. Wear is uniform and gradual—with a high resistance to puncture, assuring a long life.

* * *

These three advances in the art were developed by the "U. S." rubber technicians. They mean more to the rubber industry than anything that has been accomplished since vulcanization was discovered in 1839. They are the exclusive property of this Company, protected by patents in the United States and foreign countries.

United States Rubber Company

1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Trade Mark

*NOTE—The United States Rubber Company is the only American rubber company that grows its own rubber in any considerable quantity.

FYRAC *Spot* LIGHT

—*in* Your Windshield in 10 Minutes

At last—a through-the-windshield spot light that can be put in your windshield *while you wait!* This is accomplished with the Fyrac Spot Light through the Fyrac Method of Installation—a new, patented method by which a hole can be cut in your windshield without removing the glass.

The Fyrac Spot Light, made entirely of aluminum, weighs only 1¼ pounds. It operates on a ball swivel joint, throws a strong, clear shaft of light 1500 feet in any direction, and "stays put" in the position you place it. Easy and instantaneous control of direction of light rays from driver's seat. It is not necessary to reach outside of car.

Every one knows the advantages of the windshield type of spot light—its greater usefulness, beauty and convenience in either closed or open cars. Now you can have a Fyrac Spot Light in *your* windshield—without laying up your car a whole day for installation—without danger of breaking the windshield.

The entire job of installing, from cutting the hole in your windshield to attaching the wires to your electrical circuit, will take your Fyrac Dealer only 10 minutes.

Go to your Fyrac Dealer today—have him install a Fyrac Spot Light in your windshield while you wait. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct of us. Price, $10.00.

DEALERS: If you are not now handling the Fyrac Spot Light, write us for full particulars. Our patented glass cutting tool, enabling you to cut hole in windshield without removing glass, is leased to dealers selling the Fyrac Spot Light.

FYRAC MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ROCKFORD, ILL.

$1 for Your OLD Plugs

on a new set of Fyrac Spark Plugs at Fyrac dealer's. The patented Fyrac principle of one-INCH firing surface gives 7 to 10 sparks, insuring more power, positive ignition. Yellow Cabs of Chicago and New York, the former the world's largest taxi system, use Fyrac Plugs.

Fyrac Ford Timer

No oiling. No moving parts to wear out. All-metal track insures even wear. Brush keeps track clean, insuring a smooth-running motor. Will last longer than ordinary timers. Price $2.00

OUR FOREIGN CITIES—PITTSBURGH

(Continued from Page 23)

people climb, anyhow, while others stayed static, or degenerated under the strains? Was it accident? Was it just patient drudgery? Was it individuality, heredity, race? What chance, for example, had the hundreds of thousands of foreign peasants from Eastern and Southeastern Europe, in and about Pittsburgh, toilers in steel and iron, to rise as had this youth, who had started at the bottom rung? And if not, why not? Was there a pattern, a law, which governed these things, or was it pure blind luck? As I went among the foreign groups in Pittsburgh bits of that pattern seemed to emerge before my eyes—big commandments of evolution, made flesh and working in the mills. And what I saw of the pattern I set down as is.

At first I had difficulty in locating the various foreign colonies on the map. They seemed everywhere all at once, spotted all over the place. It was altogether different from New York, in which one could describe a circle around a certain given center and say: "Here is the mother colony of the Italians," or "Here are the Jews." Nor could I line them up exactly as to numbers. Official lists varied, and varied through a wide gamut.

"It's like this," they told me at a certain bureau whither I went for exact official information: "It's impossible to say exactly how many Poles or Italians or Russians or Hungarians or Czecho-Slovakians we have in Pittsburgh at any given time, because there's an unceasing ebb and flow. They're not required to report to us officially, as are foreigners in other countries; they're free to come and go—and they do. They're constantly in flux—a great moving river. They swing out to Chicago, up around the Lakes, and double back again, maybe all the while working for the same firm."

A Hodge-Podge of Races

"Practically all of them are common laborers, performing the lowest type of manual labor known to man—lifting and carrying. They don't climb; they stay marginals, docile, subservient, ununionized and unnaturalized. A very heavy percentage are men—men with wives and families on the other side, who have come over to trade their brawn for coin of the U. S. A. in order to buy a parcel of land back in their native town. So they're not potential homeseekers or citizens, but a footloose, mobile lot, swinging around the circuit, chasing the elusive job.

"That's the way our foreign population here looks on the surface, thousands kicking in and presently kicking out again. But underneath this surface movement there's a big, solid residue of those who have married, taken root, for the moment anyway, and settled down. And the young immigrants, just over from their native villages, come to board with these families, settling down on them thick, as a flock of birds of passage settle down on a meadow to feed.

"That whole boarder question is a knotty problem, for it brings in its wake congestion, ill health, immorality and crime; and, of course, it's not peculiar to Pittsburgh. You find it in all our large centers which employ labor of this class. Nor is it a necessary or inseparable condition of American industry. It's most emphatically not. People—sentimentalists—cry out against what they term these terrible American conditions; but the fact is they're not really American conditions at all, they're foreign immigrant conditions in America—a vastly different thing; conditions arising directly out of these peasants' ignorance, their low-grade mentality, their lack of industrial skill and their Old World heritages and standards of living, which are often in direct and flagrant conflict with our Western civilization and ideals.

"Now as to who these foreign groups are in Pittsburgh. For that we have only to glance at the pay roll of our characteristic industries, iron or steel or coal. Here's one—a steel company with a pay roll of over 54,000 men in its various plants. They've listed their employes according to nationality—Croatians, Lithuanians, Hungarians, Greeks, Poles, Russians; all Central and South European groups, you see, and about 90 per cent unnaturalized. The South Italians stick pretty much to open-air construction work and operate in gangs, so you don't find them to any considerable extent in iron or steel; nor Jews, who work in the clothing and textile trades. For the characteristic Jewish and Italian colonies you must go to New York and Chicago. But these big husky go-getters from Central and Southeastern Europe—the Poles, Russians, Croatians, Hungarians, Albanians, and the like—they're the boys who do the dirty work in coal and iron and steel. So your characteristic foreign colonies in and around Pittsburgh are those nationalities.

"Now as to where they are. Well, that's easy. Just put your finger on the big industrial plants and you've located your foreign groups. For that let's take a look at the city map." He led me over to a huge map which covered half the wall space. "In Pittsburgh we have a peculiar proposition, due to the hills. For example, here's the two rivers, the Allegheny and the Monongahela, and here's the confluence where they join. Down on the banks of these rivers are concentrated the big industrial plants. You saw that layout coming in. And by a natural consequence, around those mills the foreign groups crystallize. They live down on the lower levels. Up behind, in the hills, are the people who can afford space, or who have imbibed Western ideas and are willing to pay for privacy and cleanliness instead of clinging to their Old World communal ways.

"Down under the bridge is the Soho district. I guess you've already heard of that. A little bit of Russia dropped down in our midst. It's not wicked or vicious or degenerate, like the slums of London, but just lamentable, squalid, drab, poor. Bad housing conditions. Pittsburgh has a housing problem, complicated by our hills. Building costs are just about prohibitive; rents are high; and these people can't or won't—it comes to the same thing in the net—move out to the outskirts, because they're timid, ignorant, don't speak our language and might lose their boarders, many of whom work on night shifts and like to be near the mills. You'd better take a look at Soho; get a glimpse of the far-famed Russian muzhik soul as it manifests itself in Pittsburgh. After that, if you cross the bridge you'll get into the Polish, Lithuanian and Czecho-Slovakian groups, clustering around the various machine shops and plants. Just follow the line of march of the industries along the river and you'll find your foreign folk."

With that lead I went to work.

It is the hardest thing on earth to see any street as it actually is, from its inside—and not from our inside. We fondly think we are describing it when we are describing merely ourselves; and accordingly, almost at once, I found myself in hot water, because everybody—that is, everybody interested—wanted me to see the situation through their own particular pair of spectacles. Some were sentimental rose-colored spectacles blurred by emotionalism and gush; some were pessimistic smoked glasses which threw everything into a deep saturnine shade; and there were glasses with a long range, a short range and no range at all.

Strangers and Exiles

The paid welfare worker in the big industries envisaged the problem, sincerely but inevitably, from the employers' point of view. The health workers, visiting nurses or dietitians strove to make me see what a terrific and disillusioning task they were up against in trying to keep these ignorant foreigners healthy and clean. The free clinics had tragic tales to tell of women workers wrecked by exhausting toil or lifting heavy weights. The truant and probation officers inveighed against the foreigner's treatment of his children and womenfolk.

All these social workers were honest, intelligent, sincere; none were wishy-washy sentimentalists; thus confirming my observation that, in any line of endeavor, it is the front-line service folk who actually do the job and take the hard knocks, leaving it to the uplift artists in the rear to pull the heavy, emotional sob stuff. But even these did not see Little Russia, Little Poland and Little Hungary, swarming there in their midst, from the inside. What they saw was simply a seething mass of poor, dirty, sluggish-witted strangers and exiles, who, despite the constant first aid administered by these efficient front-line soldiers of Western civilization, could not make the grade. That, boiled down, was the essence of the external point of view—the failure to make the grade.

But what I wanted were not the reactions of the front-line workers, sincere and valuable as they were, but rather the reactions of the parties of the first part—of Russia, Lithuania, Hungary, *et al.*—as the proposition seemed to them; their own inside story, just as struggling human folks. Did they like this big, strange, rushing, mechanized America? Or was the leap from a rigid, patriarchal existence and medieval modes of thought to this high-geared, machine-driven age too great for them to take? How, on their own showing, were they making out?

I decided to take off with the Russians down in the Soho district. But how make them reveal themselves to one whose clumsy Western tongue could not get around even how do you do in their speech? I explained my dilemma to the head of an official bureau who dealt with the foreign groups.

"I see what you mean," she said. "We have plenty of lines on them from the outside—what we think of them—but precious little of what they think of us; and we chance to have on our staff the very person you want. She's a Russian who believes in our New World democratic institutions, and yet she sees the Russian side too. As for Soho, she knows it and the Russians down there by heart. She helps to marry them, bury them, interprets for them in court when they become entangled with our laws, and gets them out of jail. She's a kind of liaison officer between her people down in Soho and the laws of the U. S. A."

A Walk Through Soho

We got hold of Miss S——, a tall, thin, dark girl, with high Slavic cheek bones and wide-planted, somber eyes which darkened with sympathy, hardened with anger or glowed with ironic humor. I was to discover later that I could translate, roughly, the mood of our interviews just by watching those telltale changeful eyes. I explained once more what I wanted—an intimate family picture, neither sentimental nor pessimistic, but a kind of cinematic close-up of Little Russia in Soho, snapshotted at home.

"And, of course," I wound up, "I'd like them to talk, if they can be got to do so naturally and voluntarily."

At that she suddenly laughed out.

"Oh, they'll talk!" she promised. "The problem is how to make them stop. We'll have a hard time breaking away."

The following afternoon, in galoshes, we braved a blinding snowstorm and set forth on our house-to-house pilgrimage—with what luck the following notes, jotted down at the end of each day, reveal.

Soho—and it looks it! It ought to be described by Dickens, for it's real Dickens stuff—those squalid little frame tenements tumbling into moldy decay, squatted down beneath the shadow of a mighty bridge like tattered little pygmies crouching at the feet of a colossus. This whole proposition, so far as housing is concerned, is different from the foreign sections of New York. There we have chiefly brick tenements, four or five stories high, with their back yards meeting and forming a hollow square. But here the make of the block, crisscrossed by little rear alleys, follows an intricate pattern of its own. First of all comes the row of little two and three story frame houses facing the street, decayed, desolate, forlorn, yet on the whole not so bad. But turning in at a filthy little alley between two houses we picked our way to the rear and came suddenly upon still another nest of houses set down in the back yard—and behind them still another row. Congested quarters, these! This was the distinguishing characteristic of the district—fairly decent little rows of houses fronting the public street, with slatternly tenements huddled in the rear, got at by narrow back alleys, through rear yards crisscrossed by clothes lines, or by holes cut in the fence.

Miss S—— threaded her way through the maze with expert ease, tossing off information the while.

"These houses," she explained, "have usually two flats to a floor. The upstairs flats are reached, as you see, by outside stairways open to the elements, rather ugly to navigate in heavy weather. No heat is furnished, and no light, for the tenements around here are very old. A Russian family occupies two, perhaps three rooms; and if they have a spare chamber they rent it."

"So the Russians keep boarders too?"

"As many as they can crowd in. Three or four young men club together and sleep in one room; if they work day and night shifts, they may even sleep in the same big bed; and the housewife cooks for them all. Rents, even down here, are high. But aside from that, Russian peasants are sociable; they like a simple, communal life; and they grow queer, abnormal, when shut in on themselves. You see, the Russian has the group idea very strongly fixed in his nature. In his country individualism has never played the big part it does over here, where every man digs in for himself as a private individual and is keen-set to climb. Over there there's no place to climb; he's been tagged and labeled and kept in his place, and his psychology is simple. He knows that as a single unit his chances are nil; he can't put over anything; so he merges his individuality in group action; and he's done that for so long that it's become second nature, instinct. That's why they talk so much. They hammer things out that way. It's group collaboration."

"And I suppose it's group responsibility, and a group soul. It all sounds very Asiatic and medieval to me. I think I prefer individual initiative, and a private soul you can call your own. What it boils down to is evolution. The more highly developed an organism, whether that organism be a plant with cells or a people, the more differentiated and specialized it becomes. These Russian peasants simply haven't climbed up that far yet on the racial family tree."

A young man to whom Miss S—— nodded suddenly swerved and stepped out in front of us, blocking our way. He spoke in low, urgent tones. My guide shook her head firmly and started on. Again he blocked her path. He appeared to plead. Miss S—— was obdurate. With a gesture she brushed him aside and marched on; he followed, still arguing, entreating, gesturing. She turned and uttered a forcible dismissal; the youth faded away.

"Some of his chums were arrested last night," she explained, "and he wants me to act as their interpreter in court. I refused. You know," she added soberly, "these men drink."

"Bootleg?"

"Anything! Yes, they drink. You see, they're steelworkers, and they say you have to drink in steel to stay in the game. I don't know whether that's true. Anyway, they drink; and then they mix it up among themselves or with the police. It makes me cross sometimes." She brushed an impatient hand across her face. "We're going in here. I don't know what we'll find, but it's about typical."

A Simple Welcome

We had come through an alley into a sodden little rear court lined with a row of two-story frame buildings plainly succumbing to decay. Outside stairways, open to the weather, led to the flats above. She knocked at a door, called out something in Russian and walked in. I followed. We found ourselves in a steaming kitchen, not unpleasant after the bleak cold outside. My nostrils identified cabbage; a great black pot of it was bubbling on the range. A small woman with an untidy mop of graying yellow hair and the naïve blue eyes of a child came forward from the sink, wiping her hands on her apron. The buzz of conversation ceased. About the big rusty stove were seated two men, one caressing a very sooty and soppy little girl on his knee as he held her wet, smoking shoes to the heat. Miss S—— introduced me as her friend; and the second man, seated on a wabbly wooden bench before the table, leaned over, twitched my skirt hospitably, patted the place beside him, smiled and opened the conversation by the amiable remark "Wat ta hal."

Well, I understood that much Russian I sat down. And now I perceived that it was not the wooden bench which was wabbly, but the gentleman who sat thereon. He was not intoxicated, but merely feeling good.

"Wat ta hal," he offered again.

As I did not reply, he leaned forward, still with an air of simple friendliness, and tapping me on the knee, repeated with great earnestness "Sure! Wat ta hal."

(Continued on Page 88)

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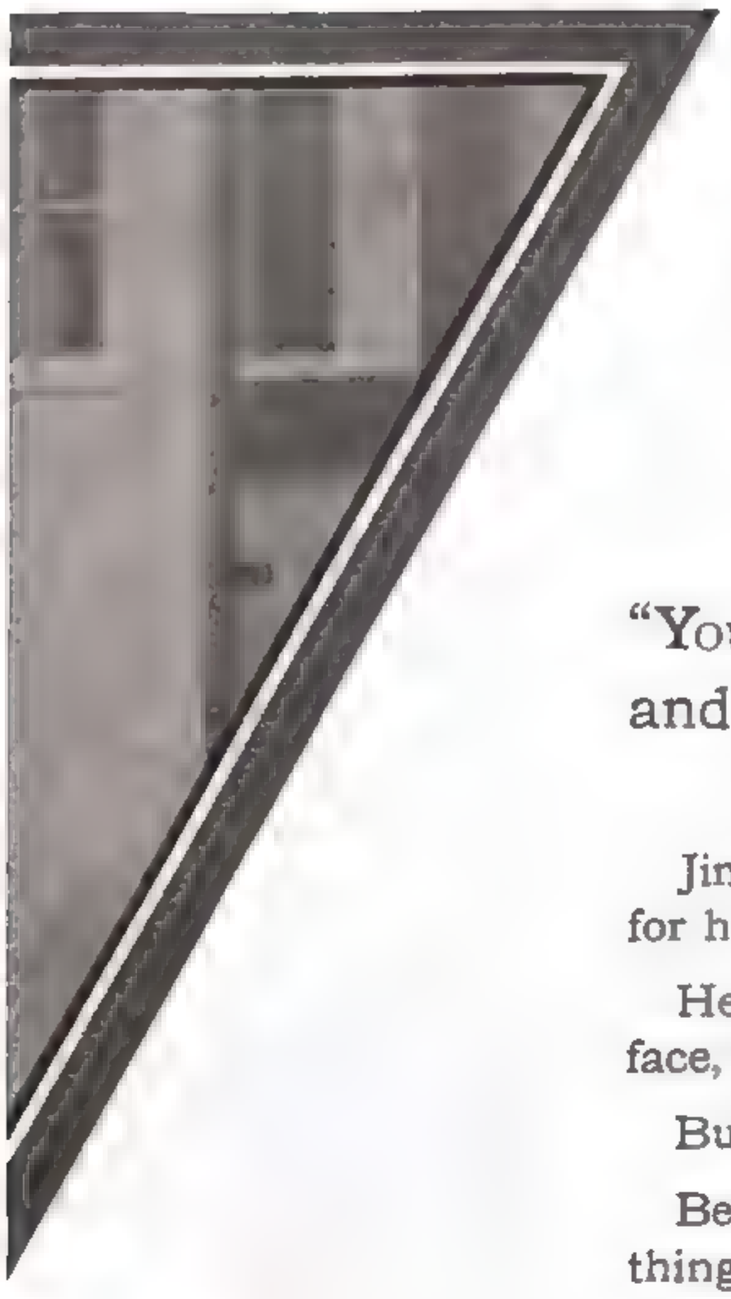


"Jim-mie!"

"You're a sweet-looking object! Dinner's getting cold, and by the time you're ready it will be all spoiled!"

* * * *

Jimmie is perfectly aware of it—but he also knows it's no time for him to express his thoughts in speech.

He's not fit for dinner, nor for conversation—either as to hands, face, clothing, or temper.

But he's sure of one thing—he's going to buy a new car.

Before he buys it, he will be very careful to ask several questions, things he didn't ask when he bought this one—

One of those questions will be, "Who made the axles?"

It isn't easy to select a motor car; and unless one has unusual mechanical ability, he has to take many things on faith—or a friend's say-so, perhaps. But there are some parts of a car—very important ones, too—where you can be *sure*, because they are accepted as standard by car owners and dealers everywhere.

Tell any old hand you expect to buy a car with Timken Axles, and he's apt to say: "Timkens? Ah, you can't go wrong there."

And that's just what the buyer wants to know—the things in regard to which he can't go wrong. Timken Axles have been assurance to motor car buyers of good, sound construction for nearly twenty years.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY - DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Sole Representatives in the British Isles: AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS CO., 3, Berners Street, London, W. 1

TIMKEN AXLES

Triple Knee

STOUT stockings and stouter knees—we don't spare the yarn in making Iron Clad No. 17 for strenuous boys and girls. Fine ribbed and made from the best of combed lisle yarn, every stocking has a triple knee and double sole to meet the hardest wear.

They come in fast black and African brown—colors as lasting as the stockings themselves. Get several pairs and remember to ask for Iron Clad No. 17 with the triple knee.

Prices: 50c a pair, sizes 6 to 10; 60c a pair, sizes 10½ to 11½ (East of the Rockies).

If your dealer does not carry them, order direct from us, enclosing remittance and stating sizes and colors wanted. Your order will be shipped promptly, postage paid.

Cooper, Wells & Company
212 Vine Street
St. Joseph, Mich.

"Iron Clad"

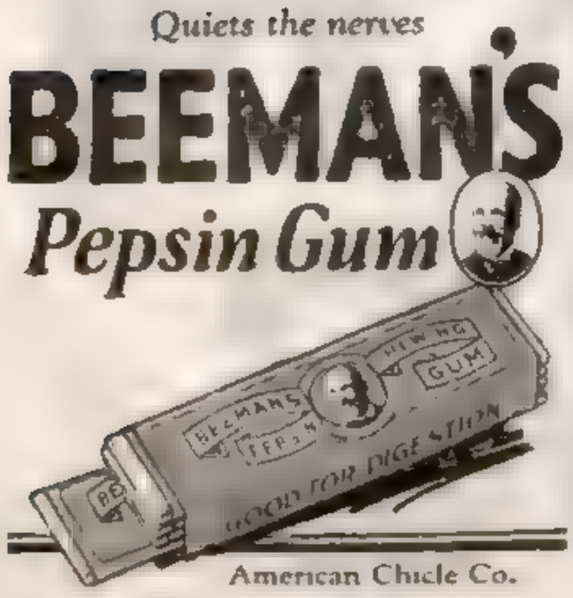
Tasty~

Wintergreen—that appealing enticing flavor—a taste that lingers on and on—its use is

"a sensible habit"

Quiets the nerves

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum



American Chicle Co.

(Continued from Page 85)

"What is he trying to say?" I asked Miss S——. "I can see he's trying to get over something, because he keeps nodding at the stove."

She laughed.

"Yesterday was pay day. They've been celebrating. But it's all right. He's just trying to air his English. They pick up profanity from their labor bosses, and the words thus acquired they use constantly, men, women and children, with no intended disrespect, but merely because they're proud of their knowledge of the foreign vocabulary."

"Nevertheless, I think he means something special." And turning to him, I said, "Well, what is it? What are you trying to tell me? Say it in boss talk. Go on. Wat ——"

He caught my meaning, laughed, raised himself from his bench, and taking my hand, pointed with it over behind the stove. I rose also and looked. I suppose my face expressed intense astonishment, for with one accord they all burst out laughing as merrily as if they were at a gay summer picnic and a doodle bug had suddenly fallen down on poor old grandad's nose. I glanced across at Miss S——, and she was smiling too.

"It's all right," she murmured. "They're just children."

I looked back once more behind the stove. Lying prone on the floor, stretched out his full magnificent length, lay a young blond giant with a smiling red mouth and a golden beard, his head pillowed on some firewood.

"He's one of the boarders," said Miss S——. "And, as I mentioned, yesterday was pay day."

And now the giant opened one eye, lifted his head languidly from his wooden pillow, and surveyed the group. Me, his eye passed over; it fell on Miss S——, and he smiled, struggled up on one elbow and uttered a welcome in Russian, at which the others cried out, laughing but scandalized.

Children of Larger Growth

Miss S—— said calmly in Russian, "Another county heard from! You'd better lie still." And to me she explained, "He called me by my familiar little pet name, which in Russia isn't used except by the family or an accepted lover. They were scolding him for his bad manners; they commanded him to be quiet, for he was drunk and didn't know what he was about. He replied that they were absolutely mistaken; that he knew very well; he was just trying to be polite and he was sure I had not misunderstood his intentions."

She smiled and shook her head and sighed.

These peasants were grown-up children. It was the untaught child in their natures which swayed their destinies. And here and in other houses we visited they kept addressing me in Russian as if I were one of them.

"Now I begin to understand what this man by my side meant by his opening remark," I murmured to Miss S——. "What is he saying now?" For he had leaned his elbow on the table and was arguing volubly, sweeping his free hand now and again toward his friend behind the stove. She translated literally, laughing a bit, while the others gathered round in a friendly circle to hear what I should say.

"He wants to know," she began humorously, "wat ta hal you're going to do with a dirty fellow like that who's always spending his money on drink. Lazy, good-for-nothing bum! A fine thing to shut him up, eh? Serve him right to kick him out in the snow and let him freeze to death, eh? Or turn him over to the police, eh? He says to ask what you'd do with such a bad egg—kick him out in the snow or hand him over to the cops?"

She finished; the reply was up to me. They hung upon my answer, staring solemnly, visibly anxious, as children hang anxiously upon a fairy tale, while Miss S—— shook her head and smiled and sighed; and mother, stepping softly across the supine giant laid low by hooch, dug up a stick of stove wood not in use for the fallen steel warrior's head and thrust it into the glowing fire. It was like a scene out of Gorky's In the Depths—the twilight room, the squalor, these peasants of superb physical health straightway starting one of their group discussions on the conduct of life and demanding that I should collaborate thereon.

I handed down my decision.

"Of course not!" I said. "What good would that do? Let him alone. He'll sleep it off."

Miss S—— translated my tolerant judgment without comment, and they beamed upon me, visibly relieved, and nodded as if they had a Solomon in their midst. The man with the child rose up, with the air of offering me a gift, and laid her gravely in my arms. The wet little tot snuggled down; the men said something in Russian to the mother, who nodded but ceased not to stir the pot. Thus they admitted me into the family group.

These men, I learned, were boarders, steelworkers on a night shift. Four of them occupied a room upstairs—a terrific room, Miss S—— assured me, laughing with raised brows; and she ventured to assert that never had I seen such beds in the whole course of my mortal existence upon this oblate spheroid. Would I care to mount and look? I refused. The father entered, shrugged himself out of his coat and sank into a chair with a friendly nod to Miss S——and me. A small, dark, fretful-looking man, he, too, at present was on the night shift. There began a lively discussion on the chance of a rise of wages in his steel mill. Miss S—— kept up a running translation of the talk; they spoke to me in Russian; she translated and I replied. It appeared that a fellow workman, a clever fellow who had taught himself to read the American newspapers, declared he had seen it printed up in big black headlines that any fool could see—10 per cent raise, it said; but as for him, he didn't believe a word of it; a pack of lies. These Americans used the Russians to do the black work and treated them like dogs.

"How much do they make now?" I inquired.

"Thirty-six cents an hour, and a twelve-hour day. The single men manage to save twenty-five or thirty dollars a month—if they can stay sober. But the long hours are hard—doubly hard on these peasants without industrial training who never heard the sound of a factory whistle nor saw a wheel turn, except a cart wheel, in the whole course of their tranquil existences until they came over here."

"Ask the father if he'd like to go back to Russia."

She translated my request. He countered with another:

"Go back to the same conditions he had left over there?"

"I don't know what his particular condition was," I replied. "Ask him to explain."

"I would! I would!" cried out mother valiantly, and waved a belligerent spoon.

She looked as if she were ready to herd them off to Russia that very night as soon as they'd finished the soup. But father scratched his head. You see, it was like this, he began; and then he burst into a torrent of narrative, mother and the boarders clipping in. We all stood up close together, and first one and then another took the floor. How they talked! Here was group collaboration all right.

A Case of Migrate or Starve

Miss S—— gave me the pith of their remarks. Father, she said, lived in a village. His grandfather had owned a little parcel of land not much, and when he died he left it to his seven children. They married, had large families, and that little plot, none too big in the beginning, went on suffering division and subdivision until his own share, at his father's death, wouldn't sustain anybody. As a matter of fact, they didn't try to cut it up; they all worked it together; but the result was the same. They starved. Most of the lands belonged to the nobles. No new grants had been made to the peasants in his time. Nobody moved away from the village; and in the meantime the population grew and grew, so that the people multiplied and the land limits remained the same. The time came when they must either migrate or starve. So he had migrated to America. Well, it was manifest that he couldn't return to a condition like that.

"But everybody has land now," cut in mother triumphantly. "It said so in the Russian newspaper."

"Yes, they said a lot of things, those newspapers," growled father. But how was one to be sure? He'd also heard there was labor conscription over there; he wouldn't like to run afoul of that business; no labor conscription for him; he'd rather remain where he was. No, on the whole, the best thing was to stay in steel until he could gather enough money together to go back and buy a plot of ground of his own. But when would that be? Why, it would take years to save even enough for the price of the passage over. Tickets for all these children! He waved a vague hand in despair.

"I'd take a chance!" reiterated mother, briskly stirring the pot.

A young man came downstairs, walked over to the sink and began methodically sousing his head beneath the icy flow. He toweled himself vigorously, sauntered over to the group and began to listen in. Husky, vital, he trod lithely as a cat.

"Do you like America?" I asked him, Miss S—— translating.

"Na."

"Why?"

"Over here Russians are like flies. Too small. Nobody cares."

"Why don't you learn to speak English? Of course, the way things are now you can understand nobody and nobody can understand you and you have the short end of the stick. But if you'd learn to speak our language, read our papers, think our thoughts and talk to our girls, you'd have a better time all around."

He shook his head and his face gloomed over.

"I don't like America!" he repeated. He added that as soon as he had made a stake he was going to clear out for Russia.

"Aha! So the wind sits in that quarter? A girl?"

He admitted the accusation with a flashing smile that transformed him straightway from a discontented young hot-head into a gay, lovable boy. He started off with that lithe, buoyant tread of his and I thought he intended to show me the picture of his girl, but he brought back a paper instead. It was a poster, with notices printed in several languages.

"There!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "America!"

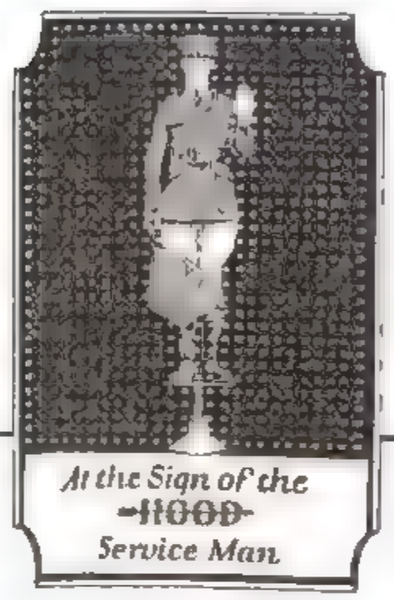
Racial Shortcomings

Miss S——read it through and explained. It was one of those poisonous, inflammatory, ultra-red screeds calling on the foreign laborers to unite to throttle the bloody monster of industry which was crushing them, poor miserable slaves, within its mighty maw. Useless to point out to that young man that America offered better chances, better pay, better opportunity for education and advancement to the common laboring man, the peasant, the under dog, than any other country on the face of the earth. Useless to point out that he himself was taking advantage of those superior conditions in order in a few years to earn a stake which would enable him to return to his native land, buy a farm and live in a material prosperity which had been the vision of unfulfilled desire of his forefathers, landless peasants, for generations. They read this cheap inflammatory rot, as poisonous and destructive in its effects as typhus germs in a run-down system; they read their own foreign newspapers—those younger ones who were literate enough to read at all—their pages given over to extravagant praise of soviet rule and equally violent dispraise of all other forms of rule; they did not mingle or mix with Americans either at work or at play; and the whole weight of Slavic custom and tradition blinded their eyes to the Western, New World conception of government which aims to provide common, normal people with the first elements of education, with decent standards of living, of work and of pay, to throw about them certain essential safeguards of health and of law—and then to let their own individual initiative and enterprise do the rest.

Ah, but that was the rub! These people lacked the very qualities, the individual initiative and enterprise, which was the fundamental premise on which our whole Western system was based. They were backward, lazy and sluggish mentally, not so much because they possessed that so-called mysterious thing, the Slav soul, but, to a very large degree, because they were still living mentally, socially and politically back in the Middle Ages. Right here in Pittsburgh were several epochs at once, East meeting West; a whole society, with its social foundations, views and conditions, transported physically to Soho district and in active dynamic collision therewith. It was like being transported to another world in Wells' Time Machine—the world of day before yesterday. Of course there was friction! Of course there was clash! But it

(Continued on Page 91)

The New HOOD "WHITE ARROW" Cord



SOMEWHERE in your neighborhood, a red-coated and red-capped figure, mounted upon a metal base, stands at the curb in front of a store.

This familiar sign of the Hood Service Man locates for you the home of the New Hood White Arrow Cord. It invites you to stop.

You will want to inspect the massive flat tread of the New Hood White Arrow Cord. Particularly if you drive a closed car you will appreciate the added safety in the new design and construction of this most beautiful tire.

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For Summer comfort—Hood Canvas Shoes—Ask your shoeman.

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2,000 Miles of New Paved Roads

Drive into these new highways at any point, Toronto to Chicago, and you'll find new beauties and summer pleasures to attract you.

Not till this summer have fine roads been available through this delightful region, north of the older east-and-west highways. But now, whether you are planning your main route through this section or another, plan to include some part, at least, of this charming summer playground.

The Lake Erie-Niagara Falls Trail: From Toronto to Niagara and Buffalo—each of the three a center of a great vacation territory—is but the beginning. Through the lakes and resorts of western New York and of northern Ohio are hundreds of attractions on both main routes and by-paths. Cleveland is another inviting point; many famous beaches and lake resorts are in easy reach as you drive on to Toledo and the north. At Detroit are innumerable playgrounds, and here is the door to the wonderland of Michigan resorts which you reach by *The Michigan Trail.* Any of these cities will easily provide a week's—or a fortnight's—delightful vacationing.

There are Three Statlers on Your Route

At Detroit and at Cleveland are thousand-room Statler hotels; and at Buffalo was recently opened the newest Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) which is the finest of them all. In Buffalo, Cleveland or Detroit you might well make The Statler your headquarters and spend some time in the vicinity of each city.

And Statler Service is Guaranteed

We *guarantee* that our employees will handle *all* transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We *guarantee* that *every* employee will *go to the limit* of his authority to satisfy the guest whom he is serving; and that if he *can't* satisfy him he will immediately take him to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to *me* a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept, I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Company, Inc., Buffalo.

E. M. Statler

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CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.
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(Continued from Page 88)

was the clash of something bigger even than industry; it was the formidable clash of epochs.

The young man nodded to us and went out.

"If they hate to work in the mills," I propounded to Miss S——, "why don't they try to get jobs on the farms? They come from the soil; they love it; the land hunger is in their blood. I should think there'd be an exodus of Russians into our agricultural regions. Why do they stick to steel?"

She translated my question, and once more there was an animated group discussion, everybody taking a turn at the bat. First of all, mother remarked something about her willingness to take a shot at country life in America, whereupon father told her bluntly to hold her tongue and go back and tend her soup. She retreated, but still with the light of battle in her eye; and I gathered that mother still hankered for the country with a nostalgia that would not down, whereas father had doggedly determined to plug along where he was. The pith of their long-winded discussion, translated by Miss S——, ran thus:

First of all, some of their friends had tried it, and they had come out at the little end of the horn. The work was irregular and the pay poor. And the Russian, isolated from his own kind, unable to speak the strange outlandish tongue, suffered; his group soul sickened and pined. Aside from this psychic disturbance, he didn't know American farm methods, which were vastly different from those back home, nor the use of machinery. And he wasn't keen on American grub; it didn't seem to go to the right spot. And on top of all this, even when he did his best, he was often turned off for reasons he couldn't understand; or the job got through early, and then he had to work his way back through a hostile, incomprehensible country to his friends in the industrial centers again. In short, farming in America was no good. It didn't pay. Of course, added father, if they had enough money to pay down on a farm, that would be a different thing. But he hadn't; and even if he had —— Well, there was that case of a friend of his who had raked and scraped enough together to pay down on a farm in America and he had been handed a rotten deal by land sharks who stole all his money away. And it had been a despicable Russian, too, who had helped to frame this friend. It was terrible! No, farming didn't pay. As for him, he was going to stick to steel.

International Alley

I watched mother as Miss S—— translated this ultimatum. Dolefully she stirred her pot. Her naïve child's eyes stared wistfully into mine. For the others there was some compensation, some escape out into the wider world of work. But mother's sentence was life imprisonment at hard labor, with no mitigation of the term.

Out in the keen air I voiced my thoughts to Miss S——.

"I can't help thinking that woman was right and that her husband was wrong. Those people belong on the land. They're husky, hearty, vital; but with no initiative, no resisting stamina or drive, industry destroys them, while on the farm they might win through. Then their sons and daughters would grow up more normally, with the pattern of American ways in their heads."

"But how are you going to arrange that?" she asked me with a fine smile.

We turned a corner and came into International Alley, so called because of the diversity of races huddled there, all marginals of the lowest economic grade.

"Of course," admitted Miss S——, "they could find better quarters farther out for very little more, and it goes without saying that the better-class Russians do. But these are peasants, timid, ignorant; and they stick together in order to feel strong."

We climbed a rickety outside stairway, exposed to the elements and slippery with ice, to a flat on the second floor. On the outside platform before the door stood the garbage of days, dribbling down the stairs.

"Somebody's going to break his neck here," I prophesied, clutching the rail.

We knocked, entered and found ourselves in a kitchen occupied on three sides by three deplorable double beds, and on the fourth by a cookstove, jammed up against a charred and blackened wall, to which, it was explained, sonny had inadvertently set fire. The wall paper hung in moldy stripe, and in a corner, beneath a leak, stood a basin—the one sign of efficiency about the place. The mother, a young, placid-looking woman, sat in a rocking-chair before the stove, clucking to her baby, whose head was tied up in a shawl.

"A boil," explained Miss S——. "And how is your arm coming on?" she inquired of the mother. "Did you buy that alcohol to rub it as the nurse said?"

"Well, no," the woman explained. "You see, it was like this: My husband, he doesn't give me very much money, and so I rubbed on some bootleg instead; but it didn't do me a bit of good!"

Miss S—— dissolved into frank mirth and translated the tale for me. Ensued a vivacious narrative interspersed with giggles and laughter on the part of the Russian mother. It transpired that there had been a party last night in her flat. A few friends and neighbors had dropped in; all Russians, of course. Naturally, there had been liquid refreshments—American vodka. They were all sitting about, chatting, enjoying a nice, merry time—oh, well, possibly there might have been a bit of racket; people didn't sit dumb at a party—when suddenly, bang! bang! came the cop's night stick on the door of the flat below. Luckily, he thought the party was downstairs! Well, that gave them warning; they straightway doused the glim, and not a second too soon. For before you could say knife the police were rushing up that slippery outside stairway to raid the place.

Typical Family Life

Well, the guests had rushed out, and there had ensued a sharp, fierce fray on that foul, icy stairway in the dark. Most of the men had jumped to the ground, a matter of about fifteen feet, for this house was perched on a steep grade. One poor fellow, she heard, had broken his leg. Pity it couldn't have been the cops, but some people had no luck. The rest had been carried off to jail. Her husband, by rare good fortune, had escaped. In short, taken altogether, it had been a most exciting and satisfactory affair.

"You see," said Miss S——, who had kept up a running translation of the tale, "these people are not vicious or degraded; nor are they desperately poor. They're just—different." She turned back to the mother who was dandling her child on her knee and tossing it up in the air in an attempt to make it smile for the lady. But little Master Russia glumly refused; that boil on his neck hurt. "Is your daughter still in school?" asked Miss S——.

"Yes; but my husband says she must stop. She's got to go to work. He says he can't support us all."

They had an extra room, she explained; but it was small and held only two boarders; and what was worse luck, it leaked. Of course, they could have patched that leak themselves, at a pinch—one of those husky young boarders; but that kind of individual initiative never once occurred to them; it was not in their blood.

As we came downstairs a visiting nurse passed us on her way up to look after the child. And here it might be noted that throughout this entire pilgrimage in the various foreign quarters we constantly encountered nurses, charity workers, probation, truancy and health officials in these peasant homes, striving to fit the pattern of the West and the now upon the slow, easy-going pattern of the East and the day before yesterday—and, it must be added, with varying degrees of unsuccess. The fundamental standards and ideals are too antagonistic; they will not mingle and fuse. Upon this particular aspect of the situation Mr. Jett Lauck makes the following significant comment:

"We must say that we have treated these peasant immigrants more liberally than their own land has treated them, or than their land treats us It may well be argued, then, that it is better for them, better for us, better for the civilization of the world at large, that each country, where such fundamental differences of standards occur, attempt to work out its own problems independently, instead of working them out in the country of another."

Hear! Hear!

We came next to the house of a stalwart young Russian and his wife, in modest but comfortable circumstances. They had three pretty children and kept several boarders, one of whom explained the situation to us as he shaved before the glass. For there was tragedy in that house; the wife was going mad. Shut in upon herself, she had grown melancholy; she declared that somebody—something—was stealing away the hearts of her husband and her children from her. She wanted to go back to Russia. So she sat in a corner, wrung her hands ceaselessly and sobbed and wept.

"That's the trouble with transplanting," said Miss S—— as we came away. "Some of these women can't take root over here."

At our next port of call we found the man of the house, a Ruthenian, homebound with a broken leg. He was a steelworker and he had broken it in an accident at the mill. Three sooty children played happily on a bed, of which the less said the better. The mother was away at work. To Miss S—— he explained his accident. It had all happened at once, he said. A bunch of them were working on the floor of the plant when something overhead broke loose and came hurtling down, bowling them over like ninepins and killing two. The boss had shouted something at them the second before. At least, some said he had shouted. He hadn't heard anything himself. Yes, the boss was an American; at least he was Irish. No, the Ruthenian couldn't understand English.

"Probably what that boss shouted," I said to Miss S——, "was a warning to stand out from under. And this man, with no English and sluggish-minded, didn't catch on. Is he getting compensation?"

"Yes."

"Does he like it over here?"

Most emphatically not. I could translate that expression without words.

"Why?"

Everything, he declared moodily, was different. The hours were too long. The work was too hard. The boss was a slave-driver; he did nothing but jaw, jaw, jaw.

"It's that twelve-hour-day business," I said to Miss S——, "piled on top of all the other differences. They've got a real grievance there. Of course, the bosses drive them; they're obliged to, for they in turn are driven from on high; they've got to get the contracts filled. The whole system is speeded up too fast, and everybody along the line pays the bill."

These men, slow-handed and slow-witted, still very close to serfdom in the country of their birth, untrained to industry, tractable, accepting without protest dangerous or unsatisfactory conditions of labor, by their very ignorant acquiescence make a continuation of such conditions possible. In fact, they are just one step up from coolie labor. In unskilled jobs requiring no skill or headwork they were faithful, patient, docile and long-enduring. But in an emergency or an accident requiring quick mental coördination they were lost; it was good night to all concerned.

Causes of Accidents

"There seems to be," says Lauck, "a direct causal relation between the extensive employment of recent immigrants in American mines and the extraordinary increase, within recent years, in the number of mining accidents. It is an undisputed fact that the greatest number of accidents in bituminous coal mines arise from two causes: First, recklessness; and second, the ignorance and inexperience of employes."

It is true that danger notices are posted in the various languages, and compulsory safety classes, accompanied by instructive lectures with lantern slides, are becoming more and more prevalent to keep accidents down. That is sheer good business; it is the kind of preparedness which pays. And big firms, employing tens of thousands of illiterate foreign laborers, set aside huge yearly sums for the safety-first drives of their welfare departments. Under the subtle guise of amusement, entertainment or competition in the various departments and plants, they strive to hammer home the simple elemental facts that will keep accidents down. But the most stubborn obstacle in the path of their success is the ignorance, the recklessness, the insensitiveness to danger of the peasant himself.

"As a general proposition," to quote Lauck once more, "it may be said that all improvements in conditions and increases in rates of pay have been secured in spite of their presence. In other words, the recent Central and Southeastern European peasant immigrant has not actively opposed the movement toward better conditions of employment and higher wages; but his availability and his general character and attitude of docile subservience have constituted a passive opposition which has been most effective."

Later, accompanied by a Lithuanian girl who spoke fluently half a dozen Central European languages, I rounded up some of the Polish, Lithuanian, Croatian and Czecho-Slovakian groups. Everywhere we went we found them drinking—drinking villainous home-brew. They made it and they sold it. Very often a woman was the distributor. One, a Croatian woman, of vast bulk and fat, moist hands, fell upon us, weeping, and begged us for the love of heaven to report a certain case of flagrant bootlegging to the police. The rascal was her lodger—a terrible, dreadful man; he sold vile stuff. Sure, he sold it, lady! He sold it secret all the while to men and women too. They even drank on her respectable premises, and at night cut up something fierce. He'd ought to be shut up for life, that lodger—such a terrible mean man, a scandal to the street and a source of constant worry to her, a poor, honest, respectable woman earning her living by the sweat of her brow in this little notion store. Would we have him put in the hoosgow right away? Another clutch of those fat, moist hands. Another burst of tears.

Me, she fooled completely. But astute little Miss Lithuania looked at me and winked. She advised the woman to report the case herself to the police; and, outside, she said grimly to me: "Do you know why she's so crazy mad at her lodger and wants to put him out? Because she's a bootlegger herself; but her lodger keeps better hooch, and so he cuts in on her trade. She's afraid to complain of him herself and she was trying to use us as her cat's-paw."

The Women Workers

This impression of drinking on the part of common labor among the foreign groups was confirmed by the labor agencies.

"Yes," said one employment agent, scout for a firm that employs thirty thousand men, "industry's drinking at both ends, at the top and at the bottom; it's only the middle fellow that's staying straight."

In the streets, when the noon-hour whistle blew, the pavements were thronged with great, husky, striding girls—girls with high cheek bones, flat Slavic features and masses of blond hair pushed up under little cotton caps. They wore caps and bloomers—their working rigs—and they stepped along with the big free swing of men. And they, too, worked in steel. What was their position in the old country? Sometimes they watched sheep or cattle on the landlord's great estate, in the fields or on the mountain slopes from sunrise to sunset, or they worked side by side with the men in the harvest fields. Some were hodcarriers and toiled up ladders with heavy bricks or stones which the masons—men—laid. Over there, the attitude of the landlord toward these landless peasants he employs is somewhat like the attitude of our own Southern slave-owners toward the negroes before the Civil War—indulgent or intolerant according to the individual; but convinced, all of them, that the peasants are a different order of human beings from themselves.

"They laugh at America," said one social investigator who went over to study our foreign groups in their native habitats, "for taking these peasants so seriously and thinking we could make ladies and gentlemen out of them. The peasants, they say, come back spoiled by their American experience."

Over there, the patriarchal régime still prevails a simple and rigid scheme of life, a group unity and solidarity of which we have no conception, and with a corresponding lack of individuality and enterprise. Then they migrate to our land; they sink at once to the lowest level of the industrial scale; and they swarm together like bees, the women working alongside the men. One of the most striking contrasts, in comparing these foreign families with our own native groups, is the greater dependence of the foreign-born from Central Europe upon the earnings of the wives and children. The newly arrived immigrant girls, Polish, Lithuanian and Croatian, who come over to live with their relatives and work in the mills, find themselves thrust into close contact with a bunch of boarders usually men. And in the inevitable crowding which ensues, privacy, decency and the delicacies of life are rudely pushed to the wall; the family at its very source is disrupted, contaminated, fouled. Instances of this greeted me on every hand.

To give a single example: Father works on a day shift. Mister Boarder works at night. Father is dull, cross, crabbed, constantly at odds with his boss and a tightwad with his wife. His wife, eaten up by

(Continued on Page 94)

Here they are

Abbott & Downing
Acason
Ace
Acme
Advance-Rumely
Ahrens-Fox
Ajax
Ambassador
American
American Tr (Detroit)
American Tr (Kankakee)
American LaFrance
Anderson
Apex
Apperson
Armleder
Atlas
Atterbury
Auburn
Austin
Autocar
Automatic
Available
Avery
Barley
Beaver
Beggs
Bell
Bessemer
Bethlehem
Betz
Biederman
Big Four
Birmingham
Bour-Davis
Brewster
Brinton
Brockway
Buffalo
Cadillac
Case
Chalmers
Chandler
Chicago
Cleveland
Clydesdale
Columbia
Columbia Tr
Commerce
Commercial
Corbitt
Corinthian
Cortland
Couple-Gear
Courier
Crawford
Crow-Elkhart
Cunningham
Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day-Elder
Defiance
De Martini
Denby
Dependable
Detroit
Detroit Elec
Diamond T
Diehl
Doane
Dodge Brothers
Dodge Bros. Tr
Dorris
Dort
Douglas
Driggs
Duesenberg
Duplex
Eagle
Earl
Elcar
Essex
Eugol
Fageol
Federal
Fifth Ave. Bus
Ford
Ford Tr
Forster
Fox
Franklin
Fulton
Gardner
Garford
Gary
Geronimo
G M C
Gotfredson
Graham Brothers
Gramm-Bernstein
Gray
Hahn
H C S
Hal-Fur
Hall-Scott
Handley
Hanson
Harvey
Hawkeye
Hebb
Hendrickson
Hudson
Huffman
Hupmobile
Independent
Indiana
International
Iowa
Jewett
Jones
Jordan
Jumbo
Kalamazoo
Kankakee
Kearns-Dughie
Kelly-Springfield
Keystone
Kimball
King-Zeider
Kissel
Kleiber
Koehler
Krebs
LaFayette
Lang
Lansden
Larrabee
Leach-Biltwell
Lewis-Hall
Liberty
Lincoln
Locomobile
Luedinghaus
Luverne
Maccar
MacDonald
Mack
Marmon
Master
Maxwell Tr
McFarlan
Menominee
Meteor
Michigan
Mitchell
Moon
Moreland
Napoleon
National
National (Canada)
Nelson-LeMoon
Netco
New York
Noble
Noma
Niles
O B Elec
O'Connell
Ogden
Oklahoma
Old Reliable (Chicago)
Old Reliable (Long Isl. City)
Oldsmobile Tr
Oneida
Oshkosh
Overland
Paige
Parker
Peerless
Piedmont
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Premier
Preston
Rainier
Ranger
Rauch & Lang
Reliance
Reo
Reo Speedwagon
Republic
Rickenbacker
Roamer
Rock Falls
Rowe
Rubay
Ruggles
R & V Knight
Sanford
Sayers-Scoville
Schacht
Schwartz
Scott
Seagrave
Selden
Seneca
Service
Signal
Standard
Standard Tr
Star
Stephens
Sterling-Knight
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on Pinions & Worms

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in Rear Wheels

of

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in Front Wheels

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Young

in Steering Pivots

of

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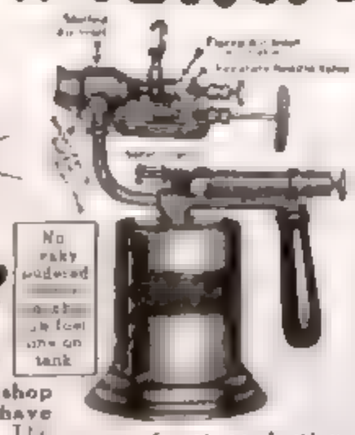

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(Continued from Page 91)

loneliness, an exile in a strange land, finds Mister Boarder's jolly laughter or secret warning glance as cheering as the shadow of a great rock in a desert land. She asks him about his favorite food; she prepares dainties for him over which he smacks his lips with delight; he has a right to—it's his own paid-for grub. Father looks on, silent, brooding darkly in his chair. And one day, accidentally on purpose, he quits work, slips home early, finds exactly what he was looking for—whereupon he proceeds to carve up aplenty that foolish boarder man. And the net of it is that Mister John Citizen pays for father's permanent board up the river and it's a dead loss all around.

Or the tale may run thus: Mister Perfidious Boarder has a wife in perfectly good legal standing back in his native hamlet, together with half a dozen lusty offspring. But for reasons best known to himself he keeps these prosaic facts strictly to himself, and poses as a gay bachelor man. He woos—or, to do even gay Lothario justice, he is wooed by—some likely young Polish girl on the still hunt for a mate. For these peasant girls are not lackadaisical or capricious la-de-da Victorian damsels in these affairs, when they go a-hunting for the biggest of all wild game. Presently there are wedding bells. The couple settle down, and in the course of time Wife Number One begins to suspect. Probably she misses the monthly dole. One day she appears on the scene, with her marriage certificate and a queue of children in tow. It's judgment day for father. Help! Murder! Police! And again John Citizen dives down into his pocket and pays.

But the money costs in these cases are a mere bagatelle beside the soul damages involved. The sudden transplanting of these peasants, with their Old World traditions, to industrial centers, and the consequent congestion and lowering of standards which result, render them susceptible to grave physical and moral deterioration. That such deterioration actually does take place social investigators are solidly agreed. Upon this aspect of the case the letter of a young foreign boarder in America sheds a sinister beam of light.

On Matrimony Bent

"Dearest parents: Please do not be angry with me for what I shall write. I write you that it is hard to live alone, so please find some girl for me, but an orderly"—honest, virtuous—"one, for in America there is not even one single orderly girl."

In this whole transplanting proposition it is the married women who suffer most. They do not learn English, and their contacts with the outer world are few; they toil like draft horses in the factories, at day, at night, and they bear children and do the work in the home. They are peasants, therefore unplastic, unchanging, unthinking, the taproots of their souls fixed deeply in their native soil. Uproot them and they still slave unremittingly at heavy, manual tasks; but somehow without heart. They seem to shrivel, to wither, and there is a sadness in their stoic gaze which strikes one to the heart.

As a group, the Polish peasants are a sober, saving, industrious lot, with an irresistible hanker for land. If they are not banking their savings to buy a farm back home, they are usually paying down on a home over here. But this craving for ownership on the part of these peasants, fine as is the instinct in theory, in practice does not always work out well. For the property is bought, usually, on the installment plan; and these installments prove a heavy drain on the family income, making it necessary for boarders to be kept, for the mother to slave to exhaustion and for the children to be taken from school and put to work. Thus the goal is attained by a disastrous lowering of living standards, morals and health. Whatever weak point there may be in the family armor—whether it be mother or willful daughter or wayward son—that spot is stressed to the uttermost by the harsh régime; and, presto! one fine morning the breaking point arrives, and the sacrifices have been in vain.

I decided to check up these personal impressions, gained by direct talks with the peasant families in their own homes, with the industrial point of view; and with that object I sought out an employment agent for a company which employs, in its various branches, upwards of thirty thousand men. I found Mr. G—— in his employment office, just rounding up a string of men for shipment that noon to one of the out-of-town plants. Native Americans, this particular crew, said Mr. G——; chiefly drunks and disorderlies, picked up in the police courts and given the alternative of going to jail or to work.

"And now," he said, as the men filed out in charge of a labor scout to see that they didn't jump their jobs on the way, "what can I do for you?" I explained. "Good!" said he. "I will tell you all; exactly what is written in my brain about these nationalities." He was a blue-eyed Russian from Kieff, and he spoke English with a strong accent, picking his words carefully, as one picks one's way over a rough, rock-strewn road. "I am a Russian—yes, I myself am a Russian; and I came up from the ranks. I have been among the common laborers all my life—all nationalities. I have worked and played with them; I have eaten and slept and lived with them. I know them through and through. Now I will tell you all about them—the exact truth. I ship out all kinds. I know them all. You ask questions and I will tell you what is written on the inside of my head about them—from the point of view of steel."

"Who are your best workers?"

"Albanians, Rumanians, Macedonians." The answer came like a shot.

"Why?"

He ticked off their good qualities—always from the employer's point of view.

Racial Characteristics

"Steady, industrious, strong, bully workers. No kickers. Good stickers. They stay with the job and they don't lay down on you. The hours? Well, it's like this: They work a day shift, ten hours for six days—sixty hours a week for two weeks. Then they change; they go on night shift for two weeks. The night-shift fellows work twelve hours for five days—same total of sixty hours a week. Their pay, at present, is thirty-six cents an hour.

"These fellows save. They have no strong organizations like the Italians and Poles. They belong to no unions. They don't drink; they don't dissipate or waste their money in stores. One suit of clothes for work and one suit for Sunday—that's enough for these boys. They don't bring over their wives. They live frugally and save their cash to buy a farm back home. At the end of two years they go back; they pay down on a farm; then they return; they return to the same company and begin to lay up some more; they don't roam. They find a good place and stick. They're fine workers, easy to handle. Yes, they're the best."

"How about Italians?"

"Not so good—for us. They only work in gangs. But we can't use men in gangs. We take in common laborers and then watch them; we pick out the likely men for higher positions, for mechanics, cranemen, and so on. But the Italians are suspicious; they can't work with other nationalities; and if the boss fires one they all walk out. So we don't use them much."

"And the Poles?"

"The Poles used to be good. They're spoiled now. Too independent. They save and are ambitious to buy homes. But they're not so good as they used to be. They've been spoiled."

"The Russians?"

"Ah, the Russians!" He smiled and shook his head. "Well, you see, I am a Russian myself. But I am going to tell you the truth about the Russians. Now, listen! There are two kinds of Russians, just two—those who drink and those who don't drink. Let's take a Russian of the first class. He's a good worker. He's strong and physically sound—a fine animal. But he drinks. He won't save. He has no ambition either to climb higher or to lay money away. He lives from day to day, drinks, spends his money and throws it away. But chiefly he drinks. Yes," he repeated soberly, "he drinks. Then there's the other kind of Russian. He doesn't drink. But he meddles in politics. Usually he's more intelligent than the other kind, a cut higher in the social grade. But he's always talking politics; he's always stirring up discontent among the other workers. And the Russians are not so good, as workers, on those two accounts. Yes, they're coming out of Russia now—both kinds. How do they come?" He laughed. "Oh, well, they snick"—sneak—"out. They're snicking out all the time."

"And Croatians?"

"They, too, used to be good workers; but they've been spoiled since the war. Also, the older ones drink."

In Pittsburgh, try as you may, you cannot get away from the hills or the mills. They dominate the scene. They are not the stage setting; they are the whole show. And as I went about the city, hemmed in by those huge walls which lift their rugged cliffs to a height of from five to six hundred feet, and give Pittsburgh, particularly toward twilight, a kind of primitive splendor peculiarly in keeping with those wild rosy flashes from the furnaces which periodically light up river and sky, it was borne in upon me that, in order to round out my circle, I must visit some of those steel plants. Accordingly, I applied for permission to a certain company—an independent firm—and was refused. Another company cordially granted my request and put the entire works at my disposal.

In the main offices at Pittsburgh one of the directors detained me only long enough to show me that he was following rather keenly the general trend of the times. A copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST lay on his table. It was undoubtedly true, he said, in the early pioneer period of development, that there had been a vast wastage of the human element in industry, and that wastage was not over yet. But there was, he indicated, a way out of the present snarl. And that way was: First, more machinery and less raw man power; second, conservation of what labor we had; and third, industry itself could slow down, ease up on production, take more time. Along those three main routes—machinery, conservation and a slow-up of production—industry, he declared, would make its chief advance in the future.

But if in the future, why not now?

Out at the steel plant, the same in which the young man whose sketch heads this article started his skyrocket career, I made the rounds of the works with an official, winding up with the Bessemer process after dark. It was a scene of spectacular, terrific beauty—that great dusky cavern; those two roaring converters spouting dazzling white flames; the pygmies on that high platform, little black silhouettes etched against a wild, unearthly glare who darted back and forth at stated periods to feed scrap into those mighty maws; the gorgeous outflare of sparks, millions of gay shooting stars, as the converters tipped the white-hot metal into the ladles, disgorged bright crimson pools upon the floor and slowly righted themselves. In the offices in Pittsburgh the plotting and dreaming were done; but out here was the arena where the actual fighting took place.

The Big Cranes

"But where," I asked, wondering, "are the workers?"

For my imagination had painted a scene teeming with sooty midgets, hundreds of them hurrying and scurrying, tugging and heaving, to keep those two monster flaming titans fed. A few of them I saw, to be sure, standing here and there, or going easily about their jobs down on the shadowy floor; but in general the place looked deserted, as if it functioned, like a power house, by some dynamo.

"These big fellows are the workers," said the official, and he indicated a huge overhead crane which marched the ladles down to the converters, halted them to receive their load and trundled them off again. "Do you see that craneman up there? Well, he bosses all that. Just one man. For five years that was my job, twelve hours a day and every day. When I was overtired, or the strain got on my nerves, I had a recurrent dream which used to torment me. I would dream that overhead crane got out from under control and the ladles ran away. Even now, when I'm tired, I dream about that runaway crane."

"So you think machinery is the answer?"

"It's one answer," said he.

Yes, it's one of the answers. More and more, machinery is coming to do the black work of man. And so, holler, Mister Lithuania! Holler, Mister Hunky and Polack, sweating down there in the shadows! Holler with all your lungs and let your woes be known. And learn to holler in good Americanese, "Wat ta hal," so that we may hear and invent machinery—for that is your road to release.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Miss Fraser. The next will appear in an early issue

BETTER GRADES *of* MILK *and* CREAM *now come this way*

Protects you from tampering—dust—and "back-porch" germs

Your milk and cream are as pure as the bottles they come in—providing they haven't been tampered with.

When your milk leaves a modern dairy it is pure. The bottles are sterile. The good dairymen protect you there.

But in transit and on your back-porch—you must protect it yourself.

A few years ago in New York City, tampering, switching of labels, thinning out of cream after it left the dairy, became a real problem. This, together with dust and germs which settled on milk-bottle tops—made milk an uncertain commodity.

It was to meet this problem that the Standard Hood Seal was first brought into wide use.

Non-Replaceable

For the Standard Hood Seal guarantees to you that your milk comes to **your table** as fresh and pure as when it left the dairy.

First—It is non-replaceable. If anyone removes it—he cannot replace it. You at once detect any tampering.

Second—It covers and seals the entire milk-bottle top. No dust or "back-porch" germs can settle on the top or around the pouring lip of your milk bottle. No hands can touch the top until you open it.

For Better Grades

Leading dairies everywhere now use this bottle top for better grades of milk and cream. For with it they can guarantee that "certified" milk is certified when it **reaches you**—that selected milk reaches you "selected"—that cream cannot be "thinned."

In India

The Standard Hood Seal is used today the world over. In India it wiped out typhus among the British troops by protecting the milk supply. The U. S. Government has specified its use in the Panama Canal Zone.

If your milk is not protected now by this cap, we would be pleased to have you write us. We will help you secure this protection.

To remove, just push the ring down with thumb and forefinger To replace, it must be taken back to dairy and put on by special machinery. There is an ordinary disc cap inside.

For Children you can be sure that "certified" is certified when you get it—capped with Standard Hood Seal.

STANDARD HOOD ~ SEAL

DAIRYMEN—CLIP THIS!

REMINDER

This is just a vest pocket reminder. Tear it off to remind you to write the Standard Cap and Seal Corporation, Fullerton and Racine Aves., Chicago, about their proposition for capping your selected grades of milk and cream with the sanitary, germ-proof Standard Hood Seal.

MANUFACTURED BY

STANDARD CAP AND SEAL CORP.

FULLERTON AND RACINE AVES.

Chicago, Ill.

STANDARD CAP and SEAL CORP.
Fullerton and Racine Aves.
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I would like to have my milk protected by being capped with the Standard Hood Seal.

My Dairy is____

My Name is____

Address____

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For Men, Women and Children

SHAPELINESS that gives clinging fit —— lustrous color from pure dye —— long wear. These are reasons why the sale of Rollins Hosiery is nation-wide and ever growing.

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Factories: Des Moines and Boone, Iowa Salesrooms and Warehouses: Chicago, 902 Medinah Bldg.; Denver, 1751 Lawrence Street
Sales Offices: St. Louis, San Francisco, Cleveland, Detroit, Baltimore

ASK YOUR LOCAL MERCHANT FOR ROLLINS

PRO BONO PUBLICO

(Continued from Page 15)

"Why, yes," he said, slapping me on the back as he thrust the sheaf of legal documents into my hand. "You do not understand business, so I knew you would leave it to me. Now you're right as a trivet, and sewed up for the next ten years. Smoke? No? Well, so long, Travers. Take care of yourself."

For thinking of the business which I had consummated I could not bend my mind to the writing of my articles that afternoon; nor was my uneasiness allayed when I took down John Rae's Statement and reread that section which treats of the nature of interest. I had always had a contempt for business, being persuaded that business men were as a class quite innocent of any knowledge of economic theory; but now it suddenly occurred to me that many theorists were unacquainted with practical business. If one had to do business a knowledge of it gained solely from the works of closet economists was too remote; it was as though one had to find his way across the street by a study of the stars.

I put by the article and went down to Central Avenue and entered the First National Bank of Sunnydale. The president, old Alexander Davison, was sitting behind his glass partition. He waved to me and I entered his private inclosure. He gave me a warm clasp of the hand and a scrutinizing look from his quiet green-gray eyes. I had always banked with him. I showed him the bonds and mortgages. He inspected them silently.

"These look perfectly all right, Mr. Travers," he said with his marked Scotch accent. "You got a good bonus, I suppose?"

"For what?"

"For tying your money up for ten years. You got it, didn't you? I should say that from 20 to 25 per cent would be fair."

"Oh, no, indeed, Mr. Davison," I said smilingly. "I should consider that markedly unfair. In fact, I should say that would be usurious."

"Then you gave the bonus to Mr. Atwood," he said mildly. "His houses, with these long-term second mortgages on them, are now worth five or six hundred dollars more apiece. I see that the first mortgages are for six thousand dollars each. How much, in your opinion, Mr. Travers, did it cost to build those houses?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. Wait! Mr. Atwood said that they cost him seven thousand dollars over and above the mortgages. He said that that is what he would sell them for—a total of about fifteen thousand apiece."

He drew a quiet breath.

"In the first place, Mr. Travers," he said, rolling his *r*'s leisurely, "the price of anything depends upon what people are willing to pay, and not upon what it cost. In the second place, I do not think that these houses cost over nine thousand dollars apiece. And in the third place, I am sure that Mr. Atwood will have the good sense to get all he can for his houses."

"But he promised me that he would sell these houses at cost!"

"If he promised you that he should keep his word. Not that it would serve any useful purpose. If he sells these houses below the market he will be making a gift to the buyers, who will be business men in no need of charity. Indeed, it is very likely that the houses would be snapped up by speculators.

"Your motives do you honor, Mr. Travers, and your theories are ingenious; but you are too small a factor to change the methods of business. If you controlled the building industry you could control the market, and then you could sell houses at cost and do some good."

"At least, I have done my part," I said.

"You have done your part to increase the prices of these houses," he smiled. "If you had called your loan you would have compelled Mr. Atwood to sell immediately; now he is able to hold the houses for a higher price. As a general rule, Mr. Travers, if you look out for yourself and insist on getting full market value for what you have to sell you will be doing other people a service. I really believe that your well-intended efforts on behalf of other people do them considerable harm. You are too small a factor, and the system with which you are trying to interfere is too vast and intricate. If you succeeded in reducing the market price of residential property in Sunnydale the benefit would be absorbed by other businesses whose employes occupied your cheap living quarters."

"We should at least destroy the speculator, who is a mere parasite!" I cried earnestly.

"And if you had to sell your house in a hurry, Mr. Travers," he said mildly, "to whom would you sell it if there were no speculators? I admit that the speculator sometimes needs restraint, for he does occasional harm by engineering corners in necessary things; but we could not do without him. Our system is not perfect; but it accords with human nature, which is not perfect. The human sentiment, Mr. Travers, which is most widely entertained is self-interest, and our system is based on that.

"You radicals are barking up the wrong tree, for you're trying to change the present system of doing business. The churches, which you oppose, are on the right track, for they direct their efforts to trying to change human nature."

I have quoted old Davison fairly, though I was sure that his argument was all tosh. I liked him and respected him. This sentiment surprised me, for he was a banker, and I could demonstrate to the satisfaction of any reasonable man that banks and bankers are the backbone of the capitalistic system. I felt that I could have knocked his argument into a cocked hat if I had had a very few hours to talk to him; but old Davison has a way of conveying that his time is valuable, even when he is most leisurely and discursive.

Mrs. Travers was reading when I arrived home. Her book was Torneau's great work, The Free Woman. I had recommended this advanced treatise to her, trusting that the perusal of it would convince her how dishonoring to her was her notion that I was in duty bound to provide her with an idle and luxurious living as an incident of our marital relationship. Little did I imagine the perverse doctrine she would read into the book.

She listened in silence to my explanation of how our capital had been pledged for ten years, and our income during that period necessarily limited to one hundred and fifty dollars a month. She shut the book gently and sat caressing it.

"Elmer," she said, "this book has opened my eyes. I feel now that it is very wrong to remain in a state of economic dependence on you. It is a state of—just a moment—a state of con—concubinage. I should earn my own living. I am not earning it now, as I have not a decent stitch to my back."

The thought of her working was somehow distasteful, but her working would be in accord with advanced ideas of a proper sex relationship.

"And what do you propose to work at, dear?" I asked.

"Housekeeping."

"Housekeeping!" I exclaimed indignantly. "You mean to go into service? Perfectly absurd! No wife of mine shall ever work at housekeeping. Besides, you would overtax yourself in taking care of two houses."

"Which two houses, Elmer?"

"The other house and this—your home."

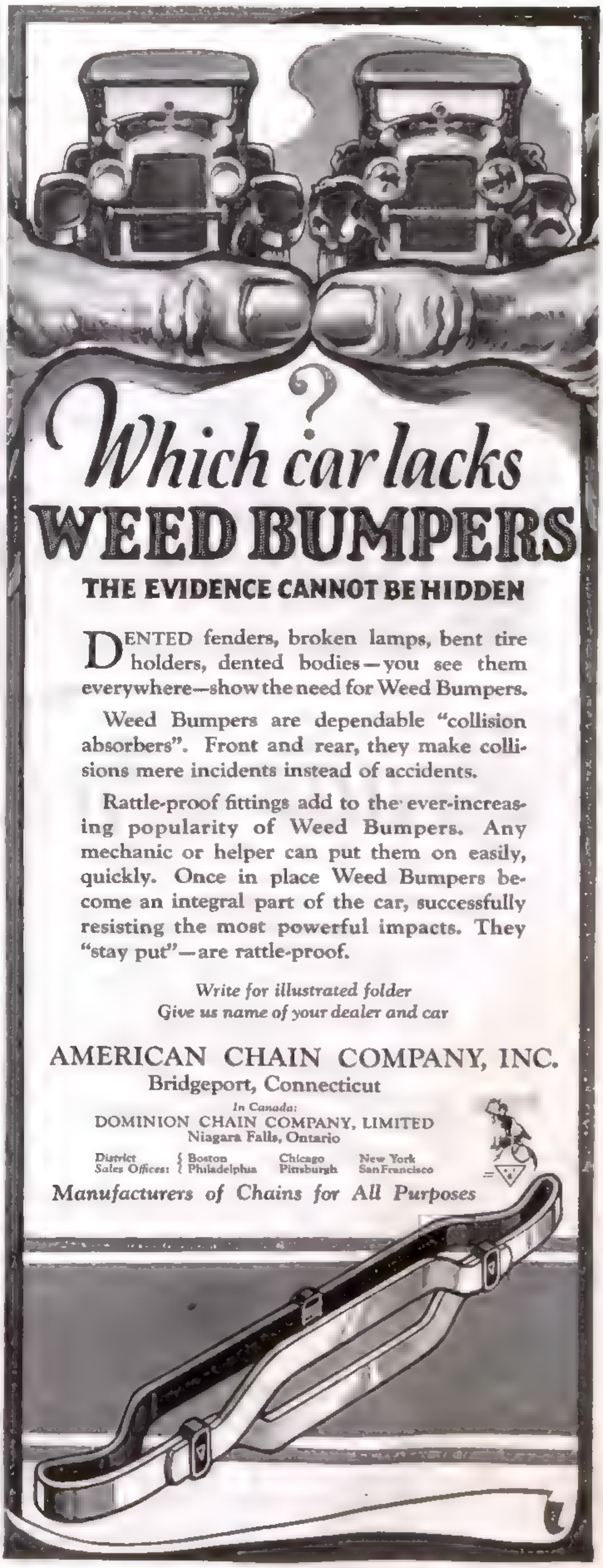
"Oh!" she breathed. "Do you mean that you wish me to work here, Elmer? That will be fine, and I need look no further. I have decided that my salary is to be one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Can you afford to pay so much? If not, I shall not put the burden on you; I shall advertise immediately in the Clarion."

Without avail, I tried to argue her out of this silliness. She quoted Torneau to me. And at the end of the week I paid her forty dollars under compulsion of her threat to advertise in the Clarion. I believe she would have done it; she can be amazingly wrong-headed. She upset me so that my mind was turned aside from things worth while and concentrated on the sordid matter of making money. I studied the bonds and mortgages; their language was uncompromising. I should receive interest payments on the first days of February and August; fortunately it was then the middle of January.

Atwood called to me as I was passing his house some weeks later: "Hey, Travers! Come in! I want to see you on business."

I walked up the concreted path to his door. There had been a fall of snow, and one of the blue spruces which were banked

(Continued on Page 99)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Sometimes on long, lazy evenings with the second pipe well alight and the hero of the story in the book you are reading just remarking to the lady in blue that they must have met somewhere before, there is a sudden ringing at the door. Then the cheerful voices of friends—the greetings of welcome and the settling back for a visit.

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(Continued from Page 97)

against his porch wall was bending under a burden. I stopped to shake it free.

"Pretty nice, those pines, hey?" he commented. "I think they give a house class. What do you think I paid for them, Travers?"

"I have no notion."

"Fifteen dollars apiece. Yep, there's a hundred and thirty-five dollars' worth in that group. They look it, too, don't they? Yep, they look every cent of it. I get a lot of satisfaction out of those pines. They're growing right along, and the bigger they are the more money they're worth. I guess there's a bit of a Nature lover in me; I do like to watch things grow. Come on in, Travers."

He followed me into his living room.

"Smoke?" he offered, opening a mahogany humidor. "That's so, you don't smoke. Don't mind if I do, do you? Sit right down there and make yourself at home. Lay right back. Pretty comfortable chair, isn't it?"

He let himself down into an overstuffed armchair and watched me expectantly. His alert gaze made me nervous.

"You're looking at that rug," he said. "Know anything about rugs, Travers? Well, if you did you'd know that one was a stem-winder. That's what we call a genuine Oriental Mosul rug, Travers. Yes, sir, a genuine Oriental, and no mistake about it. That little one over there is a Royal Saruk. They don't look like money, do they? Well, they certainly are. Some people can get along with these cheap domestic rugs, but they'd never do me. I like the best, somehow or other. Feel that rug. Go on, feel it! Solid silk, and wears like a board. Like a board! What do you think I paid for that rug?"

"I assure you, Mr. Atwood ——"

"Don't be afraid to show your ignorance, Travers. That's the way to learn. If you don't know anything, come right out and say so, and don't try to sit around and look wise. That's how I learned, Travers. Well, sir, between you and me, that rug set me back ni-ine hundred berries. Nine hundred berries! Don't look it, does it? Well, not to you; but to anybody that knows rugs —— Yes, that's the radio. Want to hear it?"

"I don't care to, especially."

"Sure, you do! Say, I got a loud speaker that's a dream. WJZ was playing The Maiden's Whisper last night, and we had to open the windows. Near shook the sash out. Wait up and I'll get you Indianapolis—Indianapolis, Travers. Now I got it. Put those things on your ears. Don't be afraid! Can you hear him? There's a fellow describing the Woolworth Building. Sh-h!"

"But the Woolworth Building is only twenty miles from here, Mr. Atwood, and I've seen it a hundred times, and so have you."

"Sh-h!" He gestured frantically for me to listen.

"Ain't it wonderful?" he said, switching off. "Wonderful is not the word for it, Travers it's wonderful! That's what I call progress, Travers. Why, the other night I heard a chorus singing Heigh-ho for Merry June, and darned if I didn't find it was out in Hawaii. Yes, sir, in Hawaii. I had on the loud speaker, and I was out in the kitchen when I heard it; and I rushed in, but it was all over. Well, sir, I looked it up, and there, sure enough, that song was down for Hawaii that night. I'm going to write to the paper about it. I oughtn't to keep a thing like that to myself."

"Was it Friday night?" I asked.

"Friday night. Why?"

"I happened to pass the Sunnydale High School on Friday night," I said vindictively, "and I also heard Heigh-ho for Merry June. The school glee club were practicing at the high school down the street."

"Yeah? Well, then it is not so wonderful. . . . But say, Travers, what I wanted to see you about was the interest on those mortgages. I've let the time run over a few days, but I know you don't care about that. Let me have your bill and I'll give you a check."

He went to a mahogany escritoire and sat down with pen and check book.

"How much do you make it, Travers?"

"Really, Mr. Atwood," I said, "aren't you too late? I read the mortgages carefully, as you advised, and they state specifically that the interest must be paid within ten days of the due date. Today is February fourteenth, Mr. Atwood. I'm afraid that I cannot accept the interest now, and I shall have to ask you to pay off the principal."

He swung around and opened his mouth at me. I waited. I had read the mortgages very carefully. He tried to laugh the matter off.

"I see you don't understand business, Travers," he chuckled. "This was a mere oversight on my part. I forgot that I had put down February and August for the interest dates, but you're not hurt any. What do you want? Interest on the interest?"

"I want my principal of thirty thousand dollars, Mr. Atwood," I said serenely. "I have consulted my lawyer and he advises me that I am entitled to demand it."

I had decided that Atwood was not a proper person to be intrusted with the use of my money; he did not seem to be impressed with a sense of public service; he did not look upon the possession of money as a sacred trust. I felt that it was my duty to take it from him. He threatened and blustered and finally descended to pleading. But I was immovable; when I have decided that my duty lies in a certain path I cannot be deflected.

"Very well," he whined. "I'll stand for a squeeze, Travers. I'll give you five hundred dollars to take your interest."

I had considered the matter of a compromise.

"I do not wish to be harsh with you, Mr. Atwood," I said. "You say that you are unable to raise the money at once, and that the placing of a *lis pendens* on your houses will do you great injury. If you are then willing to allow me a fair payment for the use of my money, you may keep it. If you will pay me six thousand dollars cash down ——"

"Six thousand dollars!" he shouted.

"That is 20 per cent, Mr. Atwood, which is a reasonable bonus for second mortgage money. I am unfamiliar with matters of business and am following what advice I have. Six thousand dollars down, and reduce the term of the mortgages to three years."

"I'll see you burn first!" he stormed. "It's cold-blooded extortion!"

"You do me a grave injustice, Mr. Atwood," I said, restraining my anger. "I assure you that I am thinking only of the public good. I shall apply the money to general social amelioration, whereas you would have dissipated it in selfish luxury. I assure you sincerely that I should not insist upon your paying me this sum if I did not feel that I would prove a more worthy custodian of it. Your mind seems somewhat upset, Mr. Atwood. I shall leave you until you come to your better self. Let us hope and trust that you will have composed your mind before ten o'clock tomorrow morning, at which time I shall leave my house to put these mortgages into the hands of my attorney for foreclosure."

I bowed to him and left him.

Early the following morning my wife knocked upon my study door and informed me that Harry Atwood awaited me below. I put aside Graziani's excellent *Studi sulla Teoria dell' Interesse*—which I had opened for further light upon the agio theory—and went downstairs.

"There's your money," growled Atwood, and he handed me a check for six thousand dollars.

"My dear fellow," I said cordially, "you do not know how glad I am to see that you have been converted to my point of view. I forgive you your hasty expression of resentment and want you to feel that I take this money with the greatest pleasure."

He turned very red.

"Travers," he said in a low and intense voice, "for two cents I would give you a good punch in the nose!"

He was a puzzling fellow; I had never been able to understand the motivation of Harry Atwood's actions and speech. He must have accounted it a benefit to him to pay me the six thousand dollars, or he would not have paid it.

I went in to see Mr. Davison, after depositing Harry Atwood's check. I told him what I had done. He stared at me for a moment and then broke into a dry and gasping laugh.

"You have your own methods, Mr. Travers," he said. "A six-thousand-dollar bonus for taking interest which was four days overdue, eh? Well, it was worth his while to pay it. You had him!"

"You appreciate, Mr. Davison," I said earnestly, "that I did this with no selfish purpose?"

"Oh, precisely, Mr. Travers."

"I have been thinking of going into business, Mr. Davison. I am impressed by the disinclination of the custodians of capital to accept the conclusions of us abstract thinkers; I shall try to bore from within, always in a spirit of public service. It seems to me that many business men have lost sight of the proper object of their endeavors, and are simply working for their own selfish advantage. Mr. Atwood is a case in point. Would you advise me to attack the housing problem in Sunnydale?"

"I believe there's a lot of money in it," he said cautiously. "Sunnydale is a very convenient place to live, being only thirty-two minutes out of the Grand Central. If you want to build, I'll finance you with those second mortgages as collateral."

"I am not interested in making money, but only in supplying a public need," I said coldly. "I thank you, Mr. Davison, and hope to take advantage of your offer."

I looked about in Sunnydale for desirable building property.

The Harkens property seemed to be well situated for my purpose. It was a tract of five acres on Central Avenue just beyond the business section. The Harkens residence had been deserted for several years and was fallen into decay; the shingles of the roof were curled and rotted and the porches were sinking. A number of real-estate brokers had planted their signs amid the tangled grass and weeds of the front lawn. The place was an eyesore. It was strange that it had not been cut up into building plots, as it was in the best residential section.

I returned to the First National Bank Building and went upstairs to see Mr. Gassoway, my attorney. I told him of my plans and requested him to open negotiations for the purchase of the property.

"It wouldn't be much use, Travers," he said, taking off his spectacles to polish them and to blink purblindly at them. "Young Harkens won't sell for a reasonable price. The property is worth about twenty-five thousand dollars, and he's asking fifty for it. He's waiting until everything is built up roundabout and values are increased."

"His is a highly unsocial attitude, Mr. Gassoway," I said. "He proposes to take advantage of the unearned increment of value. In any properly organized society that property would be taken from him."

"Maybe so," he said casually. "He doesn't live in Sunnydale, and he doesn't care what the place looks like. He's quite a highflyer, too, and I should think he could use the money; but somebody's told him he can get fifty thousand for it if he holds on. If you have money to invest, Travers, why don't you buy the mortgage on the place? It would be a safe investment at 6 per cent. The mortgage is only fifteen thousand dollars. The People's Savings Bank holds it, and wants to sell it, since the place is run down so."

"I have an idea," I suggested: "I will buy the mortgage and foreclose it. Perhaps I should succeed thus in getting the Harkens place for fifteen thousand dollars."

He looked obliquely at me.

"That would not be a generous thing to do," he said. "You might very well succeed in grabbing the place in that way, but such a procedure is not considered precisely ethical."

"Nonsense, Gassoway!" I said enthusiastically. "I should be doing a public service in taking the property from this lazy profligate and putting it to use. What right has he to hold land out of use? Are you familiar with the literature of the single tax, Gassoway? Say the word, and I shall send you a pamphlet dealing with the expropriation of lands held out of use."

"Are you a single taxer, too, Travers?" he said, impressed.

"Heretofore," I confessed frankly, "I had not given my adherence to that theory. The practical possibilities of the plan had not been borne in upon me with force. I am, perhaps, somewhat of an eclectic, Gassoway; and here is an example where the holding of land out of use is an unmitigated evil. Will you be good enough then to open negotiations with the People's Bank for the transfer to me of that mortgage? I shall have the funds ready. When you have secured the mortgage, institute foreclosure at once."

"Phew!" he whistled. "You have a very stiff wrist when you're doing the public a good turn, Travers, haven't you?"

I did not secure the property for fifteen thousand dollars, but bought it at private sale from young Harkens for eighteen thousand. Gassoway advised me to pay the extra three thousand and I bowed to his judgment; he convinced me that mawkish sympathy for young Harkens had no part in his decision. I was determined that the larger good of the community should be the sole consideration.

The houses which I caused to be erected upon this tract were the first of the Martha Travers Model. I gave the design Mrs. Travers' name, but I hasten to say that the planning was done in conclave by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the church to which Mrs. Travers belonged. She had annoyed me at times by submitting our domestic problems to this assemblage of females, and had often tendered me the opinions of Mrs. Chepstow and Mrs. Thatcher and Mrs. Giffing on matters of my personal concern. But I saw immediately that the ladies knew what they were about when they undertook the planning of homes. I have received much undeserved credit for their disinterested labors. I paid them nothing. I have never been able to admire enough the sacrificial spirit of women, through which they drop their own concerns without a sigh when they have a chance to attend to the affairs of others.

"Mrs. Billings wants a kitchen closet big enough to hold a wash boiler," she said.

"Very well, my dear," I said, making a note on my sketch.

"Mrs. Doolittle wants an alcove in the kitchen, within reach of the stove, for breakfast. Mrs. Giffing says the hot-water heater ought to be in the kitchen where she can watch it; Mrs. Cabot wants a pottery sink, with a drain board on both sides, and a closet to hold the baby carriage, and a folding ironing board. The floor of the kitchen must be wood and not concrete as that silly architect tried to tell you; it's too hard on the feet. Now, a dresser over the gas range ——"

"Yes, yes, my dear. But do try and get them out of the kitchen."

"We've been all over the house. You must put a bend in the stairs so that baby can't fall down all the way, and handrails on each side, and real big windows in the attic so clothes can be dried in wet weather, and space between the windows for a bureau so a person can see herself in the mirror, and plenty of ground around the house for the children to play."

My entry into business afforded Harry Atwood much innocent pleasure. He could not forbear grinning.

"Well, Travers," he said, "you will get some experience!"

"What do you think of the plans?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You could put three houses on each of those plots where you're putting only one."

"But people like to have ground around their houses, don't they? I know I do."

"Sure, they want ground; but they don't want to pay for it. Mark my words, Travers, the way to make money is to keep costs down! Give them a cheap article. That extra sixty feet you're giving them will cost you eight hundred dollars. Eight hundred dollars, Travers, and you'll never get it back!"

"If you really believe that the buyers do not want more ground," I said, impressed, "it would be poor economics to give it. I perceive how to solve that problem so as to meet only the efficient demand. I shall put the houses on fifty-foot plots and shall leave alternating plots vacant. Then if the buyers care to increase their plottage they may do so, and pay accordingly. If they are satisfied with the fifty-foot plots I shall build intervening houses."

"Say, Travers," he grumbled, "you're as crazy as a fox! You mean that you'll sell them the houses first, and then you'll threaten to darken their windows if they don't buy more land. That's a cute scheme."

"There is no question of a threat or of compulsion," I said impatiently. "I merely propose to offer them an opportunity."

"Yes, yes, I know. You offered me an opportunity, too, didn't you? You have a fine line of high-sounding talk, Travers, but it doesn't mean anything. Say, these houses are going to run into money. Copper leaders and gutters, cast-bronze hardware on openings, exposed trim of cypress, double-thick glass, hot-water heat, brass piping—say, you're building these houses like you were going to live in them yourself! You got a lot to learn about the building business, Travers."

Atwood had requested the privilege of figuring on the contract to build the houses.

(Continued on Page 103)

Creamier Milk
Convince Yourself

Because *DAIRYLEA, the new evaporated milk, is rich, creamy and better, it has a place in every home.

WHETHER you now use evaporated milk or not has little to do with your consideration of Dairylea Milk. For this new evaporated milk sets a standard of its own. In thousands of homes Dairylea Milk is used, not only for the usual purposes of evaporated milk, but also in place of "top-milk cream." This is because Dairylea Milk has a new richness and creaminess that leads many people actually to prefer it for coffee, cereals, etc.

When the "top-milk cream" is left in the milk bottle the children are given the nutritious whole milk that they really need for health, growth, and strength.

The reasons for this richness and creaminess in Dairylea Milk are in its origin and in the way it is prepared for your table. All the milk that goes into Dairylea comes from that prize dairy section which provides New York City with its superior milk supply. Of this milk, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, as Health Commissioner of New York, said: "New York's milk is the best in the world—"

The Dairymen's League bottles millions of gallons of milk for New York City every year, and precisely the same milk goes into Dairylea Milk as into those bottles. Nothing is taken away, nothing is added.

But, in model milk conservatories located in the heart of the best milk-producing sections, this milk is evaporated and sterilized—concentrating the precious butter-fats, and so producing an evaporated milk of a new richness and creaminess.

Dairylea Milk has the appearance, the consistency, and the flavor of cream. Use it wherever you have been using "top-milk cream," and supply your family with whole milk, instead of skimmed milk, to drink.

Get a can of Dairylea today and convince yourself by every test that it is a richer, creamier evaporated milk than Government standards require.

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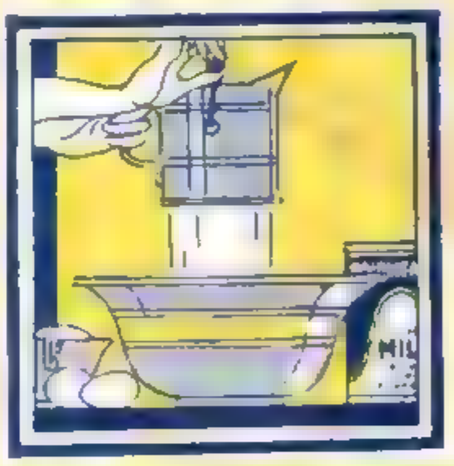

**Cans bearing the label reading "Dairymen's League Evaporated Milk" have in all respects the same contents as those bearing the label "Dairylea."*

DAIRYMEN'S League

CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION, INC., New York

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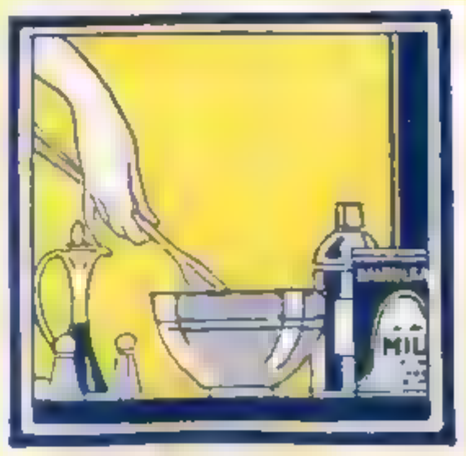

In white sauces and creamed vegetables, Dairylea Milk imparts that great creaminess by its rich butter-fats.

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The only line operating transcontinental trains by electric power

The only line owning and operating its own sleeping cars between Chicago and Seattle-Tacoma

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GEORGE B. HAYNES, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

(14127)

(Continued from Page 99)

and I did not refuse him the opportunity. I saw that he could be of use in giving me a check on the bids of other contractors; but I did not see my way clear to giving him the work, as I felt that he was not imbued with a spirit of public service and would probably try to scamp. As all the bidders assured me that they stood to lose money on the work, and that they were only taking it to help out the housing shortage, I gave the contract to the most responsible firm, Dirk & Hutchins, feeling that they could best afford a financial loss. They agreed to build the houses for ten thousand dollars apiece. I had got building loans of seven thousand dollars each from the Sunnydale Building and Loan, which sums, together with my own funds, would just suffice to pull me through.

The first of the eight houses was finished in June of that year. I put a price on it of twelve thousand six hundred dollars, which represented the cost of house and land plus 6 per cent on my investment of capital. It sold immediately to a New York business man named Hemingway who was seeking a home in the suburbs. I was greatly cheered, having listened for several months past to the professional builders' prophecies of failure. They would have it that the houses were far too costly, though they were taken aback when they heard my price.

Two weeks later I went down to Gassoway's office to get my money. Hemingway was there.

"Meet Mr. Franklin," he said, introducing me to another gentleman. "I sold him my contract for a thousand dollars."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Franklin," I said. "I think you will be very well satisfied with your purchase."

"I am," he said with a cheerful grin. "Meet Mr. Boldt. I sold him my contract for fifteen hundred."

"Delighted, Mr. Boldt," I said. "I am sure you will be happy in your new home."

"Not me," he chuckled. "I sold my contract for eighteen hundred. Meet Mr. Hillman."

"Charmed, Mr. Hillman," I said. "You have a very nice house."

"You mean Mr. Loeffler has," he said. "Meet Mr. Loeffler."

I transferred the house to Mr. Loeffler and went away, leaving the buyers exchanging checks. Mr. Hemingway came to see me that afternoon.

"I am still looking for a house to live in," he explained. "I have two children and I must get out into the country. Your house suited me right down to the ground; but, of course, I would be a fool not to take a profit. A man never gets poor taking profits, eh? My motto is Sell and Repent. By that I mean that a man should always take a profit. Now I'm in the market again. Do you want to sell one of those other houses?"

"Certainly, Mr. Hemingway," I said. "The price is nineteen thousand dollars apiece."

"You've gone up a lot!"

"No," I said. "I've been driven up. I want to sell you one of these houses to live in, and the only way I can get you to live in it is to charge you the full market price."

"Why, that price is sheer profiteering!" he exclaimed angrily. "If I did the right thing I'd report you to the Government! This is an outrage!"

"I understand your feelings exactly, Mr. Hemingway," I said soothingly. "I have often felt the same way myself. When I control the building industry in Sunnydale I shall be able to offer you again such a house for twelve thousand six hundred dollars. I suggest that you return and see Mr. Loeffler, who paid seventeen thousand nine hundred for his house. You can probably persuade him to take a small profit."

"Do you think he would?" he said, with a gleam of hope. "I like these houses and I want to live in one of them. I'll try Loeffler."

"You should keep in touch with Mr. Franklin, too," I called after him. "Perhaps he will offer you a small profit."

There was a pressing demand for residential property that year, and the sound and commodious houses planned by the Ladies' Auxiliary sold quickly. I realized a net profit of fifty-two thousand dollars. I sent the Ladies' Auxiliary a handsome Limoges china teapot, together with a letter of frank acknowledgment of their services. It is my unvarying custom to give credit where credit is due.

I thought to rest content with this success and to return to my books, but at this time I suffered a mysterious and inexplicable failure of health. I had never felt better. But Mrs. Travers was worried; she brought me to a specialist, who collected one hundred dollars from me and advised me to stay out in the open air as I valued my life. Mrs. Travers promised him, with an almost unfeminine grimness of expression, that she would see I followed his advice.

I had learned enough of the building business to dispense with a general contractor on my next operation; the general contractor is a mere *entrepreneur*, a speculative-minded middleman. I did not doubt the value of his service, nor was I inclined to quarrel now with the profits exacted by the subcontractors; I no longer looked upon them as mere exploiters of labor. I had learned, through actual contact with manual workers, that most men do not wish to think, and are willing to part with a large share of the product of their labor for the sake of being spared the pain of thinking. I was coming, grudgingly, to the revolutionary conception that intelligence is exploited by labor, and not vice versa; I was coming to believe that superiors are the deliberate creations of the rank and file; that employers exist by the wish and suffrage of the employed. If the employer did not exist, the workman would invent him in self-interest.

My next operation was the building of a large apartment house of the garden type. These structures had been highly successful roundabout New York City, but none of them had been built in Sunnydale. This was a conclusive argument against them, to the minds of the local builders, who had a paralyzing reverence for precedent. It seemed to me that this type of community dwelling would serve an urgent public need. I undertook the work. I was rather ashamed at the time of the interest the work held for me.

During the following three years I built twenty of these apartment houses, housing four hundred and eighty families. I am now planning a new group of ten, the work being financed by a prominent insurance company.

I have made a great deal of money, incidentally. My principal regret is that I have been so extremely busy that I have had no time to give to radical propagandism. I lost touch with my former associates.

I was visited by Allan Goldblatt, a radical writer and a valiant champion of the oppressed. We had been coworkers in the old days.

"You have become rich," he said, fixing me with his glittering eye. "What are you going to do with your money?"

"I propose to extend the field of my operations," I said. "I am buying a brickyard at Haverstraw so that I may be assured of a supply of brick. I wish to buy a woodworking mill so that I may get my trim at a figure. My operations here are increasing the value of land in the neighborhood, which profit would go to me if I had the money to buy extensive acreage. I assure you that I have not nearly money enough. I must branch out so that I may better serve the public."

"These matters can wait," he said. "Fortunately, I have given much earnest thought to the question of spending your money; I knew that you were too busy earning it to do your thinking for yourself. I have several excellent enterprises that are just in your line. Here is one: The laborers at Cow Bay in New York are striking against the use of steam shovels in getting out the sand; they point out, very justly, that it will take work out of the hands of pick-and-shovel men."

"It would," I admitted.

"Excellent," he said. "I will put you down for a contribution to the war chest. Here is another opportunity: The steam-shovel operatives have lodged a protest against the employment of day laborers on excavating work where steam shovels could be used. They are going on strike as soon as they can raise a fund. Are they not justified?"

"From their point of view, no doubt."

"Good! I have decided that you should send them a check. Here is something else: A number of tenants in the Bronx have organized a rent strike; they will pay no more to their landlords until rents are substantially lowered. The landlords are organized against them ——"

"And you wish me to finance the landlords too?"

"Not at all," he said. "That would be patently absurd."

"Pardon me," I pleaded, "but I have an appointment with a salesman of garbage safes. I am ever so much obliged for your call, and I shall give your suggestions my best attention."

"But what is there for you to think over?" he urged.

"I feel a sense of great responsibility," I said. "The possession of money is a sacred trust. I do not feel that I have any right to shift upon you the onus of spending my money. I shall have to consider these matters for myself. When a man is spending his own money he feels more immediately responsible. Frankly, and at first blush, I do not feel that I shall contribute to any of these enterprises. I make no reflection upon their merits. I have my own business to attend to."

He went away disgruntled, calling me a black reactionary. This aspersion hurt me, for I am not reactionary, but am as sanely radical and forward-looking as ever, and should gladly give attention to the amelioration of social conditions and the exposition of political theory if only I could spare time from the pressing needs of my business.

But I am proud to say that my disinterested efforts in the public behalf have not failed of appreciation. My sudden rise to fortune drew attention. A great magazine, a monthly periodical of vast circulation, sent a representative to interview me. I quote from his article, which is now upon the news stands:

Mr. Travers was in the library of his sumptuously appointed residence at Sunnydale. When I entered he was feeding the fire from a great heap of magazines, pamphlets and manuscripts. From time to time, as he spoke to me, he cast upon the blaze copies of The Commonwealth, The International Witness, Man, and other radical periodicals. He is evidently a person who considers all sides of any question.

He is of slight build, but of compelling presence, with the steely eye of a master of men and the maxillary bone of a fighter. He has the well-shaped head of the idealist.

"You ask me to what I ascribe my success," he said in a deep and musical voice. He puffed thoughtfully upon his fine Havana. Then he looked at me, suddenly, almost belligerently.

"To my gospel of service," he said. "To rigid honesty, hard work and to following the Golden Rule. I have never taken advantage of a man in business, except when he stood in the way of a public benefit. Then, indeed, it is necessary to be cruel in order to be kind."

"What are your plans for the future?" I ventured.

He clasped his hands behind his well-shaped head and gazed far away.

"I propose to continue in my present endeavor to provide better housing," he said. "I feel that this is my mission. I wish to put American business on a basis of unselfishness, and to further that end I have engaged in my present struggle with the labor unions in the building trades. The labor unions are founded upon a narrow conception of self-interest; the better nature of an employer has no chance for development when he is under the constant threat of strikes. I shall succeed in establishing the American principle of the open shop in Sunnydale.

I am reaching out collaterally in the building business. Too many employers, it seems to me, are interested only in making money, and not in giving service. To extend the principle of service in American business it is necessary for me to branch out in all directions. In order to get the money to extend my business I have been obliged to defer all social experimentation for the present."

"What, in your opinion, is America's greatest need today?"

"Freedom from half-baked radicalism!" he said vigorously, and bethought himself to throw new fuel to the flames. "More immigration! A cut in the surtax on big incomes! Freedom of business from governmental meddling!"

With the magazine propped against the percolator, I read this article aloud to Mrs. Travers this morning. She listened, smiling at her dish of hothouse berries.

"You do explain things so nicely, Elmer," she said.

She looked up and caught my eyes; she began to laugh merrily. But her gaze was very kind. I have sometimes feared that my material success alone contented Mrs. Travers, and that she missed its spiritual significance.

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A FRIEND OF NAPOLEON

Continued from Page 13

Thank you, Monsieur Mogen. The noblest Roman of them all is going at two hundred francs. Are you all through at two hundred? Going, going, gone! Julius Cæsar is sold to Monsieur Mogen."

Papa Chibou patted Cæsar's back sympathetically.

"You are worth more, my good Julius," he said in a whisper. "Good-by."

He was encouraged. If a comparatively new Cæsar brought only two hundred, surely an old Napoleon would bring no more.

The sale progressed rapidly. Monsieur Mogen bought the entire Chamber of Horrors. He bought Marie Antoinette, and the martyrs and lions. Papa Chibou, standing near Napoleon, withstood the strain of waiting by chewing his mustache.

The sale was very nearly over and Monsieur Mogen had bought every item, when, with a yawn, the auctioneer droned: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, we come to Item 573, a collection of odds and ends, mostly damaged goods, to be sold in one lot. The lot includes one stuffed owl that seems to have molted a bit; one Spanish shawl, torn; the head of an Apache who has been guillotined, body missing; a small wax camel, no humps; and an old wax figure of Napoleon, with one ear damaged. What am I offered for the lot?"

Papa Chibou's heart stood still. He laid a reassuring hand on Napoleon's shoulder.

"The fool," he whispered in Napoleon's good ear, "to put you in the same class as a camel, no humps, and an owl. But never mind. It is lucky for us, perhaps."

"How much for this assortment?" asked the auctioneer.

"One hundred francs," said Mogen, the junk king.

"One hundred and fifty," said Papa Chibou, trying to be calm. He had never spent so vast a sum all at once in his life.

Mogen fingered the material in Napoleon's coat.

"Two hundred," said the junk king.

"Are you all through at two hundred?" queried the auctioneer.

"Two hundred and twenty-one," called Papa Chibou. His voice was a husky squeak.

Mogen from his rodent eyes glared at Papa Chibou with annoyance and contempt. He raised his dirtiest finger—the one with the diamond ring on it—toward the auctioneer.

"Monsieur Mogen bids two hundred and twenty-five," droned the auctioneer. "Do I hear two hundred and fifty?"

Papa Chibou hated the world. The auctioneer cast a look in his direction.

"Two hundred and twenty-five is bid," he repeated. "Are you all through at two hundred and twenty-five? Going, going—sold to Monsieur Mogen for two hundred and twenty-five francs."

Stunned, Papa Chibou heard Mogen say casually, "I'll send round my carts for this stuff in the morning."

This stuff!

Dully and with an aching breast Papa Chibou went to his room down by the Roman arena. He packed his few clothes into a box. Last of all he slowly took from his cap the brass badge he had worn for so many years; it bore the words "Chief Watchman." He had been proud of that title, even if it was slightly inaccurate; he had been not only the chief but the only watchman. Now he was nothing. It was hours before he summoned up the energy to take his box round to the room he had rented high up under the roof of a tenement in a near-by alley. He knew he should start to look for another job at once, but he could not force himself to do so that day. Instead, he stole back to the deserted museum and sat down on a bench by the side of Napoleon. Silently he sat there all night; but he did not sleep: he was thinking, and the thought that kept pecking at his brain was to him a shocking one. At last, as day began to edge its pale way through the dusty windows of the museum, Papa Chibou stood up with the air of a man who has been through a mental struggle and has made up his mind.

"Napoleon," he said, "we have been friends for a quarter of a century and now we are to be separated because a stranger had four francs more than I had. That may be lawful, my old friend, but it is not justice. You and I, we are not going to be parted."

Paris was not yet awake when Papa Chibou stole with infinite caution into the narrow street beside the museum. Along this street toward the tenement where he had taken a room crept Papa Chibou. Sometimes he had to pause for breath, for in his arms he was carrying Napoleon.

Two policemen came to arrest Papa Chibou that very afternoon. Mogen had missed Napoleon, and he was a shrewd man. There was not the slightest doubt of Papa Chibou's guilt. There stood Napoleon in the corner of his room, gazing pensively out over the housetops. The police bundled the overwhelmed and confused Papa Chibou into the police patrol, and with him, as damning evidence, Napoleon.

In his cell in the city prison Papa Chibou sat with his spirit caved in. To him jails and judges and justice were terrible and mysterious affairs. He wondered if he would be guillotined; perhaps not, since his long life had been one of blameless conduct; but the least he could expect, he reasoned, was a long sentence to hard labor on Devil's Island, and guillotining had certain advantages over that. Perhaps it would be better to be guillotined, he told himself, now that Napoleon was sure to be melted up.

The keeper who brought him his meal of stew was a pessimist of jocular tendencies.

"A pretty pickle," said the keeper; "and at your age too. You must be a very wicked old man to go about stealing dummies. What will be safe now? One may expect to find the Eiffel Tower missing any morning. Dummy stealing! What a career! We have had a man in here who stole a trolley car, and one who made off with the anchor of a steamship, and even one who pilfered a hippopotamus from a zoo, but never one who stole a dummy—and an old one-eared dummy, at that! It is an affair extraordinary!"

"And what did they do to the gentleman who stole the hippopotamus?" inquired Papa Chibou tremulously.

The keeper scratched his head to indicate thought.

"I think," he said, "that they boiled him alive. Either that or they transported him for life to Morocco; I don't recall exactly."

Papa Chibou's brow grew damp.

"It was a trial most comical, I can assure you," went on the keeper. "The judges were Messieurs Bertouf, Goblin and Perouse—very amusing fellows, all three of them. They had fun with the prisoner: how I laughed. Judge Bertouf said, in sentencing him, 'We must be severe with you, pilferer of hippopotamuses. We must make of you an example. This business of hippopotamus pilfering is getting all too common in Paris.' They are witty fellows, those judges."

Papa Chibou grew a shade paler.

"The Terrible Trio?" he asked.

"The Terrible Trio," replied the keeper cheerfully.

"Will they be my judges?" asked Papa Chibou.

"Most assuredly," promised the keeper, and strolled away humming happily and rattling his big keys.

Papa Chibou knew then that there was no hope for him. Even into the Museum Pratoucy the reputation of those three judges had penetrated, and it was a sinister reputation indeed. They were three ancient, grim men who had fairly earned their title, The Terrible Trio, by the severity of their sentences; evildoers blanched at their names, and this was a matter of pride to them.

Shortly the keeper came back; he was grinning.

"You have the devil's own luck, old-timer," he said to Papa Chibou. "First you have to be tried by The Terrible Trio, and then you get assigned to you as lawyer none other than Monsieur Georges Dufayel."

"And this Monsieur Dufayel, is he then not a good lawyer?" questioned Papa Chibou miserably.

The keeper snickered.

"He has not won a case for months," he answered, as if it were the most amusing thing imaginable. "It is really better than a circus to hear him muddling up his clients' affairs in court. His mind is not on the case at all. Heaven knows where it is. When he rises to plead before the judges he has no fire, no passion. He mumbles and

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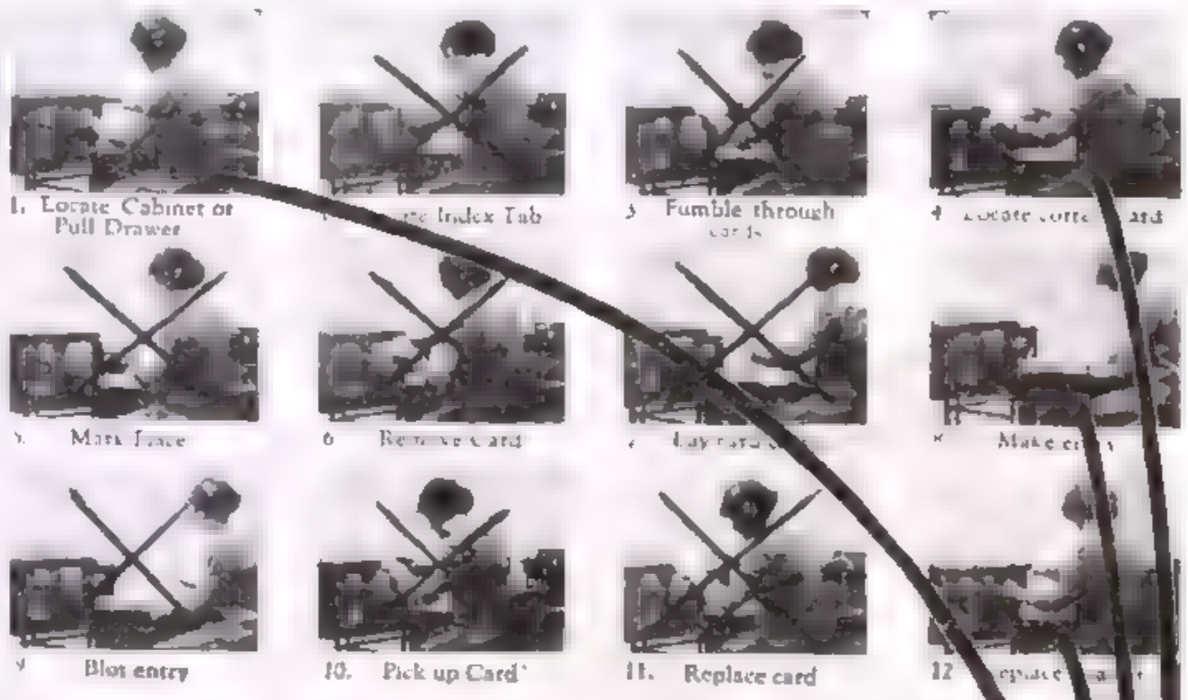

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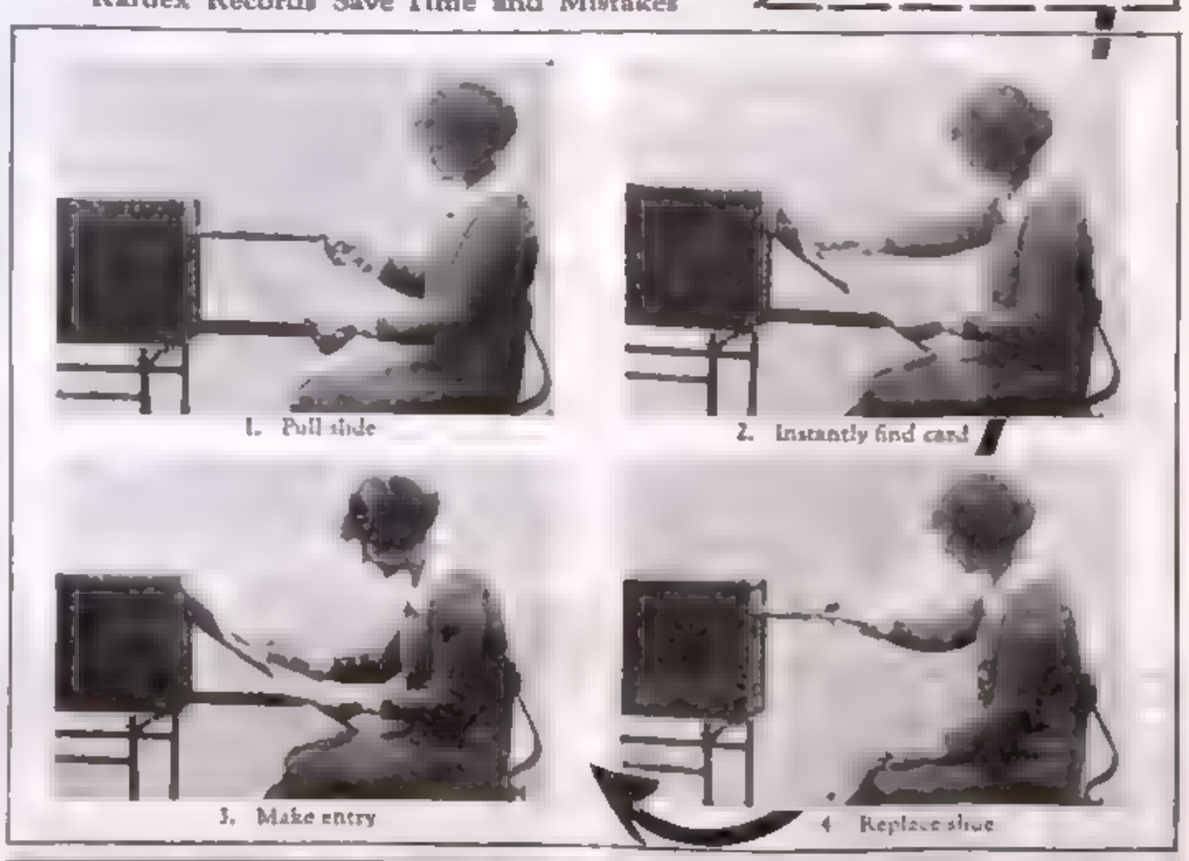

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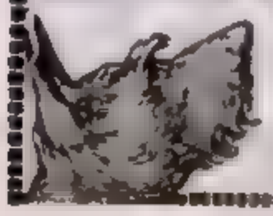

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stutters. It is a saying about the courts that one is as good as convicted who has the ill luck to draw Monsieur Georges Dufayel as his advocate. Still, if one is too poor to pay for a lawyer, one must take what he can get. That's philosophy, eh, old-timer?"

Papa Chibou groaned.

"Oh, wait till tomorrow," said the keeper gayly. "Then you'll have a real reason to groan."

"But surely I can see this Monsieur Dufayel."

"Oh, what's the use? You stole the dummy, didn't you? It will be there in court to appear against you. How entertaining! Witness for the prosecution: Monsieur Napoleon. You are plainly as guilty as Cain, old-timer, and the judges will boil your cabbage for you very quickly and neatly, I can promise you that. Well, see you tomorrow. Sleep well."

Papa Chibou did not sleep well. He did not sleep at all, in fact, and when they marched him into the inclosure where sat the other nondescript offenders against the law he was shaken and utterly wretched. He was overawed by the great court room and the thick atmosphere of seriousness that hung over it.

He did pluck up enough courage to ask a guard, "Where is my lawyer, Monsieur Dufayel?"

"Oh, he's late, as usual," replied the guard. And then, for he was a waggish fellow, he added, "If you're lucky he won't come at all."

Papa Chibou sank down on the prisoners' bench and raised his eyes to the tribunal opposite. His very marrow was chilled by the sight of The Terrible Trio. The chief judge, Bertouf, was a vast puff of a man, who swelled out of his judicial chair like a poisonous fungus. His black robe was familiar with spilled brandy, and his dirty judicial bib was askew. His face was bibulous and brutal, and he had the wattles of a turkey gobbler. Judge Goblin, on his right, looked to have mummified; he was at least a hundred years old and had wrinkled parchment skin and red-rimmed eyes that glittered like the eyes of a cobra. Judge Perouse was one vast jungle of tangled grizzled whisker, from the midst of which projected a cockatoo's beak of a nose; he looked at Papa Chibou and licked his lips with a long pink tongue. Papa Chibou all but fainted; he felt no bigger than a pea, and less important; as for his judges, they seemed enormous monsters.

The first case was called, a young swaggering fellow who had stolen an orange from a pushcart.

"Ah, Monsieur Thief," rumbled Judge Bertouf with a scowl, "you are jaunty now. Will you be so jaunty a year from today when you are released from prison? I rather think not. Next case."

Papa Chibou's heart pumped with difficulty. A year for an orange—and he had stolen a man! His eyes roved round the room and he saw two guards carrying in something which they stood before the judges. It was Napoleon.

A guard tapped Papa Chibou on the shoulder. "You're next," he said.

"But my lawyer, Monsieur Dufayel——" began Papa Chibou.

"You're in hard luck," said the guard, "for here he comes."

Papa Chibou in a daze found himself in the prisoner's dock. He saw coming toward him a pale young man. Papa Chibou recognized him at once. It was the slender, erect young man of the museum. He was not very erect now; he was listless. He did not recognize Papa Chibou; he barely glanced at him.

"You stole something," said the young lawyer, and his voice was toneless. "The stolen goods were found in your room. I think we might better plead guilty and get it over with."

"Yes, monsieur," said Papa Chibou, for he had let go all his hold on hope. "But attend a moment. I have something—a message for you."

Papa Chibou fumbled through his pockets and at last found the card of the American girl with the bright dark eyes. He handed it to Georges Dufayel.

"She left it with me to give to you," said Papa Chibou. "I was chief watchman at the Museum Pratoucy, you know. She came there night after night, to wait for you."

The young man gripped the sides of the card with both hands; his face, his eyes, everything about him seemed suddenly charged with new life.

"Ten thousand million devils!" he cried. "And I doubted her! I owe you much, monsieur. I owe you everything." He wrung Papa Chibou's hand.

Judge Bertouf gave an impatient judicial grunt.

"We are ready to hear your case, Advocate Dufayel," said the judge, "if you have one."

The court attendants sniggered.

"A little moment, monsieur the judge," said the lawyer. He turned to Papa Chibou. "Quick," he shot out, "tell me about the crime you are charged with. What did you steal?"

"Him," replied Papa Chibou, pointing.

"That dummy of Napoleon?"

Papa Chibou nodded.

"But why?"

Papa Chibou shrugged his shoulders.

"Monsieur could not understand."

"But you must tell me!" said the lawyer urgently. "I must make a plea for you. These savages will be severe enough, in any event; but I may be able to do something. Quick; why did you steal this Napoleon?"

"I was his friend," said Papa Chibou. "The museum failed. They were going to sell Napoleon for junk, Monsieur Dufayel. He was my friend. I could not desert him."

The eyes of the young advocate had caught fire; they were lit with a flash. He brought his fist down on the table.

"Enough!" he cried.

Then he rose in his place and addressed the court. His voice was low, vibrant and passionate; the judges, in spite of themselves, leaned forward to listen to him.

"May it please the honorable judges of this court of France," he began, "my client is guilty. Yes, I repeat in a voice of thunder, for all France to hear, for the enemies of France to hear, for the whole wide world to hear, he is guilty. He did steal this figure of Napoleon, the lawful property of another. I do not deny it. This old man, Jerome Chibou, is guilty, and I for one am proud of his guilt."

Judge Bertouf grunted.

"If your client is guilty, Advocate Dufayel," he said, "that settles it. Despite your pride in his guilt, which is a peculiar notion, I confess, I am going to sentence him to ——"

"But wait, your honor!" Dufayel's voice was compelling. "You must, you shall hear me! Before you pass sentence on this old man, let me ask you a question."

"Well?"

"Are you a Frenchman, Judge Bertouf?"

"But certainly."

"And you love France?"

"Monsieur has not the effrontery to suggest otherwise?"

"No. I was sure of it. That is why you will listen to me."

"I listen."

"I repeat then: Jerome Chibou is guilty. In the law's eyes he is a criminal. But in the eyes of France and those who love her his guilt is a glorious guilt; his guilt is more honorable than innocence itself."

The three judges looked at one another blankly; Papa Chibou regarded his lawyer with wide eyes; George Dufayel spoke on.

"These are times of turmoil and change in our country, messieurs the judges. Proud traditions which were once the birthright of every Frenchman have been allowed to decay. Enemies beset us within and without. Youth grows careless of that honor which is the soul of a nation. Youth forgets the priceless heritages of the ages, the great names that once brought glory to France in the past, when Frenchmen were Frenchmen. There are some in France who may have forgotten the respect due a nation's great"—here Advocate Dufayel looked very hard at the judges—"but there are a few patriots left who have not forgotten. And there sits one of them.

"This poor old man has deep within him a glowing devotion to France. You may say that he is a simple unlettered peasant. You may say that he is a thief. But I say, and true Frenchmen will say with me, that he is a patriot, messieurs the judges. He loves Napoleon. He loves him for what he did for France. He loves him because in Napoleon burned that spirit which has made France great. There was a time, messieurs the judges, when your fathers and mine dared share that love for a great leader. Need I remind you of the career of Napoleon? I know I need not. Need I tell you of his victories? I know I need not."

Nevertheless Advocate Dufayel did tell them of the career of Napoleon. With a wealth of detail and many gestures he traced the rise of Napoleon; he lingered over his battles; for an hour and ten minutes he spoke eloquently of Napoleon and his part in the history of France.

"You may have forgotten," he concluded, "and others may have forgotten, but this old man sitting here a prisoner—he did not forget. When mercenary scoundrels wanted to throw on the junk heap this effigy of one of France's greatest sons, who was it that saved him? Was it you, messieurs the judges? Was it I? Alas, no. It was a poor old man who loved Napoleon more than he loved himself. Consider, messieurs the judges; they were going to throw on the junk heap Napoleon—France's Napoleon—our Napoleon. Who would save him? Then up rose this man, this Jerome Chibou, whom you would brand as a thief, and he cried aloud for France and for the whole world to hear, 'Stop! Desecraters of Napoleon, stop! There still lives one Frenchman who loves the memories of his native land; there is still one patriot left. I, I, Jerome Chibou, will save Napoleon!' And he did save him, messieurs the judges."

Advocate Dufayel mopped his brow, and leveling an accusing finger at The Terrible Trio he said, "You may send Jerome Chibou to jail. But when you do, remember this: You are sending to jail the spirit of France. You may find Jerome Chibou guilty. But when you do, remember this: You are condemning a man for love of country, for love of France. Wherever true hearts beat in French bosoms, messieurs the judges, there will the crime of Jerome Chibou be understood, and there will the name of Jerome Chibou be honored. Put him in prison, messieurs the judges. Load his poor feeble old body with chains. And a nation will tear down the prison walls, break his chains, and pay homage to the man who loved Napoleon and France so much that he was willing to sacrifice himself on the altar of patriotism."

Advocate Dufayel sat down; Papa Chibou raised his eyes to the judges' bench. Judge Perouse was ostentatiously blowing his beak of a nose. Judge Goblin, who wore a Sedan ribbon in his buttonhole, was sniffing into his inkwell. And Chief Judge Bertouf was openly blubbering.

"Jerome Chibou, stand up." It was Chief Judge Bertouf who spoke, and his voice was thick with emotion.

Papa Chibou, quaking, stood up. A hand like a hand of pink bananas was thrust down at him.

"Jerome Chibou," said Chief Judge Bertouf, "I find you guilty. Your crime is patriotism in the first degree. I sentence you to freedom. Let me have the honor of shaking the hand of a true Frenchman."

"And I," said Judge Goblin, thrusting out a hand as dry as autumn leaves.

"And I also," said Judge Perouse, reaching out a hairy hand.

"And, furthermore," said Chief Judge Bertouf, "you shall continue to protect the Napoleon you saved. I subscribe a hundred francs to buy him for you."

"And I," said Judge Goblin.

"And I also," said Judge Perouse.

As they left the court room, Advocate Dufayel, Papa Chibou and Napoleon, Papa Chibou turned to his lawyer.

"I can never repay monsieur," he began.

"Nonsense!" said the lawyer.

"And would Monsieur Dufayel mind telling me again the last name of Napoleon?"

"Why, Bonaparte, of course. Surely you knew ——"

"Alas, no, Monsieur Dufayel. I am a man the most ignorant. I did not know that my friend had done such great things."

"You didn't? Then what in the name of heaven did you think Napoleon was?"

"A sort of murderer," said Papa Chibou humbly.

Out beyond the walls of Paris in a garden stands the villa of Georges Dufayel, who has become, everyone says, the most eloquent and successful young lawyer in the Paris courts. He lives there with his wife, who has bright dark eyes. To get to his house one must pass a tiny gatehouse, where lives a small old man with a prodigious walrus mustache. Visitors who peer into the gatehouse as they pass sometimes get a shock, for standing in one corner of its only room they see another small man, in uniform and a big hat. He never moves, but stands there by the window all day, one hand in the bosom of his coat, the other at his side, while his eyes look out over the garden. He is waiting for Papa Chibou to come home after his work among the asparagus beds to tell him the jokes and the news of the day.

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STUMBLING SAM

(Continued from Page 10)

in as one of the judges in a beauty contest at the Orpheon Canadien fair. Besides, I'd interviewed musical-comedy stars, society buds and divorce-court heroines, not to mention a lot of unknown beauties that I saw every day on my news-collecting route—such as zippy salesladies in the department stores, candy-counter clerks and belles of the shoe-factory stitching rooms.

But I will admit none of 'em had anything on this vision in white that I found sitting in a grimy chair talking to Poultney Dean there in the Star's editorial room. She was costumed simple enough, at that; and yet there was something about the plain white dress and the white sailor hat that was different from anything I'd ever seen—or maybe it was the way she wore 'em. Anyway, you sort of got the idea she had on just the right things and that they were the very best of the brand.

I don't deny taking a good long look at her, for from my desk at the second window I had a fair view; and if the local items didn't get clicked off the machine with the usual speed, it was her fault. The longer I looked the more good points I could size up. I could guess she must be rather a tall girl when she was standing, but her lines seemed to be just about perfect, from her slim ankles to her wonderful shoulders. Her coloring was a bit faint, but there was no doubt about its being all natural. You can't buy at any drug store one of those transparent complexions where the apple-blossom pink comes and goes as hers did while she was talking with Brother Poultney. And as for a classic profile—say, she had a cameo looking like something carved out of wood by an amateur. A regular patrician, I'd call her.

Come to find out, she was. Why not? She had a family tree rooted around Plymouth Rock; ancestors who had been colonial governors, minute men at Concord, witch burners, and early Abolitionists; she'd been brought up on Beacon Street; and she was just back from her fourth or fifth trip abroad. There are still a few like that in Boston, counting Brookline and the Newtons, and I'll bet she was the prize of the lot.

I was glad I'd taken a chance that morning on wearing the new spring suit—Oxford gray with an old-blue hair line in it—and a tie and socks to match. Even had a blue-bordered linen handkerchief with my monogram in one corner stuck jaunty in the breast-coat pocket. So I didn't try to hide myself behind anything as I faced her and lighted a fresh cork-tipped cigarette. Course she had let on not to notice me at first. But she would if I gave her time. And finally her eyes did wander over my way. Oh, yes. Not that I was crude enough to pull any rolling-orbs act at the first flash. Not with a girl of that class. Hardly. But there's no offense in throwing a little respectful admiration into a look, is there? I fancy I got it over, delicate and nifty. Naturally, though, she didn't appear to notice. In fact, she turns easy to Poultney Dean and continues her chat.

"Of course," she goes on, "if you're really interested in this sort of work, Poultney ——"

"I am," says he, tamping down his pipe with the end of a pencil.

"And if you can afford to lose a lot of money at it," says she, "then I suppose ——"

"But I mean to make money at it, Isabelle," insists Brother Poultney. "I must, in fact. I belong to the shirt-sleeve generation, you know. Oh, don't get that look in your eyes. Grandfather Dean began by sweeping out a bank."

"But this," protests sister, "seems so—so provincial. A shoe town, isn't it?"

"Ten thousand cases a week, if the figures on this board-of-trade calendar are to be trusted," says Poultney. "And perhaps you haven't heard the new city slogan—Millville Shoes the World. Nothing petty about that, is there? Why, I want to tell you, if we get hold of the South American trade, this town is going to ——"

But it was just then that Sam Blatt came crashing in with a set of proofs. You might know he wouldn't stop to notice who was sitting in the extra chair. He had his head down, as usual, and with that one-track mind of his all set on telling Mr Dean something or other he was right between them before anyone could shoo him off. Oh, yes! In about the same warm-weather rig. For though he no longer had to clean the rollers he could somehow manage to get himself smeared with ink, and his idea of a working outfit was to wear as little as possible above the waist.

Honest, I wouldn't have been surprised if Miss Dean had gone off in a faint. She did shrink back in her chair and open those fine eyes of hers a bit wider, but she didn't throw any real fit, although it's a safe bet she'd never been so near such a raw specimen in her whole life. So there must be something in this Puritan-blood idea.

As for Sam, from the minute he got sight of her until he backed out awkward, he didn't do a thing but gawp. Whatever it was he'd come in to say, he forgot it after one look at Isabelle Dean. Even when Poultney took the proofs out of his hand and asked him what about them he only mumbled something vague and started to exit, crabwise, but all the time he kept those little pig eyes fixed on the girl in white. Such a dumb, hungry stare, too; like a dog gazing through a butcher-shop window. No wonder Miss Dean watched him nervous until he was through the door. Then I heard her ask who he was.

"That?" says her brother. "Why, he is one of my valued assistants—Mr. Samuel Blatt. I didn't select him for his ornamental values. I can hardly claim to have discovered him, for it seems I acquired him when I bought the plant and good will. One of the fixtures, Sam is; lives on the place. I believe his boudoir is somewhere down off the pressroom."

"He looks it," says Miss Dean. "And if you don't mind my saying so, Poultney, I hope you encourage him to stay there as much as possible."

"Oh, Sam's all right," says Dean.

And half an hour later, when I had finished a few sticks of locals, I stepped over, waited polite for a moment, and then edged in with a "Pardon me," just to show her that some of us knew what was what. At that I don't believe I'd been introduced if I hadn't sort of hung around and called for it, but finally Dean comes out of his trance.

"Oh, yes!" says he. "Isabelle, this is Mr. Keedle, one of our reporters. Keedle—my sister, Miss Dean."

I said I was charmed to meet her, and this time I didn't skimp the look any. All I got, though, was a cool little nod, and while I had my hand halfway out she turns and tells Brother Poultney she must be going. Just like that. But then, after having Sam sprung on her as a sample of the help, what could you expect? Still, that cold-storage stuff didn't make a hit with me. It wouldn't have hurt her any to have acted as if I was almost human, would it?

So I wasn't in exactly a mushy mood when Sam comes to me, an hour or so after, and whispers husky over my shoulder:

"Say," he asks, "who—who is she, Chet?"

"Eh?" says I, pretending not to know who he meant.

"Why, you know," says he. "The one who was talking to Mr. Dean."

"Oh, her!" says I. "That's Sister Isabelle, just in from Cairo, Rome, Paris and Boston, Mass. Came to find out why Brother Poultney was smirching the family escutcheon by dipping his aristocratic fingers into a newspaper pastepot. She thinks Millville is too awful for words."

"How do you know?" demands Sam. "You—you didn't talk with her, did you?"

"Why not?" says I. "Wasn't I introduced? And you don't think I'd miss a trick like that, do you? Naturally I couldn't help kidding her along a little."

Actually those pig eyes of Sam's turned greenish as he stared at me, and they seemed to come closer together than ever. So I went on feeding him the josh.

"Maybe you didn't notice," says I, "that she's quite a zippy Jane—Isabelle."

"Didn't notice!" he gasps. "Why, I never saw anybody so so glorious. Like an angel, 'most."

That got a chuckle out of me. "Well, what do you know about that!" says I. "Old Stumbling Sam, who never was known to look sidewise at a skirt in his life, has to fall finally for a Beacon Street beaut. Say, that's a rich one!"

"But isn't she," insists Sam, "just the loveliest young lady you ever saw?"

"Oh, that's drawing it a bit strong, Sam," says I. "I'd have to think that over serious before I pinned the blue ribbon on her. Remember, I've seen a lot more of 'em than you ever dreamed about. Not that Isabelle isn't more or less easy on the eyes. But I never could get crazy over these frappé dames who wear their chins so high. Reminds me of a pink icicle, Isabelle does. Still, I might play around with her some if she stays on any time."

"You!" says Sam, fairly glaring at me. "Think she'd look twice at you?"

"I don't have to think, Sam, old top," says I. "I know. Just watch your Uncle Chester do his stuff. Why, if it hadn't been for the new boss sitting right there and cramping my style I'd have made a date with the fair Isabelle for this evening; and if she sticks around for a day or so—well, my specialty is warming up pink icicles, and I'll bet I could have this angelic Isabelle cuddled as close as ——"

Say, that's as far as I got when this poor prune was struck with a brainstorm. What do you suppose? Why, he lets out sort of a snarl, like a cur that's been kicked, and the next thing I know he has grabbed me around the neck with those big paws.

"You swine!" says he. "Take it back—every word!"

Course, with him shutting off my wind that way, I couldn't take anything back, even if I'd wanted to, which I didn't. Had me pinned in the chair, you understand, and all I could do was kick him in the shins. He didn't seem to mind that a bit, but goes on choking and shaking me and growling like a wild animal. If I hadn't managed to get my teeth into one of his wrists I expect I'd been strangled, but that broke his hold long enough for me to wriggle loose and grab up the wooden-bottomed chair. I swung it on his fool skull for all I was worth too. Didn't make much impression on the solid ivory, though. For a second he acted stunned, but before I could get through the door he was on me again with a flying leap. Down we went, rolling over and over on the office floor, with me kicking and scratching and biting, and him working for another grip on my windpipe. Strong! I never suspected that awkward boob was so well muscled. Those long arms of his felt like iron as he crushed 'em around my ribs. Another minute or so and he'd had his fingers on my throat again, when in came Poultney Dean and called him off.

"Sam! Sam!" he shouted. "Stop it! Get off that man. At once, I tell you!"

And even with Dean standing over him he loosened his grip reluctant. You can bet it was some relief, too, when he eased up and took his knees off my chest. I got up as soon as I could, but I was still panting and shaky. My collar and necktie had been ripped off, and one coat sleeve had been almost torn from the shoulder, and I was a mess generally. Besides, you don't know how foolish I felt, after getting the worst of a scrimmage with a mucker like that.

Poultney Dean waited until I got my breath back and then he asked, "Well, Keedle, what's this all about?"

"You keep your mouth shut!" warns Sam.

"That will do, Sam," says Dean. "Go on, Keedle. Let's have the tale."

"Why, blamed if I know just what started it," says I. "I was only having a little fun with Sam here, stringing him along about ——"

"Don't!" breaks in Sam.

Dean hushes him up, though, so I goes on. "All I remember," says I, "is that I was kidding him about some girl when he made a jump for me and tried to choke me to death."

"I see," says Dean. Then he turns to Sam and asks, "Well, how about it?"

"He he insulted someone that I—I ——" And then Sam couldn't finish. All he could do was stand there scraping his foot.

"Course," I breaks in, "I didn't mean it that way. I was just foolin'."

"Very well, then," says Dean. "That seems to establish a basis for a complete understanding. I am going up the street and shall be gone for half an hour. Meanwhile, Keedle, if you wish to make an apology to Sam, you will have the opportunity. If not ——" He hunched his shoulders and goes out.

Well, what could I do? I didn't want to mix it again with this human gorilla who was still glaring hostile at me, so I soothed him down the best I could. I'm some

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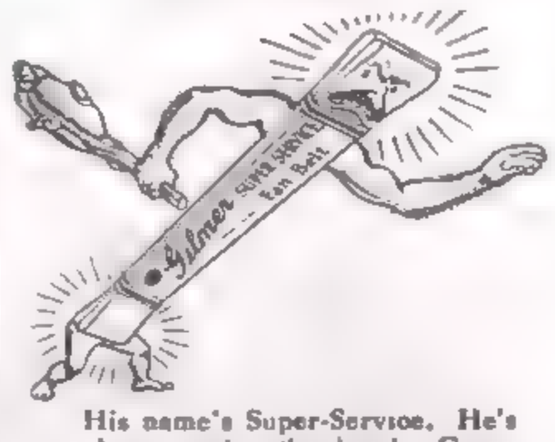

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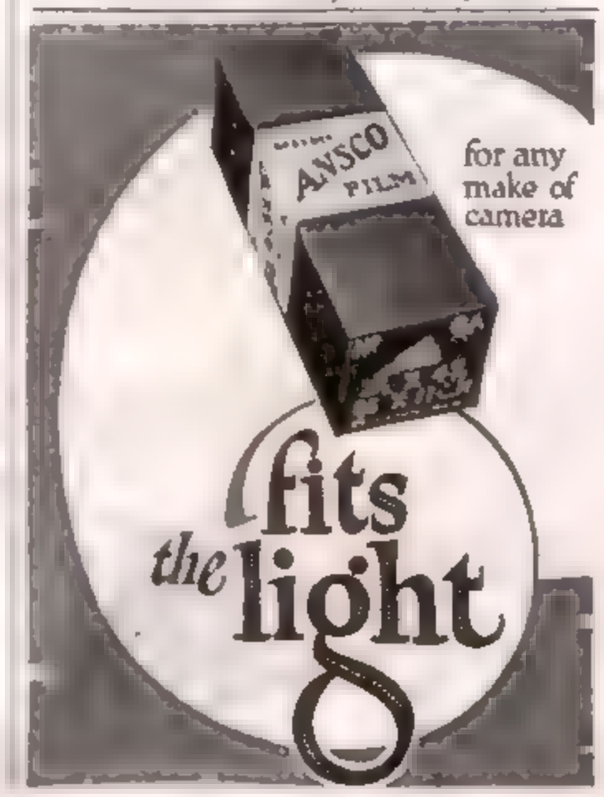

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shifty soother, too, but at that I nearly went raw in the throat trying to convince Sam that everything I'd said about Isabelle Dean was just in the way of josh. At last, though, he stops twitching his fingers, and his eyes get to look natural once more.

"I'm glad you didn't mean it, Chet," says he. "Don't try it on again, though, or I might not let anybody stop me next time. And don't ever mention this. Who it was about, I mean."

He wasn't even satisfied when I promised, but hunted up a Bible and made me swear with my hand on the Book. So you can judge what kind of a nut he was. Honest, during the half dozen times Isabelle Dean was in the office that next week or so, I hardly so much as dared look at her, for fear Sam would pop in and catch me at it.

■

THAT, I expect, was where Sam Blatt started to be somebody. It was only the next day, I remember, that he wins a big laugh by blooming out in a whole new regalia. Course it's only a ready-made blue serge, with the sleeves too short and the pants too long, and the coat collar sagging off at the back of his neck. Had a hard-boiled shirt, new yellow shoes and everything complete. You can imagine how they guyed him in the pressroom. I guess I was the only one, besides Poultney Dean, who didn't get off some comic crack or other. Probably that's why he comes to me for an O.K.

"Is it all right, Chet?" says he. "The get-up, you know."

"It's a knockout, Sam," says I. "That is, all but the necktie. They don't wear the button-on kind much now, and somehow that red-and-green combination doesn't jibe. How about a blue-and-white polka-dot bow tie?"

"I'll go down to Hirsch's and get one," says Sam, "but I doubt if I can hitch the thing on right."

Anyway, I don't believe Sam was ever seen again in undershirt and overalls. He had his bristly hair cropped short, except for a pompadour effect in front, and began keeping his neck and hands fairly clean. I think even Isabelle Dean must have noticed the change, for I saw her once eying him sort of amused. No wonder. Somehow Sam looked exactly as though he'd been dressed up for some event—picnic or a funeral or a county fair. His coat pinched him across the shoulders, his big hands dangled way below the shirt cuffs, and it wasn't long before he had the trousers bagged at the knees. Then, too, he insisted on wearing the whole outfit, including vest and coat, on the hottest days; and his original idea was that a collar ought to be good for at least a week.

He was coming along, though, in more ways than one. I knew he'd been handling most of the ads, and writing some of 'em evenings for storekeepers that had no knack in getting up their own. But I was a bit jarred when I found he'd been made assistant business manager, with a front-office desk.

"Say, Sam," I asked, "how did you happen to fall into that?"

"I dunno," says he. "Mr Dean's idea"

"Some jump!" says I. "And so long as he's picking favorites, I think I'll spring this idea of mine on him about making me city editor."

I did, too, and got Dean to say he'd think it over. But see what happens when you get the poor breaks at the wrong time. It was about then that I was getting tangled up with Rosie Callotte. Course I'd been playing around with half a dozen others. A fellow's apt to, you understand; and you can get away with it if you take care not to get your dates mixed or don't do it too open.

But she was born with her gray eyes wide open, Rosie. They're keen, these French-Canadian girls, take it from me. Nice lively little thing, and a swell looker. Public stenog at the Millville Inn, so you can guess she was no innocent kid. And maybe I had got in kind of deep with Rosie. But until we had our big row I had no notion how serious she was taking it. You see, Rosie calls me up at the office, which she wasn't supposed to do. Worst of it was, she rung up three times while I was out, and twice it was Dean that answered. When I finally did come in Sam tells me that a Miss Callotte wants to talk to me, and hanged if she don't start to give me a bawling out over the telephone, and me with a column of police-court stuff to hammer out.

"Now, listen, sister," says I. "Save that up until I got time to hear it. Well, tonight, right after seven o'clock. Yes, I'll be around."

So after supper I loads her on a trolley and we goes out to Sachem Lake and I hires a canoe and paddles out where she could jaw her head off if she wanted to. I figured that it wouldn't take me more'n half an hour to convince her that she'd made a big mistake in listing me as one of the marrying kind. Nothing doing, though. She carried on something fierce, first a sobbing fit, and then another spell of tongue lashing, while all the time I was trying to make her listen to reason. Hour after hour that went on, until I was near crazy. I know I thought once how easy it would be to have an accident out there, shout for help, and then swim ashore—alone. But I guess I didn't quite have the nerve.

Finally, though, she quiets down and turns sulky and says she's got to go home. You bet I was glad enough to take her there, for I'd sure had an earful. Also I'd missed being at an important city-council meeting I was supposed to be covering, and I knew I'd have to do some rustling in the morning before I could fake up a report. Wasn't it just my luck, too, on getting back to town, to hear at police headquarters that a big society scandal had broken during the evening, but it was too late then for me to get the details.

You might know, too, that Poultney Dean would be at his desk when I drifted in about 8:45 A.M. He's looking glum and opens up with a demand for both stories. Well, I stalled him off the best I could, and by ten o'clock I'd hashed up something or other, when Sam comes in and whispers that old man Louis Callotte was out front asking for me.

Well, if that wasn't a sweet mess, then I don't know one. First off, all I could think of was making a dash out the back door, but I had just sense enough to remember that I had hardly five dollars on me, which wouldn't take me very far. If I was to make a get-away I needed a little time. So I had to go out and face the old boy. I'll say he looked ugly, too, and I didn't fancy the way he kept his right hand clutching something in his coat pocket. It was a case of being backed up against the wall, and I did the only thing left for me to do. I told him I'd changed my mind, but that I needed twenty-four hours to get ready, and if he'd have Rosie and the priest at his house by eight the following night I'd be there and we'd take the 9:30 for Boston on our honeymoon. He didn't exactly beam with joy, but he swallowed it and went out.

You can imagine, though, that the old bean wasn't working any too well for the rest of the day, and it's no wonder I pulled a bone or so before we got the last edition off. If Dean had shown any sense he'd have seen how upset I was and made some allowances. But he keeps calling me down for this and that until finally I snaps something back at him. I must have made it sort of hot and crisp, for he stiffens up and gets red in the ears.

"That will be about all, Mr. Keedle," says he. "I think that we can struggle along without your services from now on. Just a moment. Here is an order for the usual two weeks' salary, which you will please present to Mr. Blatt at once. Good day."

I expect he thought he was slipping over something real cute and cutting, but I couldn't have asked anything better. That settled the whole problem. It was me for the wide jump. So I explained to Sam how I'd got a good offer from Springfield and was quitting the Star. He said that was too bad and I almost made a touch of twenty-five bucks off him. But not quite. Sam was getting to be known as the world's worst tightwad in those days and it would have taken more than a little auld-lang-syne stuff to have pried that much from him. But I did feed a tale of being in a hole to Chub Banks and two or three others, and I cashed a couple of checks that I knew wouldn't be sent in until next day, and after dark I jumped a trolley with my suitcase and caught the southbound express at Tinker's Junction.

Well, there's no use sketching in all the details of the rough times that followed. Everybody has 'em, I expect, and does their best to forget. I've wiped 'em off the slate. I wasn't but twenty-six then, and I didn't know my way around as I did later. I took the bumps that were coming to me, some that I suppose I'd earned and some that were just wished on me. Maybe

(Continued on Page 113)

Performance Counts!

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Continued from Page 110.

I did a lot of foolish things, too, and when I couldn't duck the consequences I paid up.

Anyway, I discovered that the newspaper game wasn't my long suit. I made two other stabs at it, and flivvered both times. But I never had what I call a fair show, or else I might have worked into something soft. As it was, I finally got dumped behind a hotel desk. It was only a third-rate seashore joint, where I had to sort the mail and prod up the bellhops and multigraph the menus and help with the books. They made me eat with the porter and chef and a lot like that, and I had to share a little cubby-hole up under the eaves with the night watchman. The season was half over when I was taken on, too, but I was glad to get the place.

I'm not so slow at sizing up jobs, either. Inside of a month I'd decided there wasn't much chance for you at the front of the house, even if you could get to be chief room clerk. No. Eight or ten hours on your feet and most of that time pacifying old ladies who didn't like their quarters, or grouchy men who thought they were being soaked or who wanted to register a kick on the breakfast eggs. Not for me, especially when I got wise to the pay.

And then I noticed that the boys who had the most ready money, who were the niftiest dressers, and who had more time off than anybody else, were the dining-room heads—the chief and his assistant. It was easy to figure out. They got the big tips. Why, I counted up that the row of window tables alone must bring in at least two hundred a season. Everybody wanted one, and only the guests who came across liberal got 'em. Course even the tables over in the dark corners were worth something, from two to five dollars for every party that checked out. It looked soft. Besides, I'd always kind of fancied myself the few times I'd hired an open-face outfit, and the idea of wearing one every night didn't seem so poisonous. I began playing up to the head waiter, always being particular to call him Mister Collins and personally taking in his letters as soon as the mail was sorted. I let him beat me at pool, passed on a few hunches about new guests that might be free spenders, and got solid with him in other ways. Before Labor Day we were fairly chummy, and when I found he'd signed up for the winter with a good house in Hartford I dropped a hint that I wouldn't mind working under him.

"What split would you want, Keedle?" says he.

"On tips?" says I. "Oh, whatever you say."

"For a new man I couldn't do better than three and one," says he.

"That's reasonable," says I.

"Then you're on," says he.

And that's how I landed in the middle aisle back of the double doors. Course, I wasn't long finding out that I hadn't been tossed into a feather bed. There's a lot more to being assistant head than just standing with your finger out and towing folks down the red carpet runner or bowing 'em out and hypnotizing 'em into slipping you a piece of kale. Collins was trying out a squad of Hungarian tray jugglers in the grill that winter, so as to make good for the Broadway prices on the card, and they sure were a trouble-making lot. How we ever got through without being knifed is more'n I can say. But I stuck it out, and let Collins get away with the big end, while I learned the game.

You do get to see a whole heap of people that way, especially at a good house where there are so many transients. Say, in one week there we had no less than three Millville guests, and not one of 'em seemed to recognize me. You know how it is with folks from these jay burgs; most of 'em don't dare look a head waiter square in the eye for fear it'll cost 'em a dollar or so.

VI

LET'S see, it must have been along towards the middle of May, for I know the steam had been shut off, and we'd had the French windows open, and the early automobile tourists had begun rolling in. Anyway, it was a soft balmy evening, with the grill well filled up and Collins saying maybe we'd have to open part of the main dining room if they kept coming, when I spotted a singleton parking his derby with the cloakroom girl, and stepped out with my finger up. Blamed if I hadn't piloted him clear to an end table and was snapping for one of the Huns before I noticed who it was

"Well, well!" says he. "This is what I call luck."

"Beg pardon, sir?" says I, and then nearly choked.

It was Sam Blatt. A neatly dressed, freshly shaved, prosperous-looking Sam too. They'd just begun wearing that white linen piping inside the waistcoat edges, and Sam was sporting one of the new models. Seems he'd found a tailor who could fit a coat to those wide shoulders of his, too, and his trousers had a sharp edge down the front.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Blatt," says I.

"Oh, come, Chet!" says he. "Lay off that mister stuff with me. Sam's plenty good enough. But tell me: What you doing here?"

"Just what you see," says I. "Assistant head. This all right, or shall I ——"

"I'll leave that to you, Chet," says he, "after I've told you just what I want. You see, there'll be a lady coming in pretty soon—someone I know. You do, too, by the way. Well, I want to fix it so she'll be near; maybe near enough to ask me to sit at the same table with her."

"I get you," says I. "A lovely lady, eh?"

"Isabelle Dean," says he.

Then he goes on to explain how she's down here for a wedding—some Hartford girl she got friendly with in Rome or Paris. He'd heard about the trip through Poultney Dean, so he'd faked up a business date and chased down too.

"Listens serious, Sam," says I.

"It is—to me," says he. "The most important thing in my life. You can understand, Chet, for you've had an affair of that kind. I thought I'd get over it after she left Millville that time. But I didn't. Oh, I know it must seem to you like I had a lot of nerve, and probably it's the most hopeless thing I ever tackled. But I just can't keep myself from thinking about her, and every time I've seen her since, she's looked lovelier than ever, and I—I've been getting worse. Everywhere I look I can see Isabelle Dean. Don't grin, Chet. I mean to get her if I can."

"Well, what are the chances?" I asks, humoring him.

"I don't dare think," says he. "She's been going around a lot with a man of her own set. Pinney Ames. Maybe you've heard of him. He's quite a prominent sport; sails a yacht, plays pony polo, and all that. I don't know but they're as good as engaged. I hope not. From all I hear, he isn't half good enough for her. Drinks hard and gambles heavy. Going the pace, you know. But he's a handsome beast, they say, and of course he has all the parlor tricks. Sees her right along, too, while I—just glimpses now and then, when she throws me a nod or a kind smile. Maddening to be handicapped like that, Chet. I got to have my chance. So I made this one. I must see her and have a talk. That is, if it can be managed; and it seems to me that if anyone could ——"

He was fishing a roll of bills from his pocket when I broke in. "Put it up, Sam," says I. "This is for old-time's sake. I'll stage it for you the best I can. Here! I got a couple of double seaters that I've been holding out back near the goldfish fountain. I'll plant you in one of those."

And a few minutes later, when she did show up, I had to admit that Sam was right about her being more stunning than ever. But maybe it was only the black velvet dress that set her off so well, with those white shoulders and her round white neck lifting out of it as proud and graceful as—well, like a calla lily or something of that sort. She has her chin well up, as usual, and those fine brave eyes looking straight ahead. No dodging 'em for me.

"I've seen you somewhere before, haven't I?" she asks. "Oh, I know! In Millville."

"Yes, Miss Dean," says I. "Alone? I've got just the table. That is, unless you mind being so near Mr. Blatt."

"Who?" says she. Then she sees him. "Oh! Stumbling Sam, Poultney's new business manager, who is such a marvel. By all means. Perhaps he would join me."

Sam was already on his feet, his homely face one broad smile, and in no time at all they were sitting on opposite sides of the little table. I'd given a lot if I could have stuck around and listened in on some of Sam's opening stuff, for he was so nervous and fussed he could hardly give his order. But the dinner rush was on and all I could get was a glimpse of them now and then.

Anyway, he was getting his wish whether it was doing him any good or not. I'll say

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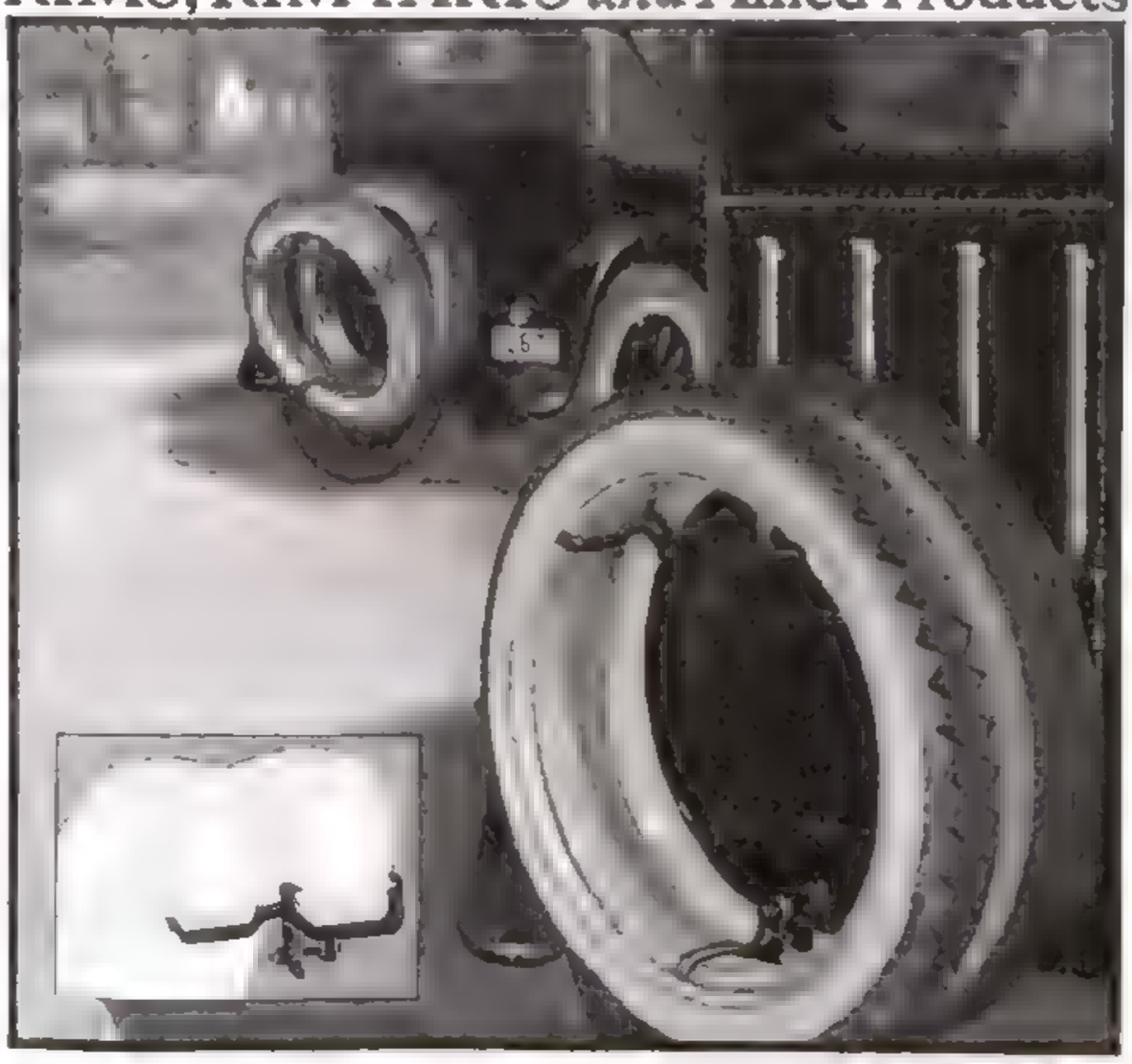

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he showed a lot of crust in being there at all. It was some lucky break for him too. Most likely Dean had just happened to mention about his sister coming to Hartford, and Sam had worked up the courage to follow the hunch. Things were always breaking that way for him, though. Horseshoes all over him—except occasionally.

They'd finished their demi-tasses when Sam beckoned me. "I say," he asks over his shoulder, "isn't there some place where—that door, now? What does that lead to?"

I noticed the unlighted cigarette in Miss Dean's fingers and nodded. "Perfectly all right here," says I. "Or out there, if you like. Little balcony overlooking the park."

"Good!" says Sam, and after he's spoken to Isabelle Dean I opens the door to let 'em out, being careful not to shut it more'n halfway as there was a spring catch on it.

The grill's on the second floor, you know, but really three stories above the sidewalk, and you can get quite a view of the city from this dinky balcony, yet it's so far up nobody below would notice you. Just the place for a twosing bee if you had the right couple. But Isabelle Dean and Sam Blatt! Say, that was too foolish.

I was pretty busy for the next ten minutes, or it might have been twice that long. Two more carloads of delayed motorists had blown in and we had to set up a big table for 'em. I'd got 'em seated, I know, and was jacking up a bus boy to shoot around the ice water and butter pats, when all of a sudden this scream is let loose.

I placed it at once. It came from the balcony. Well, what was I to do? I knew who was out there, but I didn't know what had happened. Course if it came again I'd have to go see, but unless it did —— No use, though. Half the guests in the room had heard. So had Collins, and he was padding down the aisle towards me.

"Who's out on that balcony?" he demanded.

"A couple," says I. "Lady wanted to smoke."

"Something's wrong, though," says he. "You heard that yell?"

I nodded.

"Huh!" says Collins. "We'd better have Dan handle this. He's in the lobby. I'll get him."

And in another minute he was back with the house detective. I didn't want to get mixed up in anything exactly, but I did want to know what had happened, so after they'd crowded through the door I trailed along and got near enough to hear Isabelle Dean's nervous little laugh as she gave 'em her story.

"It was silly of me, I know," says she, "but I was startled. For a moment I thought Mr. Blatt was going to lose his balance and fall over. He tripped on that loose floor board. It ought to be nailed down. But it's all over now, thank you; and we'll be going in."

"Funny," says Collins to me afterwards. "She didn't look like one of the panicky kind."

"That's so," I agrees.

I couldn't make it out, either, and I kept puzzling over it all the rest of the evening. I expect I'd be still wondering if I hadn't switched my usual route to the rooming house that night by taking a short cut across the little park and almost bumped into Sam Blatt pacing restless up and down.

He acted almost scared at first, but when he saw who it was he seemed tickled pink to see me again.

"Cripes, Chet, but I'm glad it's you!" says he. "I thought for a minute maybe she'd sent —— But long's it's only you it's all right. Say, let's find a bench somewhere. I been walking around for hours. Got something I want to ask you, old man."

"There's something for you to tell me first, Sam," says I. "What got that scream out of Isabelle Dean?"

"I'm coming to that," says he. "But it's going to be mighty hard for me to tell it, Chet, so don't get sore if I do it my own way. And if you hadn't known so much before, nothing could drag a word of it out of me. You'll believe that, won't you?"

"Go on, spill it," says I, camping down on a green bench and lighting a cigarette.

For a second or so he sits there humped over, with his chin in his hands, and only lets out a groan or two. Then he begins on his yarn, slow and jerky.

"Honest, Chet," says he, "I only meant to talk to her a little while. I wanted to find out if I stood any show at all. Course I knew I didn't. But I couldn't give up until I'd heard it from her. I couldn't. I didn't see any harm in asking her, even if she is who she is, and I'm what I am. She could laugh it off, or tell me flat I hadn't a chance in the world, or anything. But I had to know. I'd thought it all out how I would put it, just as I think out the ads before I write 'em. At night, you know. Only I'd been over this every night for a week, until I had it plain and simple and straight from the shoulder. No, that isn't right. Straight from the heart, for I was going to let my heart talk for me. Nobody should take offense at talk like that; should they, Chet?"

"Well, it depends," says I, stalling.

"But you've had experience, Chet," he insists. "That's why I felt I wanted to ask you about it."

"Well, you fed it to her, did you?" says I.

"I started to," says Sam. "She begun talking about what a fine night it was, and how nice the city looked from there, but I crashed right in and told her I knew she was the most glorious woman in the world and I was about the poorest specimen of a man she'd ever met, but that I just wanted her to know I couldn't help loving her with every breath I drew and—well, and all the rest of it."

"You did!" says I. "Say, you didn't put it strong, eh? What did she do?"

"Why," goes on Sam, "she didn't seem scared. I expect she's heard stuff like that before, from foreigners and others. Must have. And for a while she just stood there and listened quiet, smiling kind of amused, as if I was a child prattling, or a pet dog wagging his tail. That didn't stop me though, Chet. I'm not that kind. It hurt, but I went ahead and told her how I felt the first time I saw her, and how much I'd been thinking of her ever since, and how it was for her I'd started in to make something of myself, and meant to keep on until I got where maybe she could notice me a little. And do you know, Chet, that smile of hers kind of softened up, and her eyes—well, I can't say just what happened to her eyes, but they were different, somehow; and I was looking straight into them, from not more'n a couple of feet away; and I could see the pink coming and going in her cheeks; and oh, that's where I went plumb off my head."

"Eh?" says I.

"As I live, Chet," says he, "I had no thought of doing what I did. I had never even dared dream of such a thing. But before I knew it—I was holding her in my arms—tight. I—I kissed her."

"Z-z-zowie!" says I. "Right off the bat! Cave-man stuff, eh? Well, what then?"

"You heard," says Sam. "She screamed and beat me in the face with her fists, and then I came out of it and let her go. Then those men rushed out and I thought everything was over. I expected to go to jail. I wouldn't have cared, either, for I felt I'd done something that hanging would be too good for. But she had pity on me, I suppose. She lied splendidly about it, and so nothing happened. She even let me go with her as far as the elevator, and said 'Good night.' Course she did give me one last look that I shall remember for a while. Frosty as a winter night. But that's all. And I was such a beast to grab her that way. She'll never forgive me, and I can never forgive myself. Now I ought to do something, but I can't think what. Chet, what should I do?"

"Why, beat it back to Millville, resign, and clear out before Brother Poultney hears of it," I advises him. "He'd be apt to make it rather messy for you, wouldn't he?"

"I don't know," says Sam. "I'd be almost glad if he did. I deserve it. If—if I thought she meant to tell him I'd go straight to Dean and tell him myself—first. But I'm not sure she wants him to know. She wouldn't tell those men. So I don't know what to do."

"In that case," says I, "I'd go to bed and get some sleep."

"Sleep!" says Sam, staring at me.

"Uh-huh," says I. "Maybe in the morning the case will look less desperate. That's usually the way. And I must say, Sam, that while you're some rapid Romeo in the first heat, I doubt if you'll ever make the grade. Seem to lack staying qualities."

"If you mean I've given her up," says Sam, "you're wrong."

VII

IT'S odd, though, what a touch-and-go life most of us lead; and while the world may be as small as a lot of people claim, it's

(Continued on Page 117)

Sunburn Hurts! Unguentine Heals!

UN-GWEN-TEEN

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Sunburn makes millions of us fellow-sufferers. But ask among your friends and you will find some for whom sunburn has lost its terrors.

They have found Unguentine.

Sunburn is just a burn.

Unguentine has been "the first thought in burns" for over a generation.

One application and soon the hot, throbbing pain begins to die away. Unguentine's healing work has begun. Still better, put it on as soon as you notice the burn and you'll have little or no pain.

Again Unguentine has proved itself "a friend in need."

Each succeeding year Unguentine has been relieving and healing more burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, windburn, sunburn, chafing and surface irritations than the year before. The recommendation of its friends has spread its use.

For its purposes Unguentine is unsurpassed.

To keep a tube on hand is wisdom.

Get it at your druggist's—he knows what Unguentine will do.

•

To relieve and to heal

BURNS • CUTS • BRUISES • CHAFED SKIN
POISON IVY • INSECT BITES

For these—Unguentine

Price thirty-five cents

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY

LABORATORIES—NORWICH, NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY CHICAGO KANSAS CITY

—OTHER NORWICH FRIENDS IN NEED

Norwich

Norwich Milk of Magnesia — *Agreeable and effective, especially for children. Also useful for acidity of stomach and mouth*

Norwich Dental Cream — *Pleasant, antiseptic, and thoroughly cleansing. Preserves and beautifies the teeth.*

Norwich Zinc Stearate — *Not affected by moisture or perspiration. Prevents chafing and irritation. Especially suited for infants*

Norwich Nor-Co-Hol — *Arnica in alcohol to relieve muscular soreness. Particularly good for use in the sick room.*

WHAT "Norwich" MEANS—

FOR more than a third of a century the Norwich Pharmacal Laboratories have produced and originated the highest quality pharmaceuticals. These have been placed at the service of the medical profession, dispensing pharmacists, and the public.

The name "NORWICH" on a pharmaceutical preparation stands for purity of ingredients and extreme accuracy in control of preparation.

THE SMART VEE WEAVE OF BURSON

MANY stockings are now made with mock seams to imitate the real seams of full-fashioned hosiery. This is confusing to those who want shaped stockings. To be absolutely sure of fashioned hose, buy "Burson."

This ticket (in red) on the hem of every pair

Individuality

BURSON Hosiery possesses that distinctiveness and individuality of style which attract the attention of discriminating women.

This rare quality is found in Burson Hose because of the patented *Vee Weave*—a weave of refined niceness that reflects the better taste—a weave that follows faithfully every curve of the foot, ankle, and leg, giving the smartest fashioned fit. The *Vee Weave* eliminates foot discomforts by having no seams in either sole or toe. It retains its fashioned shape after continued laundering, and because of perfect smoothness permits the wearing of snug shoes with greater ease.

The close-up picture shows the *Vee Weave* with its smart, converging lines of knitting. From toe to top the needles mould nature's beautiful contour into the fabric with accurate precision.

Burson Hose, fashioned by this improved method, without seam and without wrinkle, combine trig smartness with gracious comfort. They offer that quality which cannot be imitated—individuality.

BURSON KNITTING COMPANY
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

Made in Cotton, Lisle, Mercerized & Silk

(Continued from Page 114)

sure big enough for some of us to do a lot of rattling around without bumping. Only now and then you get jostled into a corner somewhere with a little crowd of folks that you see day after day, month in and month out, until you know 'em as well as you do the back of your hand. Some you like fairly well, and some you hate cordial, and others you just get sick of the sight of. Then something happens that shunts you out of the particular spot where you've been so long, perhaps for no more'n a couple of hundred miles, but it may be years before you see any of the old bunch again.

That's the way it was with Sam Blatt and me. True, I might have stopped off at Millville half a dozen times and looked up the old crowd if I'd been crazy about such reunions. Why not? Rosie? Oh, she married someone, I heard, not so long after I left.

A young fellow who was clerk in a drug store, I believe; and old man Callotte got checked out with the flu that next winter. And I could easy have squared the few loans I'd made when I did my quick getaway. But I doubt if Millville would have declared an old-home week for me, so I just naturally cut it out of my routing.

Besides, I was on the move a good deal, and making only the big towns. You do in the hotel business, unless you're a fourth-rater, or get in a rut. I didn't stick in Hartford. Could have if I'd wanted to, for the house manager would have kept me on for the summer as chief; but Collins had signed up with a high-class mountain hotel, and as he offered me a better split I went along with him. Then we got next to a winter snap—east coast of Florida—and for two or three years there we had things pretty soft, with a month's swing or so every spring and fall. Might have been working the same combination yet, I expect, if we hadn't had that bust-up over Tessie.

Let's not go into that, though. Wouldn't sound nice. But honest, I didn't do all the double-crossing that Collins laid up against me, as he might have guessed if he hadn't been so completely bunked by that baby stare of hers. She had blue eyes and bobbed red hair, and she was as shifty a little vamp as ever worked behind a news and candy counter in a lobby. Looked like a bad mix-up for a while, with Collins raving around with a gun, but thanks to some quick moves of Tessie's we ducked without any actual shooting and hopped a northbound express. That was when I made my biggest boob play, by insisting on hunting up a justice of the peace at the first stop and making her Mrs. Chester Keedle. For I had a nutty idea she'd steady down with a plain gold band on her finger. Huh! Tessie! I don't know where she is now and don't care.

But by that time I knew the hotel game well enough to break in anywhere, and after I heard Tessie had left for Bar Harbor I grabbed off a job in Asheville and gradually worked out to the Coast. So it's no wonder I got out of touch with things in the pie belt. It was only by picking up an old copy of the Boston Transcript that I ran across this item about Isabelle Dean's engagement to Pinney Ames. In Los Angeles, that was, and I read it with a chuckle. So Sam had lost out, after all! Bound to, of course. Why, he never stood one-two-sixteen.

Then a few years slid along, with nothing much happening, except that I drifted East again, and one day in Atlantic City who should breeze in, with a delegate's badge pinned below the breast pocket of his pongee silk coat, but Sam Blatt. I can't say he was any nearer to being handsome than in the old Millville days, but he was smoothed down a lot. He was a bit thicker through the waist, and more important and substantial looking. Also he seemed chestier and more cocksure than ever. You could tell that just by the way he brushed past some waiting tourists and made straight for me.

"Well, what do you know?" he sings out as he spots me. "If it isn't old Chet himself! How about that corner table for my committee, Chet? Set her up for six and see if you can't pinch a tall vase of flowers for the middle. We'll have to have a little private powwow afterwards, eh?"

We did, out on the boardwalk right after luncheon.

"The old town?" says Sam. "Why, I haven't been in Millville for years; not since I branched out in the ad-writing business. Boston for a while, then to New York. Sure! That's where all the big stuff is handled, and it wasn't until I got there that I begun to hit 'em on the nose. Know what I started in on? Say, you'll grin when I tell you. Grinding out these cut-the-coupon-send-no-money wheezes, that must have been first used when Babylon started hogging the Near East market. I guess I must have done it different, or something, for they jumped me to doing page ads for their million-dollar-contract clients, and then somebody discovered I was a slogan specialist. Uh-huh! If they wanted to put over a new toilet soap or a nonskid tire or a vacuum cleaner, they sent for me; and I'd knock out something zippy that they could blow in the bottle or weave into the selvage or paint across acres of billboards. Did that until I got wise that somebody else was skimming off the cream of the commissions, and just naturally got together my own organization. It's simple, Chet, when you get the knack."

"And stumble into Easy Street, eh?" says I.

"Well," says he, "you have to be in the neighborhood, at that. And nobody's going to push you in."

"How did Dean ever make out with the Star?" I asked.

"Then you didn't hear?" says Sam. "Say, he was a regular feller, Poultney Dean! He'd have had a good paying property there in another year or so, too, if he hadn't been bumped off so sudden. Just a case of hard luck too. Automobile accident. Dean was coming back from Boston, down the Andover pike, not speeding or anything, when a kid wandered out from where a family party was holding a guessing bee on a balky flivver. Square in front of Dean, so it was either hit the youngster or take the ditch. And you can guess which Poultney Dean would choose. It was all over with him in a second. Some local people chipped in and bought the paper, I understand, with young Biggers as the chief stockholder. I shouldn't wonder but what I bought that sheet myself sometime, and had it run just as Dean wanted to run it, as sort of a memorial to him. I'd like to do something of the kind, for I'll never forget what he did for me."

"That's so," says I. "But Sister Isabelle didn't treat you quite so well, did she; eh, Sam?"

He flushed up at that and stared hard at me out of his narrow-set eyes. "How do you mean?" he asks.

"Why, married the other fellow, didn't she?" says I.

For a minute Sam kept up that stare, then he turned and glanced over the rail and out to sea. "Up to yesterday," says he, "she hadn't."

"But I read where they were engaged and all," says I.

"Yes," says he; "it was announced at one time. But it seems that Pinney celebrated a little too enthusiastic; not the engagement, but winning a polo match or something; and was careless enough to stage his souse at a Beverly Farms house party where Miss Dean was a guest. Quite a squad of Pinney's sporty friends were on hand to speed things along, and from all accounts it was some orgy. Even got in the papers. So Miss Dean called it off. Course Pinney did a come-back, went on the wagon for a whole year, and finally got on a friendly footing once more. They were due to be week-ending at the same place, up in the Berkshires, beginning yesterday. So I suppose they're together."

"Tough luck, Sam!" says I. "This time he'll probably watch his step, eh?"

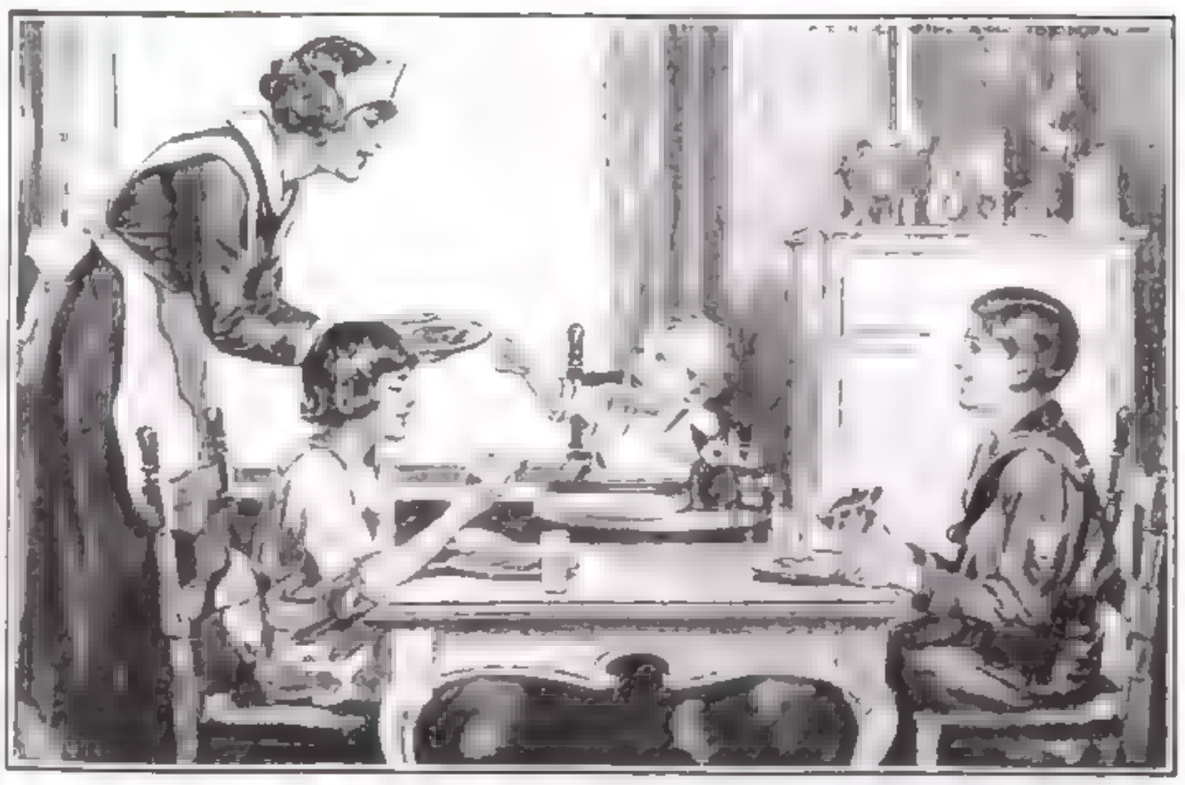
"He'd better," says Sam. "For he isn't going to have things all his own way, as he did before. I'm going to be in on that week-end thing too."

"You are?" says I. "You!"

"What's wrong with the picture, Chet?" he demands. "Isn't it one of my best clients who's giving the party? I'm motoring up tomorrow, just as soon as I can wind up with this fool convention. I may come back licked, but it won't be because I've stood around and done the gawp act."

"Good boy, Sam!" says I. "I'd almost place a bet on you."

With the odds right, I might have, too; say a thousand-to-one shot. For honest, I couldn't feature Sam Blatt actually winning out with a girl like Isabelle Dean, who'd had, as you might say, the pick of the best. He might kid himself into thinking he stood some show, for he had an active ego that was equal to almost anything, and it had been growing on him these past few years. Then there was that bullheaded



CHILDREN
inspired those 43,040 mothers

WHAT did they seek—the 43,040 housewives who helped us to create Bond Bread?

A few of them sought freedom from home baking; but most of them were eager to secure a better loaf for their children than had ever before been baked.

They wanted flavor. Bond Bread tastes so good that it tempts the children to eat more of this most wholesome food.

They wanted purity. Every housewife who sent us a loaf insisted on pure, fresh ingredients. We have therefore put on every loaf a Bond that warrants the purity of the materials from which it is made.

Buy a loaf of Bond Bread to-day, and notice this Bond, printed in green on the wrapper.

Bond Bread

INGREDIENTS GUARANTEED

Know all men by these Presents that
GENERAL BAKING COMPANY
is held and firmly bound unto the Purchaser of this Loaf of
Bond Bread
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
and hereby warrants that the loaf of Bread contained within this Germ-Proof and Dust-Proof Wrapper is made from the following Pure Food Materials, and no other ingredients of any kind
Best Wheat Flour, Compressed Yeast, Pure Filtered Water, Best Fine Salt, Pure Lard, Granulated Sugar and Condensed Milk
GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

THIS BOND, printed on each wrapper, guarantees each ingredient and identifies the loaf as the product of the General Baking Company. From this Bond, and all that it implies, Bond Bread gets its name

COPYRIGHT 1923
GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

habit he had of sticking to a thing, even when it seemed hopeless; not to mention his streak of blundering luck that had brought him so many things he wanted. But drawing down a matrimonial prize such as this high-stepping patrician beauty—that was something else again.

Still, as a sporting proposition I was just enough interested in Sam's long-distance romance to keep it in mind for days after; wondering, if he actually did get her to listen to him again, whether she gave him the cold turn-down or eased him out of the scene gentle. Either way, it was bound to be a hard wallop for Sam to stand up under, for he'd chucked about all he had on this one roll of the wheel. All he'd done for himself had been mainly on her account. He'd as good as told me that. And when he found out that, in spite of everything, his luck included, he'd lost—well, how was he taking it?

It isn't often I get as curious as that about other people's affairs. Generally I have enough troubles of my own to keep me busy. But about ten days later, when I had to run up to town to see a manager about a winter-resort engagement I'd been dickering for, I had a hunch it would be kind of interesting to drop in on Sam and hear what he had to say, if anything. I thought it would be easy enough to locate him in the phone directory, but though there were more Blatts than I'd suspected—druggist Blatts, tailor Blatts, hardware Blatts, and so on—only one was in the advertising business, and he was listed as S. Armstrong Blatt. That's how I came near not taking a chance. But I jotted down the Broadway address and finally, with a couple of hours to kill before train time, I looked up the number.

And say, the minute I stepped out of the elevator on the nineteenth floor and saw Blatt Advertising Agency lettered across a dozen doors, I knew Sam hadn't told me the half of it.

As I got inside and got a view of that roomful of lady typists, and glanced into offices beyond, where whole rows of men were sitting at desks, and after I'd sized up long lanes of steel filing cases, I wondered if, after all, I hadn't better back out. But the perky little blonde at the information desk was already asking me who and what. And when I told her it was Mr. Keedle to see Mr. Blatt she wants to know if I have an appointment.

"Sorry," says she, "but he's in conference. I can call his secretary and see if he has anything open for next week."

"Don't bother," says I. "No, no message. Nothing important."

I was just turning to go when a door at the left opens and out strolls Sam himself. Course he spots me, and the next thing I know I've been towed into a private office half the size of a good dining room, with a glass-topped mahogany desk, a whale of a Chinese rug on the floor, and more fancy fittings—such as dictating machines, batteries of pearl push buttons, silver inkwells and the like—than I'd ever seen in one collection before.

As for Sam, he's dolled up almost as if he was on his way to a tea dance, with a white carnation in his buttonhole, and he's fairly beaming.

"Strikes me you're putting on a lot of dog for the ad business, Sam," says I.

"Got to dress the front window, you know, Chet," says he; "show the mark of quality, and all that. Goes big with general managers and first vice presidents when they come to sign contracts. Well, how's the autocrat of the dinner table coming on?"

"Oh, I can't complain," says I. "Just signed on for a season at White Sulphur. And you, Sam? Let's see, the last I knew you were going to spring something at a week-end party."

"Absolutely!" says he. "You hadn't heard? Say, I thought I was a good publicity man too! Why, Chet, I've been spreading the news ever since, to the best of my poor ability. I've done about everything except buy newspaper space and announce it in display type. I believe I'd even gone that far if I hadn't thought it would have crabbed the act. You know how Isabelle would feel about anything like that."

Then he had me gawping. "You—you don't mean," I gasps "that you turned the trick!"

"Sure as shooting, Chet," says he. "Congratulate me, old man. Pat me on the back. Dig me in the ribs. I'll stand for anything. In fact, I can't get enough of it. See all those flowers? Tributes from the girls out there. They all know about it. Why, even the elevator men grin at me, and accept my cigars. For I've got her, Chet; honest, I've got her."

"But—but how'd you pull it off, Sam?" I asked.

"Don't ask me," says he. "I don't know; never shall know. Stumbled in at the right time, I expect. Anyway, I went at it strong, just as if I was cinching a big contract. Happened an hour after I landed there. I found her alone, on one of the garden terraces, and waded right in with my spiel. I was sure I could keep my head this time. But it's no use, Chet. When I get near her I—well, you remember that break I made on the little balcony in Hartford? Just the same! I couldn't any more help it than I could stop breathing. But the second time—say, Chet, I just couldn't believe it was so, even when I had her there in my arms and she smiled up at me. And as for why she should ——"

"Maybe," I breaks in, "she'd decided that the only way to cure you of that grabbing habit was to marry you. When is the big event billed for?"

"Fifteenth of next month," says Sam. "Just got my steamer reservations for the grand tour. I've never even been across, you know. Been saving that up on the chance that when I did go it would be with Isabelle. Looked like a long shot a few years back, eh?"

I grinned and nodded. I couldn't help thinking of Sam in that first blue serge suit with the yawning coat collar and the yellow shoes.

VIII

WELL, those are some of the chinks in Sam's career that he didn't fill in when a lot of the big advertising men got together and gave this anniversary banquet for him the other day. Course they might have done it handier right in New York, instead of coming way down here to Pinecrest Inn; but you don't catch those birds missing a chance to hike off for a few days with their golf clubs. It seems that Sam has taken up the game too. Oh, yes! Had those piano legs of his draped in plaid knickers and Scotch socks that you could have played checkers on, and, from what I overheard, I judge that he can swat the pill as far as any of 'em. He would, if it was something he wanted to do, you bet. Might be awkward about it, and not play according to any known system, but that wouldn't show in the score. I noticed that when they were settling up across the luncheon table most of 'em shoved money at Sam.

Yet all he had to say in that banquet talk of his was that he'd simply gone after what he wanted, and had put his back and shoulders and head into the thing. Sounds simple enough, to hear him state it, and it's more or less convincing coming from a man who's won out. But haven't I gone after things too? And I've missed. Why? That's what bothers me.

The way I dope it out, though—you've got to start with the right line. Sam did, but that was because he stumbled into it and never switched. And he got the good breaks. Now he's S. Armstrong Blatt, a topnotcher in one of the easy-money games; while I'm only Chet Keedle, that stands ready to pull out his chair. Was it all in the way we played our hands, or wasn't it something the way the cards were dealt? I ask you.

Your Transportation and ATLAS

TODAY'S transportation owes much of its speed, much of its safety, much of its economy to Portland Cement. It has built the retaining walls for the road beds of our great railroads, the bridges that lift them across rivers and canyons, the tunnels and elevated ways that carry them to our cities' centers, the locks of our canals, the permanent highways of our land, linking town and country. The expense of such construction without Portland Cement would be practically prohibitive.

Atlas is cheap. General Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal, the greatest constructional operation this world has known, emphasized this when he said: "I can think of no other product the result of a complete manufacturing process, that sells at so low a price."

And this in spite of its intricate process of manufacture, 85 operations in all. Enormous production is a factor in this low price. From the Atlas Mills, it is not unusual to ship 300 carloads, about 11,000 tons, in a single day. Atlas quality throughout its thirty years of manufacture has been summed up in the phrase, "the Standard by which all other makes are measured."

The Atlas Portland Cement Company will be glad to answer any questions regarding the cement industry or the use of Atlas. Its Technical and Service Departments, as well as its large assortment of informative literature, are at the public's disposal.

The ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO BIRMINGHAM

Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Des Moines
Dayton Omaha Buffalo Kansas City

Conveyors like this, built with rugged Rex Chain, are aiding in the production of Buick, Dodge Brothers, Ford, Nash, Paige, Studebaker and many other motor cars

This powerful and long-lasting Rex Chabelco Steel Chain is delivering equal satisfaction in conveying materials and in driving rolls, drums, oil-well drills, screens, construction machinery and other equipment

Doing more work with less effort

Though facing a *decreasing* supply of labor the industries of this country now are being called on to satisfy an *increasing* demand for their products. Forced to make more units with fewer human hands, thousands of plants are meeting the issue through a broader use of labor-conserving methods and equipment. Conveyors built with Rex Chain are playing an important part in this new order of the day. Saving time and effort in the moving of materials from operation to operation, they are releasing labor for those tasks which must be done by hand, and are insuring larger outputs at lower cost. Probably there are places in your plant where Rex Chain, in conveyors or drives, can effect vital economies. Our engineers can show you how.

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

Branch Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities in the United States and Abroad

REX CHAIN

Rex Sprockets, Rex Conveyors, Rex Concrete Mixers and Pavers, Rex Traveling Water Screens

The Jantzen girl in a sitting-standing dive

This is National Jantzen Week!

HOT, SWELTERING days! Goin' away to the seashore over the Fourth, or to camp by lakes and streams? Then of course you intend to *swim*. So, don't forget to take your Jantzen with you. Everywhere you will find your fellow joy-seekers reveling in the comfort of the national swimming suit.

Take a peep into the natatorium in your city. You won't find the fellow with a Jantzen suit paddling around the edges. He's having the time of his life on the diving board, or cutting through the water with speedy strokes.

Why? Because the Jantzen was made to *swim* in. Its *exclusive* patented features are the bow trunks insuring perfect fit, non-rip crotch and original Jantzen-stitch that gives with every movement of the body. No other suit *can* be like the Jantzen.

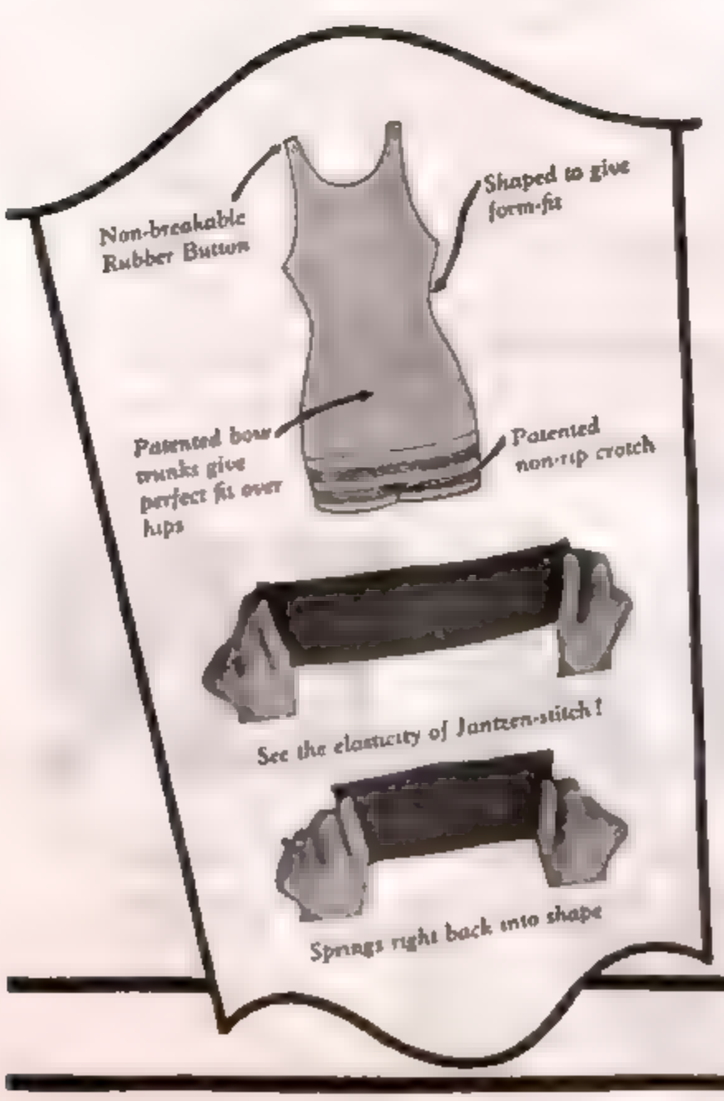
See the Jantzen display at your favorite store

From Maine to Manila, Jantzen suits will be featured this week by department stores, men's stores, and sporting goods shops. The season's favored colors—brilliant reds, beautiful blues, blacks, greens, faun, tobacco, heathers—some in solid colors, others with contrasting stripes. *All are pure, long-fibre wool*

Ask for a Jantzen. There are styles for men, youths, women and children. If your dealer doesn't have the Jantzen, write us for our illustrated catalog and names of the stores which sell them.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND, OREGON

Dealers—We can ship promptly by express. Wire or write


Non-breakable Rubber Button
Shaped to give form-fit
Patented bow trunks give perfect fit over hips
Patented non-rip crotch
See the elasticity of Jantzen-stitch!
Springs right back into shape

Jantzen

The National Swimming Suit

NEVER BINDS ~ NEVER SAGS

HEAD WINDS

(Continued from Page 30)

second name, John, saying you preferred it to my more familiar first.

"We prevented Arnold from getting a marriage license; it would have been embarrassing for us to have applied for the same girl. I got ours—yours and mine—at the last moment, to make certain of its not coming out in the afternoon papers. You might have seen it.

"We kidnapped Arnold." A tight grin was reminiscent of some past pleasure. "He thought we were on our way for a license, me being most obliging to assist, until we had him where it was too late for him to make a row. We told him then that you had changed your mind and were marrying me, but that we intended keeping him out of the way lest you change your mind again. It wasn't hard to make him believe it. We threw truth overboard sure enough, Winthrop kicking up the deuce. We let Ted play leading liar—he liked it."

"Wasn't Ted's arm broken? Weren't any of them hurt?"

"Can't you understand it? There was no accident. We just had to have an excuse for the bandages; and if 'Arnold' had been able to stand through the ceremony, he'd have been too tall for his size. Since I was to be Arnold, he had to lie down to it.

"We drove The Rotter down to an empty ranch house of ours, fifty miles south of San Francisco, and there we settled with him for everything Ted could think of. We used a wide variety of argument. He saw light after a while, but we left him there—marooned—to avoid complications." Again the narrator's tight grin. "Ted enjoyed the whole day. He and Win were to have gone down and released him after we left -salve his hurt pride, and so on. It could be done; I found that out earlier. He's back in New York now, keeping quiet, no doubt."

"And his sprained ankles?"

"They weren't sprained!"

"He wasn't cut or disfigured either?"

"The next day's papers," Peter said hurriedly, "were to carry a story of our sudden marriage. We were not to be heard from for three months—yacht's wireless taken down, and everything—most romantic thing ever happened to a Van Pelt. Ted helped write it."

He talked on, inconsequentially, giving her time for recovery.

"Wasn't the red-ink spot on Win's front full of pathos? Ted's idea; most of the clever sideswipes were Ted's. He was bound to be pale and interesting. He admitted he was so good that he made himself sick.

"We were afraid to let a professional in on the game, so my bandaging was the limit to do—both hands, to excuse their bulk; all of my face, excepting a crack to see out of; hair, too; then rugs to cover up discrepancies in size.

"Foo was ordered to keep every man below decks, and you know Foo. If he'd been instructed to drown 'em he would have obeyed as blindly and as thoroughly. Even Woo Lang kept to his quarters until after the wedding party had arrived and gone down to the cabin. I warned Woo Lang, by the way, not to speak to you as Mrs. Rosslyn, and to avoid such terms as 'husband' and 'wife.' I explained that you were full of modern ideas of emancipation for women. He accepted the idea readily and has understood why I've been having my hands full. It would not have been good form for him to have mentioned my marriage problems, though he did drop one remark after the squall; said that in China women were not at all difficult, and for a reason!" Peter laughed.

"You'd have been amused to see Win trying to tear me out of the bandages after Ted had taken you topside. I had to give your remorseful, murderous brother a knife finally to cut them off, and he nearly sliced my throat—wasn't overly regretful either. I completed the unbandaging for myself.

"It was a ticklish interval between the boys' departure and our dropping the pilot. I was afraid you might make discoveries too soon, which would have necessitated rough stuff, and I wasn't hankering for any such complications that early in the game. But, for a wonder, you followed Ted's suggestion to stay up and watch the passing of the Golden Gate, and things went smooth as silk.

"Oh, Pat, I had thought I must teach you to enjoy my life, but when I stood and watched your delight in my schooner I knew that some day all would be well with us! You'll never know what I felt when you came in, Patsy; and during our wedding, when you knelt beside me and placed your hand under mine—you could not know, but I—I was on my knees too."

She made no response. Head still bent, she was submerged fathoms deep in introspection. Peter lay down again, curiously spent; as if he had been undergoing grueling physical exertion. When she spoke it struck Peter as irrelevant.

"You are too altruistic," she said; "you take duty very seriously."

"What?" demanded Peter.

"You and my brothers overidealize friendship, but forcing you to give up your freedom was putting it too far to the test."

"Do you mean my marrying you? It was my idea, not theirs. And I'm not giving up my freedom; I intend sharing it with you. Why on earth do you think I married you?"

"How on earth should I know?" said Patricia. Peter came up sitting again, and she said hastily, "That morning on the beach—what made you send the crew to fetch me back instead of coming yourself?" She made the attack unfairly, striking without warning.

"Pajamas!" Peter, taken all aback, let it out flatly. "You were disappearing; I had no time to dress." It was out!

How simple it was! He laughed gloriously, sprang to his feet, caught her hands and pulled her up standing with irrepressible gayety.

"Please," said Patricia, distressfully.

He dropped her hands, chilled with disappointment. He had thought she must laugh with him over the absurdity, and he would have said, "Oh, Pat, you good, you darling little sport!" and then—then he would ——

"I am afraid of impulses," Patricia was saying. "It is too easy to be impulsive during excitement, like that in San Francisco, and it is much too easy to be impulsive on days like this."

He muttered gustily that there was no impulse about it; but while he collected knapsack and rods he calmed. After all ——

"It is something very different," he said quietly enough.

"Since when?"—dispassionately from Pat.

"About one second after leaving your Adirondack camp."

"All those years ago?"

"All those years ago."

"And the years between—who else?"

"Not anyone else, ever!"

"You said nothing."

"Too young."

"Who?"

"Both."

She made an end of this clear dialogue by moving away.

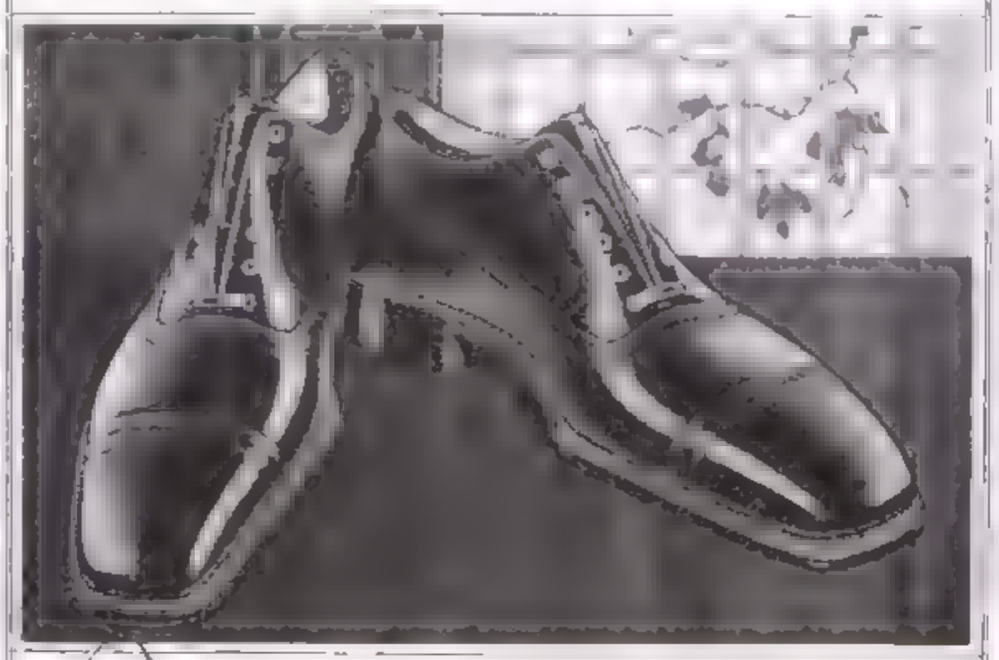
Peter caught plenty of fish on the way down, but no more conversation from Patricia, although he told her of his early promise to his father, of the letter he had written to her on his twenty-sixth birthday, and of his tearing it up when he heard from Ted that she was engaged to be married.

They got the jug, filled it with clear water and walked out into the open. There was a brilliant sunset and the water was a solid sheet of flame. The tide was coming in and a breeze was already blowing away the heat.

Peter went down to the water, prepared his fish for cooking, lighted the fire, set water to boil for coffee and opened the hampers, all so occupied and singleminded that Pat began following him about like a child not wishing to be left alone; offered at last to help, when Peter said trout needed toast; and Peter made room for her beside him at the fire; and he looked at her—and she was still and quiet, very small and very near, but too scowling and businesslike with her toasting.

The trout was crisp and curly, the toast slightly scorched, but good and scrunchy, as Peter said toast ought to be; the coffee was amber; and they two sat cross-legged and ate like Indians, balancing the fish with amazing dexterity on the toast. Pat was the more clever; Peter dropped one of his.

Afterward she held her hands beneath the water jug while he poured. Then she poured for Peter. It was all easy and friendly, until she asked about the clam nectar he had promised. He was collecting driftwood for a camp fire, and answered



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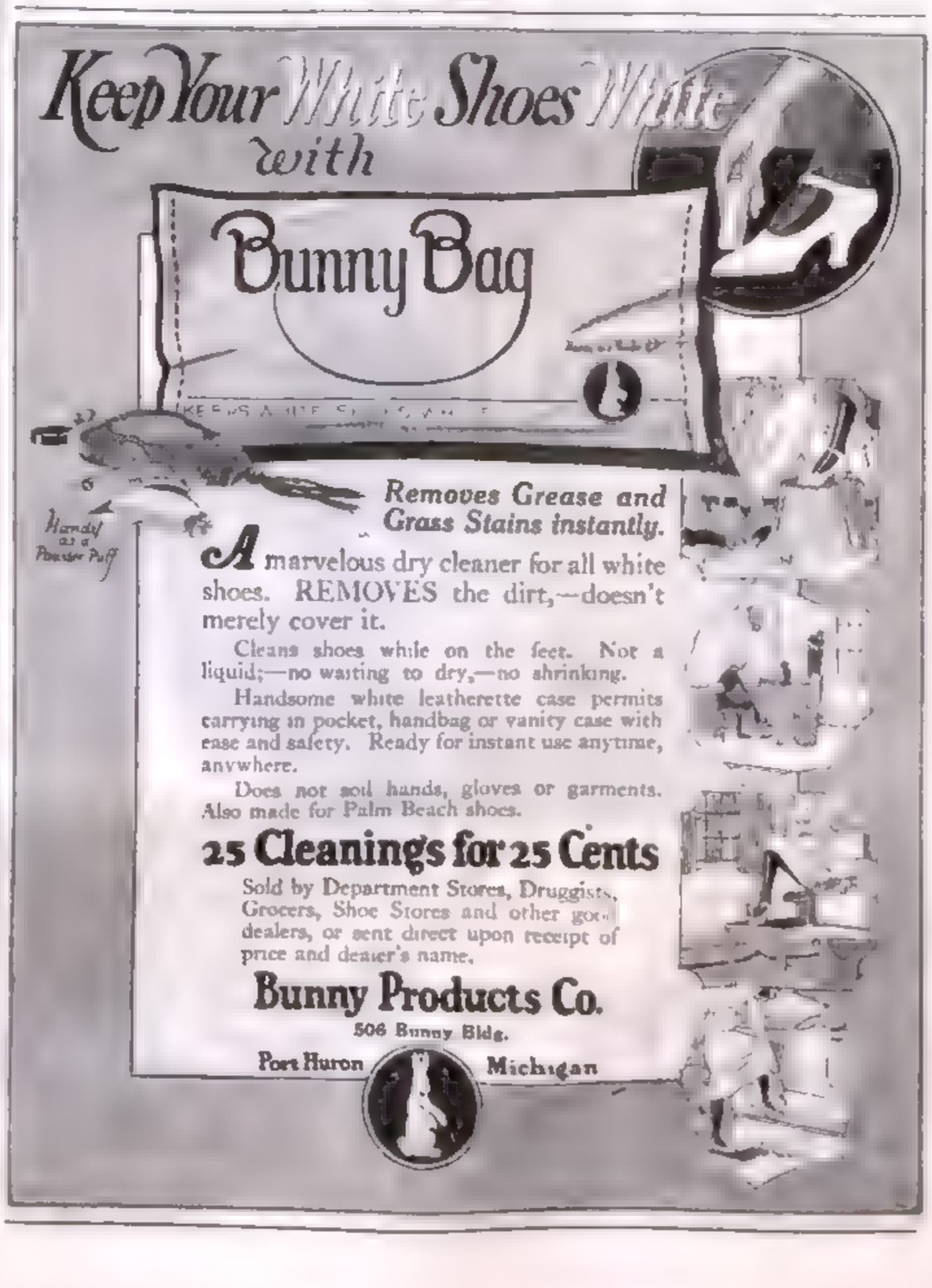

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unguardedly that the tide would not be low enough until morning, but that they'd have time before the schooner came for them.

"You said she was to be back tonight."

"I said she ought to be," he corrected, "and so she ought, if she had any decency—or any screws to her engine."

"You knew this when we left the Averna?"

"Not for certain until our second departure from the schooner; your delaying them made it sure. The first time I had only hoped."

She wiped off his grin with an eye sweep.

"Your delaying us left us no choice. Now it will be sure enough top-o'-the-morning for you to wake up in fairyland as you wished. We'll camp out under the stars and see the morning. You can't know the world you live in until you have done that. It is the only way to get acquainted with the day."

She asked him then if he had no sensibilities.

He admitted happily, "Few, if any," and there was a caper in every line of him. When she refused to go with him for fresh water he laughed at her shortness; came close and whispered, "Don't let's play pretend, Patsy; not any more about you and me."

Before she realized what he was about he had slipped the ring again on her finger and was holding ring and finger against his lips.

"Please don't," stammered Patricia.

"Why not—now that you know?"

This time Peter was as surprised as Patricia, for it was without the least premeditation that he swept her off her feet; but the long moment that he held her close, with his face buried in her hair, was pure deliberation.

It seemed to Patricia, while he was striding away—not once looking back—that she had nothing to do with this flight of hers; her feet carried her of themselves; but by the time Peter had come out on the beach again she had reached the point around which the Averna had disappeared that morning.

He stood where he was, watching her out of sight, and this time he let her go.

XVIII

ALMOST before she knew, in her blind flight, the point behind her had become a blur. The sun had set and the trees were merging together into confused shadows, menacing, mysterious. A slight rise and she came to a lagoon, lonely and dead; a stagnant stretch held in by banks of sand left from high tides and storms of winter. She heard rustlings of uneasy fowl, the sound of skulking creatures, hidden. The water ran far back into dense trees, and its unclean depths were gloomy with reflections. The high, weird cry of a loon sounded close and startling.

No, she had nothing to do with this flight; her feet carried her, but not of her will, a part of her crying voicelessly, "Don't let me go, Peter! Don't let me be carried too far away from you!"

But because she heard that voiceless crying, and it made her afraid, she ran the faster; breathlessly, with heart throbbing, her fear of an unknown dark crowded down upon her, rushing her on and on and away.

A refuge; a roof dim against the sky! But the rails of the fence lay haphazard on X's of posts, dilapidated; a narrow clearing of tangled vines and high, coarse ferns ran steeply up into darkness. The house was a cabin, half ruined, fallen into decay; no sign of life; no windows; not the broken remains were left; a sagging door; behind it a yawning cavern into which she could not see—had no wish to see. Who could have built here, away from other habitations, out of the beaten track—hidden—secret?

The forest, close on each side, had grown impenetrable. Tragedy, grim and sullen, leered from every black and silent window. A board cracked—an instant silence—a shadowy whiteness, as of a face watching secretly, just beyond vision in the empty door.

Her cheeks and finger tips prickled, her forehead felt drawn and tight; a heavy pressure that burned closed about her chest; she was smothered for the air she dared not draw into her lungs for fear it would keep her from hearing that which she strained her ears to hear but dared not hear. Her throat was dry and hot.

For an instant she turned toward the camp, so homelike and secure that very day—so long ago, the bright, safe day; but again fear, and she was again in flight, running a nightmare distance on strange beaches, through the night; over rough drift against which waves splashed; past a second morass; then great, rough cliffs, the narrow way filled with rocks and bowlders, soon to be covered with deep water. Heedlessly she ran from rock to rock, slipping, stumbling, her insecure pathway shifting beneath her feet—over bowlders, over chasms and clefts yawning savagely.

Again the scream of the loon, high, wild and terrifying.

The tide crept mouthing in, forcing her close to slimy banks, close to concealing trees, to moving shadows!

She had been gone hours. Oh, cruel, to have let her go! On the hill, this very day, he had let her believe he cared; and now he could let her suffer. When she had been all he had shown tenderness. He would have come for her! He would have come if he could have come. Now she knew! Something had happened to him! Some dreadful thing that could happen in the lonely terror of the night, in cruel forest, or in mouthing, creeping tide, perhaps to a holding trap, a vise of shifted, rocky wedge and yawning crevice. That was why he had not come for her!

Afraid of shadows had been Patricia, but before this new fear for someone else they became nothing.

She turned, to face again the treacherous long beaches, the dark trees, hidden morass and cabin; but she was not afraid; not of shadows or of the rocks twisting beneath her heedless feet, or of the tide, rising ——

XIX

DULLY, then, he had set to work as he had planned; setting up the timbers, upending and bracing them to keep off the wind and to reflect the heat of the fire. At the foot of the shelter, between it and the blaze, he had piled thick rugs, heaped pillows; and there he waited.

She was not a child; she must do as she wished—he could not prevent her; she had taught him that. She must come of her own will or not at all. There was nothing for him but to wait.

Weird and far away, he heard the high scream of a loon.

She would come back to him, he was sure of it. The impulse to follow was weakness, to be resisted. This was the only way, with Patricia. If she cared she would come back. If she did not she would go —

Again the loon, farther away; but high, wild and lonely sounding. No harm would come to her; he must wait.

A third cry—was that a third cry, but swallowed up in the night? It couldn't have been Patricia! He had heard an echo of the imagination—and he was standing, trembling, straining his ears. . . . To such a pass could a man be brought! He must wait.

She had not cared—or she would have come back. He had let her see how much he loved her, and she had gone—just as she had gone before—not caring how he suffered. If she were anything but heartless and indifferent she would not have left him; not after knowing ——

Well, she had gone. He had told her he would let her go. In time he would realize he was better off, no matter what he felt now; better off without her, if she were this cruel and selfish, heartless and uncaring ——

Steps on the gravel—dragging steps in yielding sand; staggering, weary steps, impeded by tricky rocks. She had come back! She had come back to him! But he made no move; stood waiting.

She was shaking, chilled, thinly clad, but he held away.

"You must do as you like, Patricia: I can't interfere." He acknowledged it.

She cried, then, helplessly, with her face in her hands, tears wetting her fingers; and stumbling, made her way to the rugs.

"A second," he told her, "and we'll have something hot to drink."

She lay back among the cushions, trying to watch him as he brought boiling water, set out flasks, and tins of sugar and spices; but he wavered between her and the flames, indistinguishable. The wind was sharp that rushed down the draw, but the shelter warded it off and the reflected heat settled about her. She was drowsing before he brought the hot, spicy cordial. She was asleep almost as she finished it.

(Continued on Page 125)

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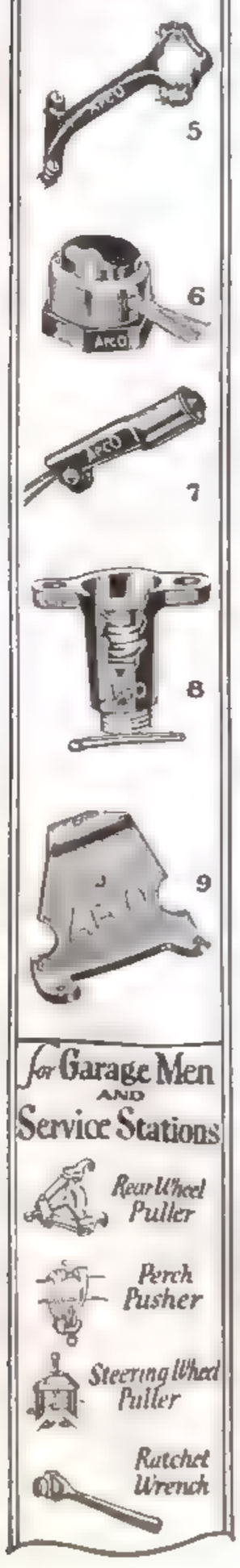

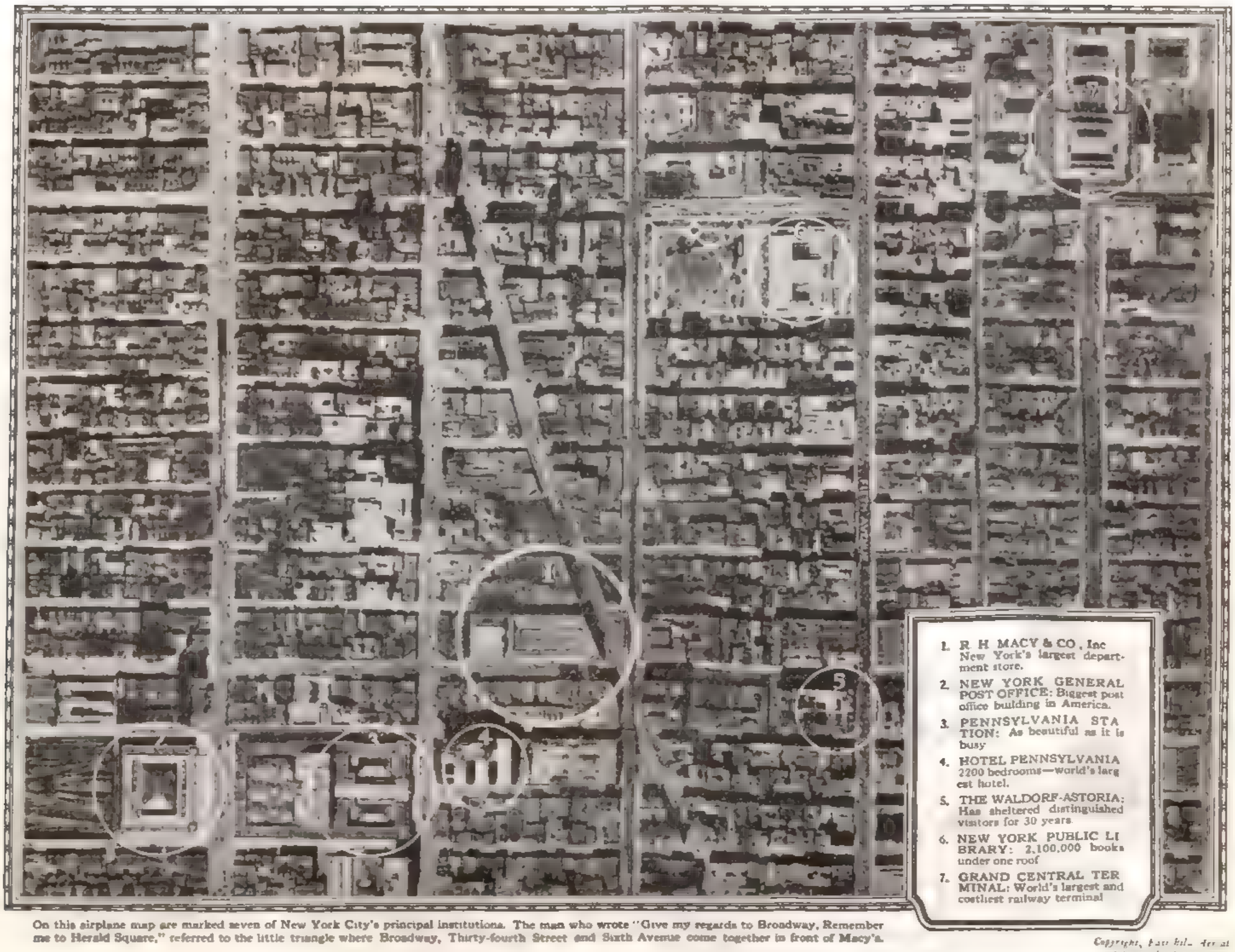
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On this airplane map are marked seven of New York City's principal institutions. The man who wrote "Give my regards to Broadway, Remember me to Herald Square," referred to the little triangle where Broadway, Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue come together in front of Macy's.

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HERALD SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 122)

He covered her warmly, and it is not for us to see the expression in his face or to know the feeling in his heart. He brought more wood, and sat down quietly and lighted his pipe. She waked once to find him sitting beside her, watching the fire; and a measureless content stole over her that there was nothing to fear, not anything in an unknown dark, while he was there—as he would be there; and she slept again.

She dreamed that as she lay he bent over her and his lips closed on hers softly, and in the kiss was sacrament. She opened her eyes, but he sat beside her, motionless, and the smoke from his pipe rose steadily.

It was dawn when she heard him moving about the fire, cautiously, so as not to disturb her. She heard the snapping of burning sticks, the chuckling of a boiling pot. She sat up.

"Peter!" she called.

He stood with unbelieving eyes.

"Come here to me, Peter."

He stepped toward her and stopped.

"Closer than that," she invited; and then softly, "I want to kiss you good morning, Peter." And she did.

And whose business is it whose tears they were that made salt and sweet that kiss? Are not tears and kisses made to be mingled? or so it has been said; and coffee and early morn ings and laughter and wild shouts as the pot boils over; and ba on that sizzles and browns and blackens while oblivious cooks attend more important affairs, such as upper lips and blue eyes; and ruffled-up black hair which needs smoothing, but which won't stay smoothed.

That breakfast! That first housekeeping! That first division of la or, where one keeps the fire and does the heavy labor, while the other dumps her dishes into the kindly sea for the waves to wash and to return! The grief of disappointment when the thievish sea rolls off those plates—the joy of comforting!

Heart pang of leaving the wonder place, breaking up camp. How desolate! Homecoming to the rosy cabin—what compensation! To sit of evenings with light which needs no attending; to draw closer, to lean and lift soft hair; to seek another's eyes and have them smile in ours—what happiness!

Moonlight on the sea; a path of gold leading from ship to sky, from sky to ship, a great sail, brooding, widespread against the night; and in its shadow, two beings, infinitesimal but omnipotent, with the romance of the whole universe before them, theirs for the taking.

"Peter, are you thankful?"

"Yes—and you?"

"Yes. Say it!"

Therefore, toward the sail brooding above them, and none the less reverently for being friendlywise—"Thanks, God."

XX

THE Averna came in with a swagger. There was a positive roll to her gait as she swung alongside the Oakland wharf. She seemed, to Winthrop Van Pelt, merely to have whited herself for appearances, and to have hidden the Jolly Roger in a locker.

A big man stood in the waist of the vessel; a black-headed fellow with tremendous shoulders, a dangerous mouth and a roving gray eye, on the alert for trouble. Near him was a small and—to her brothers—a deceptively quiet figure.

"One good look into her face," said Win, "and may heaven help Peter Rosslyn!"

"Heaven help him anyway!" said Ted.

Ted was on board, laughing like a fool. Win began to get air in gulps—he had seen Pat's face. He was beside Ted. Peter was cracking his ribs in, and Ted was whooping something about someone's having put something else over, and his silent sister was saying busily that she and Peter were going on immediately to Hong-Kong to see his dad before they left for their winter cruise, and would Win please get her the bank envelope. She wanted it now for Peter.

Peter flushed darkly.

"It can't be, Pat!"

Ted hunched apprehensively, but there was no flare from Pat at the firm tone. She laughed, and melted so delectably toward dark Peter that his black crest slowly subsided; the gust, indeed, became an appreciative grin as he watched her.

Alone with him, she opened her envelope, one of those promising covers which banks employ; but it contained a letter, not bonds. She backed up to him, forcing him to read the salutation. After that he read straight along. This was what he saw:

Dear Peter Rosslyn: It is a gorgeous game, too outrageous to resist; but do you really think a woman can be so deceived when it concerns the man she has to punish for presumption, Presumptuous Peter? A surgeon should have done your bandages; and Ted's pallor is all on top of his tan, instead of underneath—aren't I clever, Peter?

But oh, Peter, it could be none but you out there in the cabin! None but you so big and so resolute, even in bandages—and every hair sticking through the gauze on the top of your head is black and ramp ant by itself!

Yours, all according to the future,

PATRICIA.

But to Peter, only one unbearable thought: "And yet you had been ready to marry that ——"

"No! From the moment we started out to San Francisco, I knew exactly whom I would marry—or else no one, Peter!" Then in swift, final words: "Was any humiliation, any disappointment, too great for that other? Let's be done with him." And they were done with him.

But, like a brewing storm, more and more thoughts gathered about Peter Rosslyn, and mounted, appalling: came an onrush of recollections, overwhelming. He met them resolutely, stubbornly, head on, clinging to the last to his theories, his safety lines.

One by one they failed him; broke and were swept overboard, until he felt that he stood in chaos confounded. But a haven of sea blue meeting his troubled eyes, he understood. There was no need of such safety lines in this harbor: there never had been need.

"Since when, Patsy?"

"From the first."

Only a Pat could combine tenderness with such smugness.

"You—you mean even before ——"

Oh, masculine obtuseness!

"I mean, Peter, before the first—long before!"

And the decks were swept clean of wreckage before a gale of laughter.

THE END.

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PLAYING THE GOLD CAMPS

Continued from Page 19

dropped out and card players with plenty of money took their places. It became a wild game and I soared high. I had a raging poker fever and was outplaying every man around the table. However, one player gradually won from the other fellows, and every time I tried to tangle him up in a pot he would deck his hand. I soon formed the idea that he was afraid of me and I potted him unmercifully.

At eleven o'clock that night I had over eight hundred dollars in front of me, and this other fellow six hundred, two hundred of which was winnings. A quiet fellow on the opposite side of the table from me dealt, and my hole card was an ace. I raised the ante five dollars and all the players quit in turn around to where the fellow sat with the six hundred by his elbow.

He turned quickly toward me and said, "Kid, I am getting damned tired of your potting. I'm going to do some of this playing back myself and see just how game you are." With that he shoved all his money into the center of the table. "Come on, kid, get your feet wet; let's you and I have one real pot together." I hesitated. "Just as I thought," he taunted. "You haven't got the guts to go through on a big play." Then he added, "Maybe you haven't got a good hole card, kid, so just to prove that I am not looking for any of the best of it I will show you mine."

He deliberately turned over the deuce of spades and shoved it face up toward the center of the table. My face was aflame. There was a tense silence in the room. I glanced from the players to the closely packed spectators and every eye seemed focused on me. My spectacular playing had placed me on trial. I could find no honest excuse for not calling, for I had watched the dealer and never saw a crooked move.

My opponent had placed the deck before him on the table, dropped a couple of silver dollars on top of it, and with elbows on the table now sat with his face in cupped hands.

My nerves were on edge, the silence, the boring eyes, the sarcastic sneers of the gambler were more than I could stand. So I said gruffly, "You're called! Count your money!"

Slowly the dealer unhooked his right hand from his jaw, coolly flicked the coins from the top of the deck with thumb and middle finger, and, without lifting the cards from the table, deliberately turned a trey to my opponent and a king to me. Then followed a six-seven, queen-jack. One more card to fall to each of us and I still held the winning hand. The dealer turned a trey and an eight and the other fellow raked in the pot.

I had eaten poisoned bait. Yet it was several years later before I knew for sure just what form of work I had been kidded into riding. Then it was the dealer himself who joshingly told me about it. The winner and himself were pals. The dealer was a locator and had shot a crimped bunch of cards into the middle of the deck. The fellow who cut the cards had innocently hit the break and the dealer had signaled his partner that everything was all right for a single-handed play.

Ups and Downs—Mostly Downs

When the game broke up I still had one hundred and forty-six dollars, and the next day shed my rags and blossomed out in a new suit. For nearly a week I was again a gambler. After that I played stake money for the game, washed dishes in a restaurant, did pick-and-shovel work, cleaned mortar from bricks, and in fact grabbed every job that offered the chance to earn a poker stake. Yet never again could I make a winning.

I hated to leave Tucson, for it had been generous to me on first acquaintance; but in November I decked a freight and rode east across the continental divide. I was thinly clad and nearly froze to death, for the wind was icy cold. All through the dark hours of the night I raced up and down the running board, swinging my arms to keep up circulation. I endured agonies of suffering, yet stuck with that train until I reached Deming, New Mexico. There, after eating a hearty meal, I found that I had a dollar and a quarter left; and not finding a poker game, I lost it shooting craps. I got a job as swamper in a saloon, but was fired three days later when I threw the contents of a spittoon in a fellow's face.

On the strength of a tip from a Texas ranger, I left Deming afoot and caught a freight at the first water tank. My next stop was in El Paso, Texas. I chored around at different kinds of work for several days, then crossed the Rio Grande to Juarez, Mexico, where I won five dollars from a Mexican playing coon can; and not finding a poker game, dabbled a little at monte. At the end of a week I drifted back to El Paso with twenty-five dollars in my pocket. That night I won fifty dollars in a poker game and at once headed for Denver. I landed there with a few dollars and for over a week made better than eating money. This was too slow, however; so, hearing of a five-dollar-a-stack stud game, I gained entrance and was promptly cleaned out.

I then went to work in a restaurant at five dollars a week. Of course I invested my first pay day in a poker game and after many ups and downs quit with fifty dollars. From Denver I went to Julesburg, Colorado, and after winning fifteen dollars playing single-handed pitch bought a through ticket to Portland, Oregon.

It seemed good to be in the Far West again, for the farther east I had gone the less I had liked it. I found that the game was played quite differently in various towns. But no place did they play the old-style California draw poker as I had learned it.

Beating a Marked-Card Sharp

Although it was before the days of the Klondike, I found Portland to be a lively gambling town. I lost the dollar and a half that I had with me on arrival and went to work as a booster in Blazier's gambling house. I was given twenty dollars a day stake money—more if conditions warranted it, and my wages were four dollars a shift. I lived close and hard for three weeks, shooting every cent I could spare above a scant living back across the gaming tables. One night the floor manager handed me an extra five for a particularly good play that I had made in the poker game. I turned to the faro bank and dropped the gold coin open on the eight. It won on the next turn, and I coppered the original bet and shoved the winnings open on the ten spot. The cards slid out of the box eight-ten and I spread the totals open and coppered on different plays. For though the men of money were allowed a large limit, the pikers were cut down to five-dollar bets. However, I could place my limit on a number of different cards, and this I did; and, playing lucky, got quick action on my money. It was only a short time before I quit with one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Grabbing my money, I hustled for the back room, where a big stud game was in full swing. I soon noted that two of the players were shrewd gamblers and that the other pair were just ordinary card players. I decided to confine my attention to the latter. Yet, at that, I succeeded in trapping one of the gamblers for over two hundred on a neat play. Soon after sitting in the game I noticed that the aces, kings and queens were delicately crimped. A deuce fell to me and I placed the same mark on it that was on the kings. A few deals later I got it for my hole card and paired on the turn. The gambler's crimp informed me that my opponent's down card was an ace. On the next turn I was high with a queen, and made a stiff bet, which the gambler called. The fourth card was a king to the gambler and a small one to me. He made a large bet and I played back with all my money. He called, and neither of us betting our hands, he concealed his surprise badly when I showed him a pair of deuces and raked in the pot. A new deck was called for and he again started crimping, but every time he placed a mark on a high card I duplicated it on a low one. No remarks were made, but he soon quit his work, and at three in the morning I cashed in seven hundred and fifty dollars.

The next afternoon I plunged at faro bank; for, knowing that I had a good chunk of money, they gave me a twenty-five-dollar limit. My sporting blood was up and I played fast and furious for over an hour. At one time I was better than twelve hundred dollars winner, and quit over nine hundred to the good. That night I played uncommonly lucky in the poker game and

(Continued on Page 129)

—the leering white curse of it—

by Mrs Wallace Reid

CIVILIZATION has an enemy, insidious, creeping and hideous—its name is *Dope*. I have met one bitter defeat at the hands of this enemy. But I have just begun to fight.

My personal defeat was a bitter one. The enemy stole from me happiness, contentment—everything, perhaps, save the knowledge that it all was not in vain; that perhaps it might be the means unto a ruthless war against this Devourer of Man. Yes, I have just begun to fight.

One fights with one's own weapons; the writer with the pen; the soldier with the sword. I am of the profession of the motion picture screen and I am proud of its wonderful power of expression. That is my weapon.

It is the only weapon I feel I can use surely and effectively against an enemy almost overwhelming in its power. You do not know dope. I do. For two years I was face to face with the leering white curse of it, the terror of it, struggling and fighting in vain against its terrible encroachments. And I failed—only to find that the task of carrying on this fight had naturally come to me, and that there would be success after all had been lost. From thousands came the appeal, the demand that I continue on.

I went to my friends of the screen world and told them my purpose—to create a dignified, sensible, worth while exposition of the real, stark terrors of this enemy, and to do it in a manner that all who see might understand and FEEL!

And so the story has been told—in the one way in which I feel the true facts can be vividly brought home to you and you and you—all of you who compose that great army known as Public Opinion—you who, after all, must be the ones to end this scourge. It has been called "Human Wreckage"—and what could be a more true depiction of the living debris that tosses in the wake of *Dope?*

Mrs. Wallace Reid with Betty and Wallace Reid

"Human Wreckage" is a summons to battle, a fight without quarter against Dope, against the antiquated and ineffective laws now on the statute books, against the laxity and indifference of officials; against the fatal blindness of governments which could stop this whole, fiendish traffic at its source—if they only would!

Drug addiction is neither romantic nor intriguing to those who know it. It is indescribably ugly—AND IT HAS SELECTED THE UNITED STATES AS ITS MAIN FIELD OF OPERATION! In our country—the home of the free—there are shackles! The shackles of a disease which claims as its victims more than double the number of those in France, England and Germany combined! IS THAT NOT WORTH THINKING ABOUT?

So, with all the earnestness at my command, I urge you to take this opportunity to inform yourself, and to join me in my fight. It is only when you know that a Nation will know; and not until then will this vicious Thing be driven out of our country and out of our lives—forever!

Narcotic addiction is a *disease*. Without an informed and aroused public opinion, vigorous action against the drug evil is impossible. That is why I urge you to see our picture. It tells facts that every thinking man and woman should know.

Dope—the cause is ignorance; the result is misery; the remedy is education.

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Story by C. Gardner Sullivan — *Direction by John Griffith Wray*

There is big drama in the tragic story of America's million living dead—the drug addicted—drama that is powerfully gripping, educational, entertaining, and intensely interesting.

"Human Wreckage" is a human story of a cross section of community life in America today. It is one of the greatest human interest stories ever brought to the screen. It had to be so to hold the attention of America's picture millions.

As to cast, never before has such a combination been brought together to portray the characters of a great drama of life. Mrs. Wallace Reid has returned to the screen for this picture. James Kirkwood left the big Broadway success of the season, "The Fool," to do "his bit," which is the principal rôle in support of Mrs. Reid. Then in character rôles are Bessie Love, Victory Bateman, George Hackathorne, Claire McDowell, Robert McKim, Harry Northrup, Eric Mayne, Otto Hoffman, Philip Sleeman, George Clark, and Lucille Ricksen. And in a great scene, in which an American community arises to battle a menace, are police, a mayor, jurists, educators, and civic and welfare leaders in real life. Mayor George E. Cryer of Los Angeles, Dr. R. B. Von KleinSmid—a University President; Benjamin Bledsoe, a United States Judge; Chief of Police Louis D. Oaks of Los Angeles, and others of a community's best citizenry, donned makeup and became screen actors in a great drama.

"HUMAN WRECKAGE" will be distributed by Film Booking Offices of America

Statement *by* Wm. J. Burns

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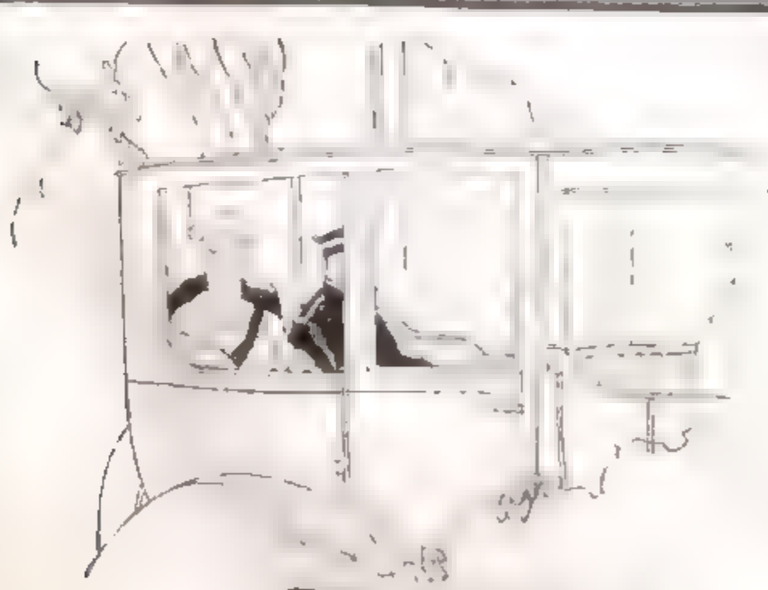

Yesterday

Early Egyptian history records that Joseph ranked next to Pharaoh, and so rode in a chariot worthy of his station. In its day Joseph's chariot was a vehicle of note. But centuries have passed. Progress has put the comforts of home on wheels. And modern conceptions of luxury are brilliantly summarized—

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(Continued from Page 126)

left the next day for Sacramento, California, with three thousand dollars in my pockets.

When I arrived at Sacramento I was made welcome in a stiff draw game in the rear of the Western Hotel, but failed to do well, as I was trying to convince those wise old birds that I was a true-blue gambler. They were polite enough to take my word for that part of it just so long as my money held out. However, I did quite well at that, considering the depth of conceit, for it was two weeks before I was picked clean.

My next jump was Placerville, California, where I went to work in a gold mine. I stuck at Placerville for three months, every dollar of my first two pay days after paying board—going to the poker games. At the end of the third month I had lost all but two dollars and fifty cents, when one night, the game having broken up, I went to playing casino with one of the winners. I won ten dollars from him, and a draw game starting we both sat in. I quit the next morning with one hundred and eighty dollars and took the stage for the railroad, where I bought a ticket to Reno, Nevada.

Thus for the next three years, at an age when I should have been in school, I drifted on the trail of the pasteboards through all the states and territories of the West. I know now that if I had confined my attention to business, or had endeavored to secure an education with the same degree of perseverance that I gave to cards, I probably would have been successful. My life served no useful purpose, but the thrill of pitting my wits against the card sharps lured me on from place to place. I turned down all offers of travel with other gamblers, and I refused to play crooked cards, for, to me, the charm of the game was outguessing the other fellow. No play afforded me more pleasure than to win from a cheat, and the time came when I haunted their games and was usually successful doing so. However, there were some so keen that I let them alone, and they did the same with me. When my plunging methods broke me I would go to work. This was totally at variance with the system of other gamblers, for they would bum meals and stake money when they were cleaned out.

It was an incident in California that set me to thinking and put me on my feet later as a card player who could travel anywhere and never go broke. I had been hunting ducks and geese in the marshes about seven miles from Vallejo. It was a wild, stormy day in March, and I came in to supper wet and tired. At the table was a fellow who had just driven in with a buggy team and he told me of a big poker game that was on in the rear of a saloon at Vallejo.

"I know the bunch, and they will play all night," he added.

After supper I tried to read, but could not compose my mind, for my poker fever was high. The people where I was stopping retired early, but I was so restless that I was miserable. At 8 30 I buttoned my coat and stepped out into the wettest, blackest night that I ever traveled in. The depth of the mud and the pools of water were my only guides in keeping to the road. The way seemed endless, and I often slipped and fell; yet I persistently plodded on.

A Long Walk to a Quick Loss

It was after eleven that night when I stood dripping mud and water beside a hot stove. I hung my hat and coat on the back of a chair, dried my hands and plunked two hundred dollars on the table. The first card dealt me was an ace and I paired on the next turn. When the fourth card fell I held a cold cinch and bet all my money. My opponent called with two kings, one in sight and the other buried, and on the turn of the cards made a pair of sevens and I did not help my hand. I had just an even hundred left in my pocket, and at once placed it on the table. On the first two turns of the cards I made a pair of queens, and one of the players stayed all the way through on an ace in the hole and paired it on the last turn.

I had waded seven miles through mud and water on a pitch-dark night to lose every dollar I possessed in less than seven minutes! I stood by the stove for half an hour, drying my clothes; and then, to teach this darn fool—myself—a lesson, walked back to where I came from. I reached there at 4:30 in the morning so desperately tired that I did not get up until suppertime that day. I felt sure that I had lost in that game simply because I did not have money enough to stick to a finish, for both players who called me were not gamblers by any means. They had simply outlucked me.

During the couple of days that I spent using up my board and room I did some hard thinking. I laid down some rules to follow; and what is more, I kept them. I knew that I had learned to play a good game of poker, but lacked control of my money, so I pledged myself never to get stuck and go broke; also, if I played any banking game, such as faro, roulette or craps, I would set the amount before entering the play, and if luck went against me I could lose that sum and no more. My winnings would not be limited. However, in poker I would chance any amount that I felt the game warranted. Banking games with me would be but a side issue, an occasional form of mild recreation. Poker, both stud and draw, would be the games that I would concentrate on. They gave the human interest, study and play of mind that were totally lacking in the banking games. I would adhere to my rules of traveling alone and playing square. However, if a gambler was trying to hand me some of his work, and I could play it back on him as I did by crimping the deuce in Portland, I would do so.

Catching a Crook

I returned to Vallejo and made numerous inquiries for work. Not being successful, I drifted into a saloon and was watching a small draw-poker game when a fellow touched me on the shoulder and said, "Have a drink with me, kid."

I turned and recognized him as one of the players in the game where I had lost the three hundred.

As we clicked glasses he said, "I haven't seen you around since that night."

"No use," I replied. "You fellows cleaned me."

He laughed and said, "Well, you played the game, but they drawed out on you. Take this"—handing me a ten-dollar gold piece—"and try your luck in the draw game."

I played close to hard cards, but could not get a start. Several times I was nearly broke; but I hung on, and when the game closed I had eleven dollars. My backer told me to keep the dollar and I invested half of it in food. I then played seven-up with a fellow at fifty cents a game and won two dollars. I sunk the fifty cents and bet the balance on a turn of twenty-one; and, winning, I let it ride. I then made two four-dollar bets; and, the dealer breaking, I won them both. I divided the money in four equal bets and found that I did not have to draw to any of my hands. I was watching the dealer and saw him pulling second, so like a flash I shot out my right and clamped it on his thumb.

I had caught him cold and exposed his work and it made him sore. I picked up two of my bets before the rough-house started, and that is all I ever got, for the bartender chipped in and the two of them skidded me through the door. Of course, I could have closed the game by tipping it to the officers, for poker was the only game sanctioned by the law. However, this form of retaliation I would never use, regardless of the sum I lost or how crudely I had been cheated.

During the next three years that I drifted the poker route I was never broke. I clung mostly to the gold and silver camps and sunk many a winning from the gambling games in prospect tunnel and shaft. There was a saying that all gamblers had a dumping place for their money. With most of them it was faro bank; booze, race horses and women with others; and, peculiar as it may seem, fake stock promotions caught many of these shrewd fellows. Travel, good living and prospecting got mine.

During my six years of almost constant travel by train, stage, boat, horseback, and even many times afoot, I played poker under many varying conditions—on blankets spread in the shade of trees, or what more often happened, on the desert sands in the scorching heat of the summer sun; in tents bitter cold or insufferably hot; on the beds in the miners' bunk houses, in cook shacks or cabins. More often, however, it was the open barroom, where drunken fights were frequent and sometimes a deck of cards was splashed with blood. However, contrary to all lurid tales of poker games, killings were of infrequent occurrence. Then, too, there were the back rooms close shut and reeking with the smell of liquor and the air blue with the haze of tobacco smoke. There were, as well, the well lighted and properly

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ventilated gambling houses of the larger cities. Also, there were the elegantly fitted rooms in the closed towns where they gave you a shot of real liquor from a polished sideboard before you sat in the game.

Big games among gamblers often developed into endurance tests, for those who could sit the longest and drink whisky with the least effects usually got the money. Corns on your person some place besides your feet were apt to develop in those days. Long hours of steady sitting, loss of sleep, irregular meals, strong stimulants, foul air and other abusive habits, caused many to become drunkards or dope fiends. Pneumonia and tuberculosis claimed many. It was a hard, fast life, and most of those who persistently followed the game slipped out in their thirties. Yet to prove the exception to the rule, there was Windy Eastman, who at seventy-six was still stepping as lively as the young fellows, and treading the pace.

There were lungers in nearly every poker game; and it was in Los Angeles in 1893, if I remember correctly, that I saw one have a hemorrhage and die at the table while raking in a big pot that he had just won.

"A noble death," the gamblers said.

His winnings were sufficient to bury him decently. Years later I sat in a poker game until the small hours of the morning with a noted race-horse man. We retired at the same time, and when I got up I found that he was dead. The boom camps of the desert countries were whirlwinds of dust and the green-lumber shacks of the snow lands were a steaming vapor. Epidemics of contagious diseases were of frequent occurrence, and in the words of the poet, "They buried them darkly at dead of night," for deaths frightened people away. Men slept packed thick on the floors of the saloons, just leaving a lane to the bar and the gambling tables. The morning wakening by the porter often found someone cold and stiff. In a saloon at Rawhide, Nevada, I remember that there were three one morning.

I never knew a death to stop the turn of a card, however. I remember playing all night by the side of a dying man. He was one of us, and we were separated by a cloth partition. It was fifty miles to a doctor and a bad night. We hired a rough camp nurse and he told us there was no hope for Tex. Pneumonia had him. I stepped to the side of his bed and took his hand.

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

He was silent a moment, then said "Don't stop the game. I like to hear the jingle of the coin. I wish that I could play with you boys tonight."

He drifted off into a meaningless babble and at daylight was dead. Yet I never felt that we were heartless. We all donated money for those who were sick and saw that each one, gambler or miner, was decently buried. The sporting crowd were notoriously generous to the injured or sick. At no time were any of us so indifferent as a doctor I saw, who was stuck at faro bank when he was called to an adjoining saloon to examine a man who was tossing in agony on the floor. He made a quick examination.

"Pneumonia," he stated. "Some of you fellows carry him to the pesthouse. I will be over in a few minutes."

It was two hours later—and only after repeated calls—that he left to care for the sick man, cursing the messenger for disturbing him. He was quickly back, and I could easily imagine the benefits derived from the attention of this angry doctor. We cared for the sick, but the dead were dead and beyond our help, so we went on with the games.

Fortunately I escaped all sickness and was able to play in every poker game that came up. Sometimes they developed under trying conditions. I well remember one cold November night, near the head of the Black Rock Desert, in Nevada, that five of us found ourselves in an apparently strongly anchored tent, but without firewood. We spread a piece of canvas on the floor, and wrapping ourselves with blankets played poker by candlelight through the long hours of the night. Every few minutes some one of the players would jump up, stamp his feet and swing his arms to get up circulation, and then return to the game. Near daylight a strong gust of wind tore the tent loose and crashed it on us before we could escape.

It was Gene Lang's last poker game, for three days later he was dead from pneumonia.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Table of Contents

June 30, 1923

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Stumbling Sam—*Sewell Ford* . . . 8
Gun Metal—*John Russell* . . . 11
A Friend of Napoleon—*Richard Connell* . . . 12
Pro Bono Publico—*Thomas McMorrow* . . . 14
Big Sam—*Captain Dingle* . . . 16
Mahogany—*Joseph Hergesheimer* . . . 20
Babs the Unbeatable—*Austin Parker* . . . 34

ARTICLES

Hot-Weather Hokum—*Samuel G. Blythe* . . . 6
Playing the Gold Camps . . . 18
Our Foreign Cities—Pittsburgh—*Elisabeth Fraser* . . . 23
John Citizen's Job—*Henry H. Curran* . . . 32

SERIALS

One Arabian Night (In three parts)—*Arthur Stringer* . . . 3
Head Winds (Conclusion)—*A. M Sinclair Wilt* . . . 26

MISCELLANY

Editorials . . . 22
Short Turns and Encores . . . 24

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NATURALLY *Lyonized* means Attractive

The world falls in line a little more quickly with the smile which is lighted up by a brilliant set of teeth. Flashing white, along with other personal charms, teeth enhance attractiveness. And so they assume an importance even beyond that of mere service. And they deserve a care that is free from any risk of injury. They should be cleaned *safely* twice a day with a dentifrice like Dr. Lyon's—unmedicated and without grit.

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"THEY ARE HAPPY MEN WHOSE NATURES SORT WITH THEIR VOCATIONS"—*BACON*

THE THINGS MEN LIVE FOR

THIS yearning of every man to be his own boss—

To work, not in drudgery but with enthusiasm, for himself—

To awake in the morning with the thought: This day is my own; whatever I make of it is *mine*—

For these things most men live. The hope of them is never wholly put away.

* * *

That the average man can without difficulty realize this hope has been demonstrated nowhere more convincingly than in the great poultry regions of the Pacific Northwest.

Here are thousands of happy, prosperous men and women who came, without large means or expert knowledge, in quest of personal independence, and found it—in a few acres of land and a flock of poultry.

Whole communities of them you will find—hundreds of families living on their little farms. They own the land they live on, with its orchard and truck garden, its grass and flowers and shrubbery. They own the houses they live in, with their electric lights, telephones, baths and sun parlors.

From their flocks of splendid purebred poultry, a good income. From their land, vegetables, fruit and berries for their tables. From the cow they usually keep, milk and butter. There is no rent to pay.

They work in the open air and the sunshine, yet are usually within easy reach of the city. They enjoy a gloriously mild and healthful climate. They are *building*—for themselves and their children. They know the zest of life because their lives are their own.

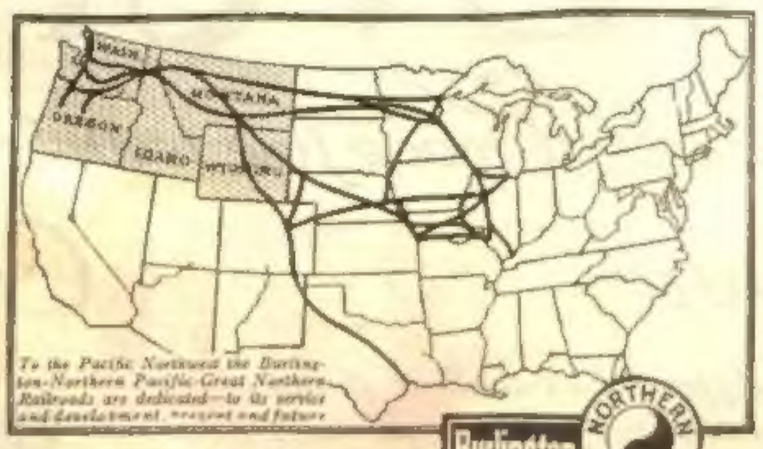
* * *

Nowhere in the United States are conditions so favorable to highly successful poultry farming as in large areas of the Pacific Northwest. The climate is mild and even. There is a remarkable freedom from disease among fowls. The housing problem is minimized. And the result is a remarkable egg production, in winter as well as summer months.

In parts of the Pacific Northwest large co-operative associations collect, grade and market the eggs, which are in steady demand at top prices on the eastern market. One of these associations alone did a business last year of $3,000,000 for its members.

Poultry farming in the Pacific Northwest has been organized on the most scientific, highest-paying basis. Yet no man of modest capital need hesitate to make a start in it. If you have determination and are willing to learn, you will hardly fail to attain the success that thousands have already won.

Moreover, the swift development of a young, rich region's vast resources will contribute directly to that success. The Pacific Northwest is growing five times as fast as the rest of the United States. You will grow with it. You will share the fruits of the great future.



Write for free book

If you want further reliable information on poultry raising in the Pacific Northwest and how to make a start in it, write for the free booklet, "A Business of Your Own in Poultryland." Address: P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

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To the Pacific Northwest
THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

"Mother, what is this fork for?"

A natural enough question for a girl of eleven to ask, "dining out" with grown-ups for the first time. But it came so quickly and revealed so much! True, they didn't use salad forks at home, nor ice cream forks, nor lots of other things the Pembertons did. But they would have to be more careful now that the children were growing up. The lack of correct silverware wasn't fair to them—quite aside from the frequent inconvenience it caused.

Have you silverware enough for every-day use?

DO you serve each course of your meals as daintily and correctly as you would like to? Or do you often have to adapt menu to tableware—sacrifice tidiness a little—slight the thorough training in table manners each of your children should receive at home?

Perhaps you have feared the cost of the new silverware you know you ought to have. Or you have despaired of adding to your present tableware appropriately. But you need not despair!

In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you may provide the needed pieces most economically. For instance, a set of six salad forks in the new Anniversary pattern, or in the others, costs only $7.00. Other pieces are priced as reasonably.

You will find in "1847 Rogers Bros." just the pieces to bring harmony and completeness to the setting of your table—ice cream forks, orange spoons, coffee spoons, butter spreaders, serving pieces and even tea and coffee sets.

And when on later occasions you wish to add to your table service, you can do it easily. Leading dealers everywhere carry the newer patterns of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate.

Send for "HOW MUCH SILVERWARE," booklet F-90, which outlines the table service families of different sizes should have for gracious, comfortable living—every day and for entertaining. We also furnish handsome illustrations of the Anniversary and other patterns.

International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

Anniversary Individual Salad Fork

SALAD OR DESSERT SET

Complete, $27.50

This set comprises 16 pieces, each practical and beautiful, packed in a most attractive chest, for which there is no extra charge.

- *1 Salad Spoon, Olive Wood Bowl*
- *1 Salad Fork, Olive Wood Tines*
- *1 Pie or Ice Cream Server*
- *1 Cheese Server*
- *6 Ice Cream Forks*
- *6 Individual Salad Forks*

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INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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$150
Mahogany or walnut

Victrola No. 220
$200
Victrola No. 220, electric, $240
Mahogany or walnut

Victrola No. 240
$115
Mahogany or walnut

Select the style you prefer but be sure it is a Victrola!

There are no better judges of performance than those who themselves perform. Practically without exception, all those who represent most in the world of musical art choose the Victrola as the one best instrument to perpetuate their achievements. The purchase of a Victrola therefore carries with it assurances of satisfaction which can be obtained in no other music-reproducing instrument.

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Go to the nearest dealer in Victor products and ask him to play these records for you. They are representative of the great Victor Catalog. You will be thrilled by their music and realize as you never have before your need of such music as the Victrola and Victor Records used together can produce.

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